Easyriders

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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

# Easyriders

January, 1979
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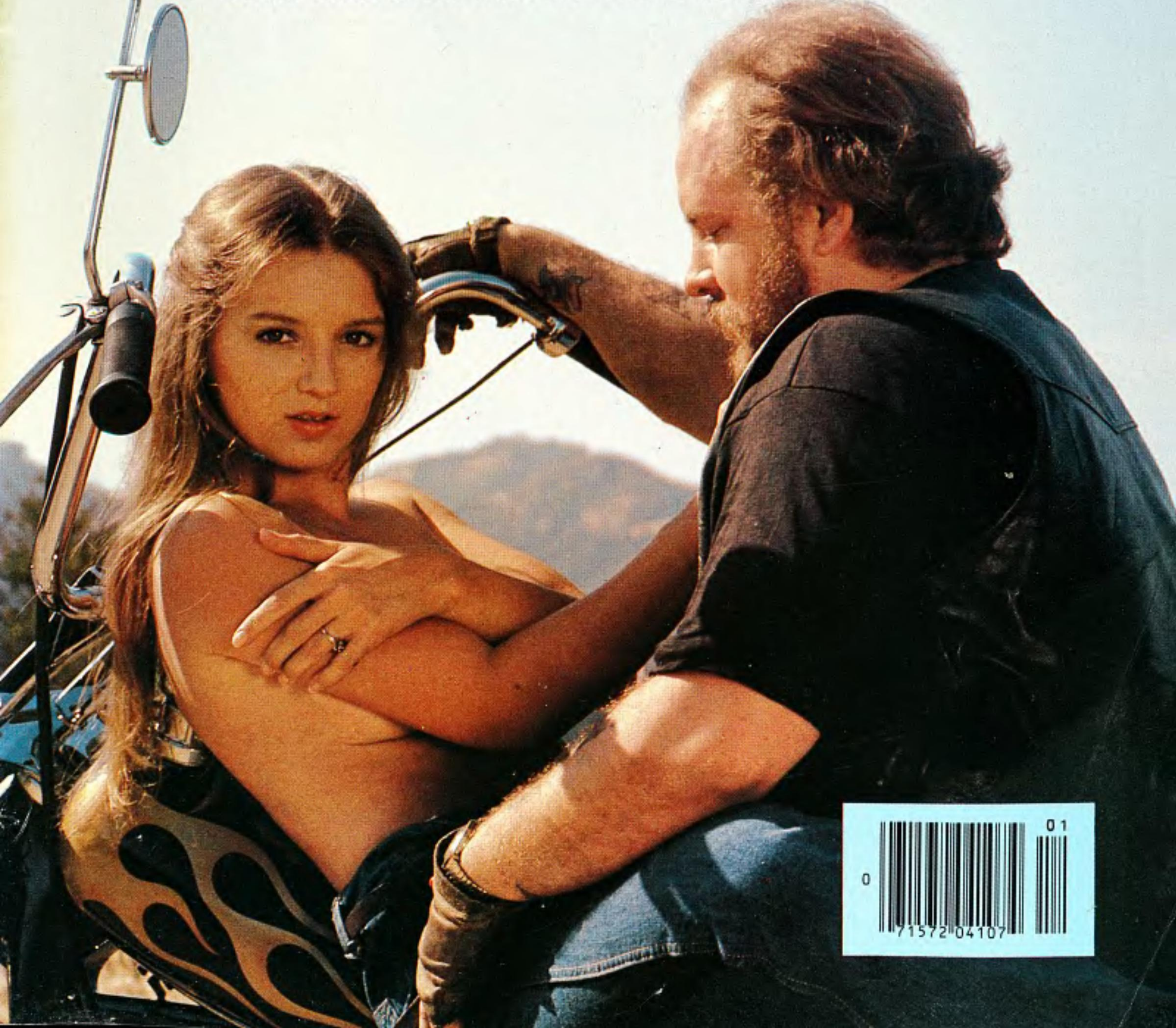

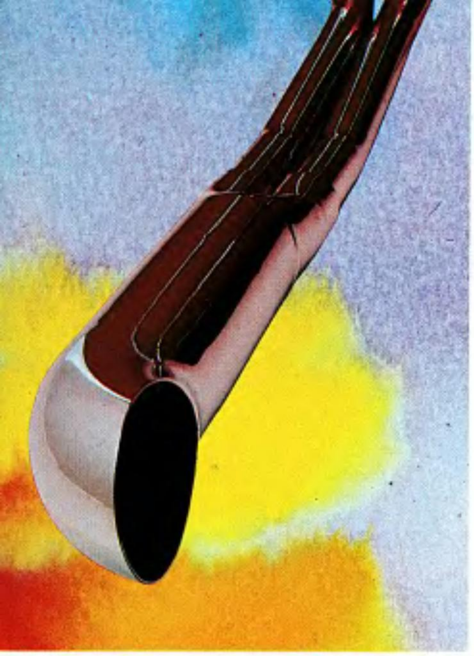

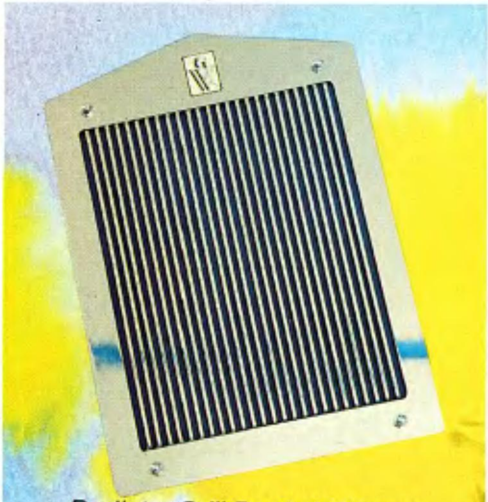

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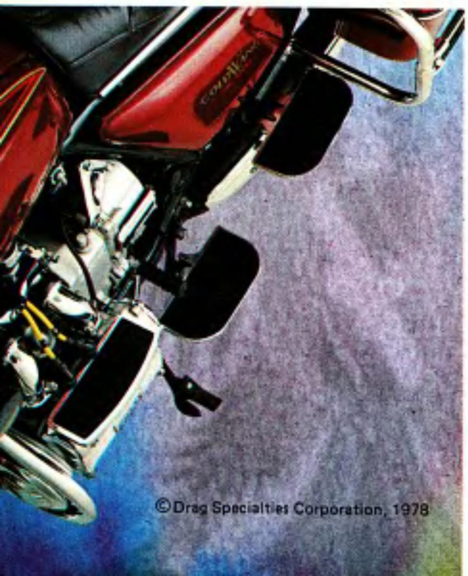

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# Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

**Number 67**


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FTW


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The Other Sex File: We all know men cops wouldn't do shit like this. Did ya hear where 28 Detroit copwomen were arrested all at once—ya got that?—for collectin' welfare checks in addition to their city paychecks, kickbacks, and shit like that? (Whatdafuck, they gotta feed their scooter tramp ol' men, don't they?)

Then there's this tough dude in San Fran who won a hundred and twenty-eight thousand big ones in the Irish Sweepstakes. He goes to Ireland to get da bread, stashes it in the bank over there to collect some interest, and returns to the States, where the IRS throws him into the slammer, claimin' he owes the U.S. Feds $112,000 in taxes. He tells the IRS to stuff it you-know-where, shoutin', "They ain't gonna get it. I didn't commit no crime!"—as the good ol' jail doors slam on the 63-year-old dude. Hang in there, McNulty—we're with you!

Bikers Beware! Not only do we hafta watch out for left-turn assholes an' pull-outta-parkin' lots dipshits, but now we hafta watch out for airplanes! Yep. The Feds are investigatin' the death of a biker by a low-flyin' single-engine airplane. It happened in Indiana. A Cessna swooped down and did a biker in.

Are ya ready? The State of Idaho couldn't convict the motorcycle rider for haulin' a load of pot. As a matter of fact, the case was dismissed. But wait—if they can't get the rider, they're gonna try and get the bike. Yep. The State couldn't make it one way so they're after the bike and have filed suit against the scoot for transportin' weed. (Another scoot goes to pot.)

# TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Now I ask ya, does this kinda shit hafta stop, or what? It's bad enough they've had narc dogs sniffin' everything—now they have Ken and Barby attack dogs. That's right. The cops in Finland sent two half-starved police dogs into a room to convince a dude to give himself up and then their flack-suited SWAT team went into the room to read the Miranda to him. (They took him to the hospital before they took him to jail—to put his parts together, or sumptin'. Man, I'm tellin' ya, the dogs are takin' over the world!)

Speakin' of the good ol' bureaucrats—how about the 55 persons who were victimized by rat poison (33 kids and 22 adults) that had been registered by the California Dept. of Food and Agriculture despite warnings the product resembled a peanut-flavored food snack?

All right—enuff's enuff. In Michigan a copbiker went down when his front wheel hit a golf ball. But that's not enuff. Four months prior, the police department's only officer had taken the high side in a similar accident—only that time he drove over a street sign lyin' smackdab in da fuckin' roadway. Whatdafuck?

Did ya read about the convicted quadruple murderer who escaped from his prison cell, leavin' behind a dummy in his bed and the wheelchair to which jailers thought he was confined? Apparently he escaped by cuttin' through bars on a porch. Asked whether the dude might have been fakin' his condition, a prison spokesman said, "There always is that possibility."

It's true, it's true! Albert went into the police station with a carton of cigarettes for his friend who was locked down. As he passed by a woman sittin' on a bench, she jumps up and screams, "It's him, it's him." Sure as shit. Albert was fingered by a chick who had gone to the station to complain about someone who had raped her the day before. Albert and his friend enjoyed the cigarettes in a cell that night. (It happened in Los Angeles—would I lie?) ■

# WORDMONGER

**Win Some, Lose Some**

☐ Well, with all you hear and read about the dangers of motorcycles, it finally happened.

I've been riding for over five years. I've been in three spills (not bad enough to keep me off work for more than a day). But never anything like this! Because of that bike and all the dangers that go with it, I've been off work for three weeks and I'll be on crutches for six weeks with a broken ankle.

I didn't get into an accident—the sonuvabitch fell on me. I didn't even have it runnin'. (Maybe if I'd had a helmet on my foot at the time. . . .)

Bloomer
Appleton, Wis.

**We Try**

☐ Why don't you assholes wrap your rag in plastic or something before you send it out? It takes forever for my issue to get to me 'cause every fucking mail clerk and postal official from California to Korea reads it first!

Donald T. Adler
Sonyu-ri, Korea

**Bike Flight!**

☐ This is just a little warning for the free people in Washington State—they're going to try to force the helmet law on us again. It's been out less than a year and they're after us with all the bureaucracy they can muster. So be ready to vote—if we're allowed. If not, California may become the only biker haven in the world.

Lumberjack
Spokane, Wash.

**More on ABATE**

☐ What the hell are you dumb shits trying to do? I've been working my ass off trying to make ABATE work and keep it working, just as every other bro here in Nebraska has. Now you backstabbing fuckers open an office in Sacramento and call it National Abate. Where the hell do you get off calling it that? The only result of this can be a split that may never be repaired again.

The word is out on you bastards and is being communicated to all ABATE members. Injunctions are being sought to keep your mag off the newsstands or prevent its being mailed because of fraud. There is only one ABATE national office, located in Washington, D.C. I guess you self-centered motherfuckers have become so smug in your plush offices that you've forgotten that without us bikers you're nothing.

You've got no balls if you don't: (1) remove the ad for National Abate Sacramento from your mag; (2) write an editorial explaining what has happened concerning these two ABATE offices; (3) apologize to your readership, especially to current ABATE members, for this confusion; (4) publish this letter uncut and unchanged.

Earl L. Wiese, Jr.
Lincoln, Nebr.

■ (1) We're not associated with **any** organization or club. Got it? And we never have **told,** nor will we ever **tell, anyone** to do **anything.** Do your own thing, and let us do ours—which is publishing righteous rags. (2) I did in the November issue, under the title "Enough Is Enough." (3) We don't owe anyone anything. (4) We did—as always—always will.

Ride free, bro.

☐ Right fuckin' on, Lou! I'm glad you finally washed all the dirty laundry. I was at the Kansas meet in '77 and I know where you're comin' from. They all decided against Ron Roloff, which was about as asinine a move as possible. He was the shot in the arm that ABATE was dying without.

Everett Bennett
Montclair, Calif.

☐ I'm writing you in regard to your editorial "Enough Is Enough" in the November 1978 **Easyriders.**

I own a Harley-Davidson dresser and I'm a licensed machinegun dealer. In the past, I've restored antique sports cars and I'm presently making money to support the other enterprises by writing movie scripts for a Warner subsidiary company in Burbank. The point of all this is that, for each pleasant diversion I've enjoyed (exotic cars, guns, motorcycling, and even writing), I've encountered a federal agency working to undermine and diminish the pleasure of the pursuit. Your excellent editorial is the first time I've seen someone with guts enough to point this out. Keep up the good work.

As my letterhead indicates, I served with Special Forces in Viet Nam. I feel that I've proven myself the equal of any challenge or hardship that Washington can dream up, but I prefer not to lead the life of an Albanian goatherd and forsake personal freedom for absolute control, presented as "protection."

Underneath all the biker jargon and comedy, **Easyriders** is a very intelligent magazine concerned with the preservation of individual liberties. A lot of guys, like myself, who aren't outlaw bikers, appreciate it for that.

Fred L. Rexer, Jr.
Houston, Tex.

☐ The more I read issue #65, the more it pisses me off. "Enough Is Enough" was titled wrong—it should have been "Enough Is Too Much."

Steve Worfman
San Diego, Calif.

☐ With 14 years of riding behind me, I've seen a lot of things come and go, and one of the best things to come along in that time was ABATE. Here in Iowa, we had a helmet law laid on us a few years back, but through the efforts of ABATE and COOL from Kansas, we were helped in organizing to get the law repealed. This year a lot of people have gone down and lost it, so the Governor and a few other lawmagers are talking helmet laws again. I'm not sure about all the accidents, but the last two fatalities were from cars turning left. Having gone down the same way pretty hard six years ago, I've had plenty of time to think about the problem and conclude that a helmet law does not solve it. What I propose is a law preventing vehicles from turning left. It is no more unconstitutional than a helmet law, and I believe it would be more effective in lowering the death rate for scooter folks.

With the hassles at ABATE, we will need alternatives to helmet laws because divided we won't be able to oppose them. As for the politicking that's going on in the organization, it just proves the old line is true—"Power Corrupts." I've been a supporter of ABATE since it was first conceived and still support those who are trying to carry on.

As riders who want to help in any way possible, my partner and I have a shop policy of 10% discount on parts and labor for anyone with a valid national ABATE card.

Jamie, "The Mad Hippie"
Diagonal Cycles
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**Fly United!**

☐ If the government ever outlawed motorcycles, then I think the only alternative short of suicide would be a fucking hang glider. Just think of the possibilities. Introducing Easygliders! Fly to live, live to fly! People could go on a run and swoop from bar to bar. The government would

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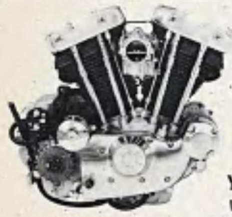

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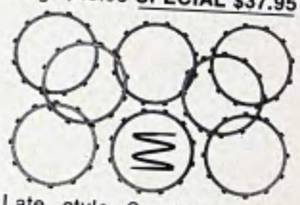

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They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.

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have to invest hard-earned tax dollars to find new ways to capture and convict you when you were out terrorizing Joe Citizen. The Coast Guard would have to work overtime as you swooped, in thousands each year, to Daytona Beach. People would probably view the word "angel" in a more literal sense. And, by God, if you wanted to piss on someone or the whole damn world, you could actually do it with very little effort. There could be organized swoop meets. Of course, there would be drawbacks—jumbo jets would pull out in front of you and asswipes would try to shoot you out of the friendly skies. But everything has a price, right? I guess if it ever came down to something as far out as what I've suggested, then I think the best way to take advantage of the situation would be to "Fly United."

Rain
Mishawaka, Ind.

**A Warning**

☐ If you ever stop printing your mag like you do now, I'm gonna pee in all your gloves.

Freaky
Houston, Tex.

■ Golden-showered gloves —hmmm.

**Discontinued**

☐ I just got a letter from AMF saying my FX Super Glide with kickstart has been discontinued. Well, I had already sent them $1,225 for my one-third down payment. So when I got the letter telling me they'd junked my model, I told 'em to put it where it'd do the most good.

Coop
Columbus, Ohio

**Buy American**

☐ I thought Harley-Davidson always meant freedom, but AMF must mean American MisFit. Yeah, you American MisFits, buy some more parts from good ol' Japan and just watch their economy rise (as ours goes down), while your sales drop.

Ogrepup
Prairie View, Kan.

**Altered Numbers**

☐ This is a word of warning for any biker passing through Iowa with altered numbers. They will bust your ass and impound your scooter. So if you take the chance, you'd better watch out.

A Concerned Biker
Kimballton, Iowa

■ Yeah—and if ya alter our numbers, ya'd better hope the police get ya first.

**Thanks**

☐ Thanks for sending the flick of my ol' rat back, and thanks for even considering it for your mag. I would rather be rejected by the best than be accepted by some pussy mag anyhow.

Uncle Dave
Wentzville, Mo.

**Defends Turf**

☐ Just kickin' back lookin' at some back copies of your rag when whatdafuck do I come to? Some asshole givin' San Diego a bad name. Sure, the pigs are fucked up, but name a fuckin' city that ain't got fucked-up pigs!

Joyce Cooper
San Diego, Calif.

■ L.A.'s no slouch.

**Head's Right**

☐ In reference to the letter from "Born Loser" (Oct. '78). I can get into where she's comin' from. I've been so-called free for a year and two months now, and I despise it. Right now would be a good time for me to unload on a few of the fuckheads around here in Pennsylvania.

I'm gonna state my case right now. I like to fuck and suck and lick, and normally I'm not ashamed of it. But there are a few guys here who make me ashamed of it. I think there's nothing like seeing a man completely satisfied. It makes me feel good to know I can do it. But how come I get called a whore and hear shit like "She sucks good dick" when I walk into a bar with a dude? There's a difference between a whore, a scumbag, and a girl who really wants to be liked by the opposite sex. I know men like me, but why the ignorant shit? Really. There's a saying, "Variety is the spice of life." It's truer than hell, but there comes a time when a lady wants **one** man to have and hold, love and obey, and most of all, satisfy in bed. What I want is to find a guy who cares enough to keep me satisfied and not want anyone else. But ya know, it's hard to get a good ol' man when shit like that is being whispered and snickered around town. I don't think it's right. Am I the only one who's being put down like this?

Short Shit Sharon
New Castle, Pa.

■ We're with you, Sharon.

**Word About Ol' Ladies**

☐ A word to my bros who are all the time putting me down 'cause my ol' lady is just that. Sure, fellas, she is about eight years my senior. But she's a lady. She's a beauty and she knows love. Sure, she has a couple of rug rats. How do you think she keeps that happy glow on her face? It sure isn't because of me. I can be a bastard too, but my ol' lady stands by my side.

This woman is the only real thing in my life—everything else is illusory. A good ol' lady is hard to find, as we all know. Age is irrelevant. Start looking for that special beaver that knows something about living and stop wasting your time seeking out a fresh cunt with big tits.

We all have birthdays, you bros. I'm spending mine with a youthful, beautiful chick—inside and out — who can fuck circles around your fresh snatches any day.

Cocaine Kane
Crested Butte, Colo.

■ Amen.

**Joint Freedom**

☐ Just a little note to tell you that the interview with W.S.P.M.A. was right on. It really does my heart good to know there is a bunch of bros in at least one of these fuckin' joints who are still able to do their thing.

If the state of Arizona ever gets its head out of its ass, and takes us off permanent lockup, maybe some of us bros here will be able to get together and start an association of our own.

"Crazy" Cotrufo
Florence, Ariz.

**Watch It**

☐ Listen, assholes, you better get your shit together before you get a bro busted. In

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**Calabasas, California 91302**


your Oct. '78 rag ("Legal Highs Legal Ripoffs?"), on page 100 you said, "In the next three months I tried every high available by mail except for mushroom spores. If they grow up to be respectable mushrooms, I'd be willing to say there's a legal high, easily available, that works." Bad news, brothers. "Title 21, Sec. 1(c) of the U.S. Code (1970 edition) makes the possession of psilocybin and psilocin illegal and punishable as a felony." The only mushroom mentioned as being legal is psilocybe mexicana. Granted, the spores are legal, but when they grow into mushrooms, they become illegal. So watch out, bros. Legal highs could end up as illegal supplies.

Capt.
Fairfield, Calif.

☐ "Legal Highs Legal Ripoffs?" is true, I know. But the only good legal high I've found is called baby rosewood seed. I'll tell you, for $3.25 it's the best high you can get. Just crush them up (about 10 seeds) and add to a hot drink. One thing, though—you're fuckin' sick for about five to ten minutes. It's like doing two hits of mescaline.

J. Young
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

**Tellin' Us**

☐ Just read "A Run of Guilt" (Oct. '78). If you could have seen me then, you would have thought my Sporty had just taken a shit in the middle of Bumfuck, Egypt. For crissakes, guys, lighten the fuck up, will you? Those fuckin' stories would bring tears to a fuckin' marble statue. If you keep this up, you better start cuttin' some of the features and puttin' in snot rags instead. And you know how your 80 jillion faithful readers will feel about that!

Crybaby
Redondo Beach, Calif.

**To a Mother**

☐ It's very evident that whoever wrote the letter concerning marijuana growing wild in a midwest state has never had the experience of smoking some. If ya ever need a good headache and not even a buzz, just try smokin' a little wild midwest pot. Guaranteed Excedrin Headache #69.

As for the cops not fucking with it, they know that anyone pickin' the shit has got to be a little off anyway and not worth fuckin' with. You can find all the wild pot ya want back here, by any stream, creek, pond, whatever.

Oh yeah—all of our wild stuff got started when they used to grow pot commercially to make hemp rope about the time of the Civil War.

If anyone wants a free sample, just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I'll send a couple of leaves.

Katt
Kansas City, Mo.

**Falls Apart**

☐ Why don't you guys invest in a few staples or something to keep your rag together? Every issue I've ever read falls apart as soon as I touch it! Get some class!

Loose pages
Clarkston, Mich.

**New Bike**

☐ Check this bummer out. I just spent four years in Uncle Sam's Navy. And I come to find out that my stepfather went out and bought me a '77 Sporty—great, huh?

To make a long story short, I was on the road for less than 1400 miles and doing fine—until the handlebars came off in my hands, giving me one hell of a rush. Well, the scoot hit the ditch and wound up with about $600 in damages. The bike was still under warranty, so I took it back to the dealer. He said that the bolts that hold the handlebars weren't covered by the warranty and that I'd have to come up with $250. A little advice to all you bros with new AMF motorcycles—get a bottle of Locktite and hit all the nuts and bolts you can find. You'll save a little hide and bread.

Row Row Romain
Marlette, Mich.

■ That goes for any scoot.

**Problems, Problems**

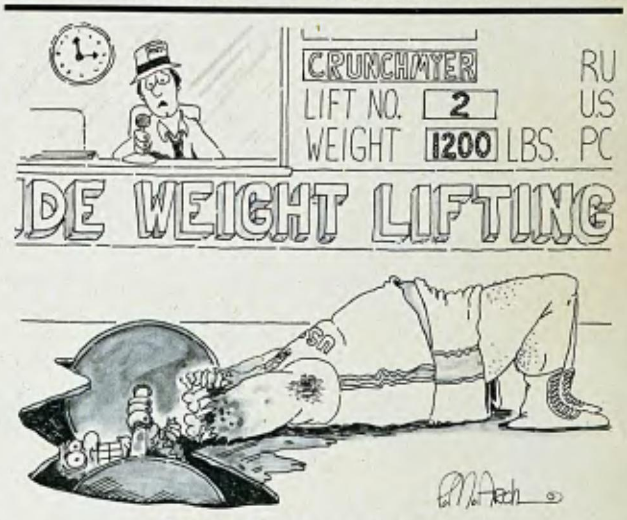
☐ I've been reading your exclusive mag for a few years now and look forward to each issue, but why is **Easyriders** such a put-down to women? Every biker has an ol' lady or even a wife. I imagine they all read your magazine, too (as well as pay for it).

The only recognition we ladies receive is the space devoted to pictures of naked women or in the ol' ladies contest. Even "Asstrology" is written only for men. What the hell, don't we women have any future?

Tally Blaine
Honolulu, Hawaii

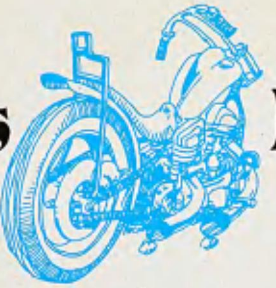
■ Buy a woman's mag—get outta our hair.

*Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.* ■




**"Well, folks, I'd say that puts Crunchmyer out of the competition."**

# Biker's Digest



**Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags**

**Up helmets! . . .**

John W. Non-Biker, wondering what kind of people these are who hate helmet laws and love "pavement-scorching" machines, may decide that they aren't people he wants to share the road with. After all, few voices of cycling are being heard to combat his reckless image of "all" who ride.

The fact is that cycling is getting a black eye because riders who don't hate helmets and don't love hot bikes aren't speaking up. Their silence is resulting not just in a poor public image for cycling (so poor it could generate a backlash of public hostility), but also in the senseless shedding of real blood and the loss of real lives on the highways.

At the insistence of the anti-helmet-law forces, such laws have been weakened, repealed or blocked from enactment in nearly 30 states. As a result, motorcycle crash deaths have soared upward, which should surprise nobody, since it's a well-researched fact that helmet-law states have substantially lower cycle-crash fatality rates than non-law states.

When they recently announced their vetoes of bills to repeal helmet laws, the governors of Massachusetts and Maryland certainly did not sound as though they were defying the public will. In our modern society, the Massachusetts governor declared, "few would deny that a proper role for government is to enforce at least a few basic precautions against death or serious injury." And he pointed to a 1972 decision of the Massachusetts courts (later upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court) finding that helmet laws violate no individual interest but do protect the public's interest in "minimizing the resources directly involved" — ambulances, doctors, hospital beds, police services, family support payments and others — when cyclists are injured or killed in crashes. ("We do not understand a state of mind," the court had said, "that permits plaintiff" — a cyclist opposed to helmet laws — "to think that only he himself is concerned.")

Maryland's governor stressed in his veto announcement the state's overriding interest in "protecting its citizens, despite the inconveniences or intrusion which some may believe to be inherent" in helmet laws.

—Ben Kelley
Sr. v.p., IIHS
*Road Rider*

**Bias . . .**

. . . In the summer, 1978 issue of a magazine published by the United Services Automobile Association called *AIDE:*

Part of the problem with motorcycle and automobile operators is an attitude. *AIDE* has said it before, but now quotes from a letter to the editor in the March 5, 1978, issue of the San Antonio Express-News which says the same thing better: "You wouldn't print a headline, 'Pickup driver sought in knifing,' would you? In fact, knifings are frequent enough to seldom warrant the front page, much less a headline. So why print, 'Cyclist sought in fatal knifing'?"

—*Road Rider*

**Claybrook out? . . .**

Rumors she might be on her way out evidently have caused NHTSA head Joan Claybrook to embark on a publicity campaign. Recently she's turned up in an unusual number of personal and television appearances, in many magazine and newspaper articles. Now those Washington people watchers are predicting a confrontation with her boss, Transportation Secretary Brock Adams, this fall or winter and whisper it's likely to be Adams who goes bye-bye. Claybrook has taken her IIHS-abetted campaign against motorcycles to Japan and it is being alleged that she and her NHTSA minions are pressuring a number of individuals within motorcycling to come out in favor of helmet laws. Speculation is this is preparatory for a proposed federal, nationwide lid-law which, in turn, will be groundwork for an eventual governmental ban of motorcycles in this, the land of the free. —*Road Rider*

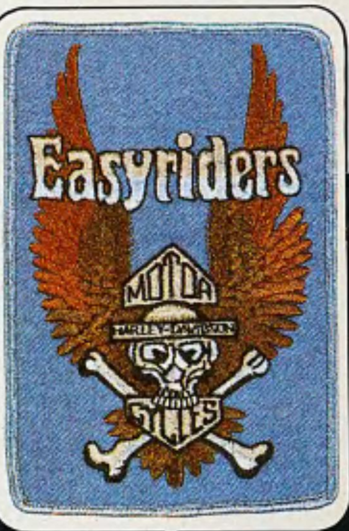
**When we do right . . .**

The whole reason for the gathering at Beech Bend is supposed to be the National Motorcycle Drag Races, being sponsored this year by the new bike racing division of the NHRA. Some of the biggest names in drag racing showed up to fight it out for the top money, but it drew only a fraction of the crowd; the rest of the bikers were there to party, and party they did.

The list of clubs that were there read like a who's who of biking: The Outlaws, Hell's Henchmen, Huns, Gargoyles, Invaders, Chosen Few, Devil's Disciples, and Lord knows how many others. Everywhere you looked there were bikers from all over the country. All had come to party, and that's what they did.

For a while some of the partying bikers got a little carried away with their "You show me yours" game, and they started helping some of the more stubborn young ladies off with their clothes. The officials of the event were afraid they were going to have to stop the whole event, when some of the club bikers "had a few words" with those who were getting out of hand, and soon everything was just fine again.

I don't want to mention any club names, but those who did it get my thanks. —*Choppers*


**Easyriders Patch**

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**Large Enough To Make Into A Pants Pocket!**

*California residents add 6% sales tax.*

Screaming Meemies

# Knucklin' Down in Glasseye

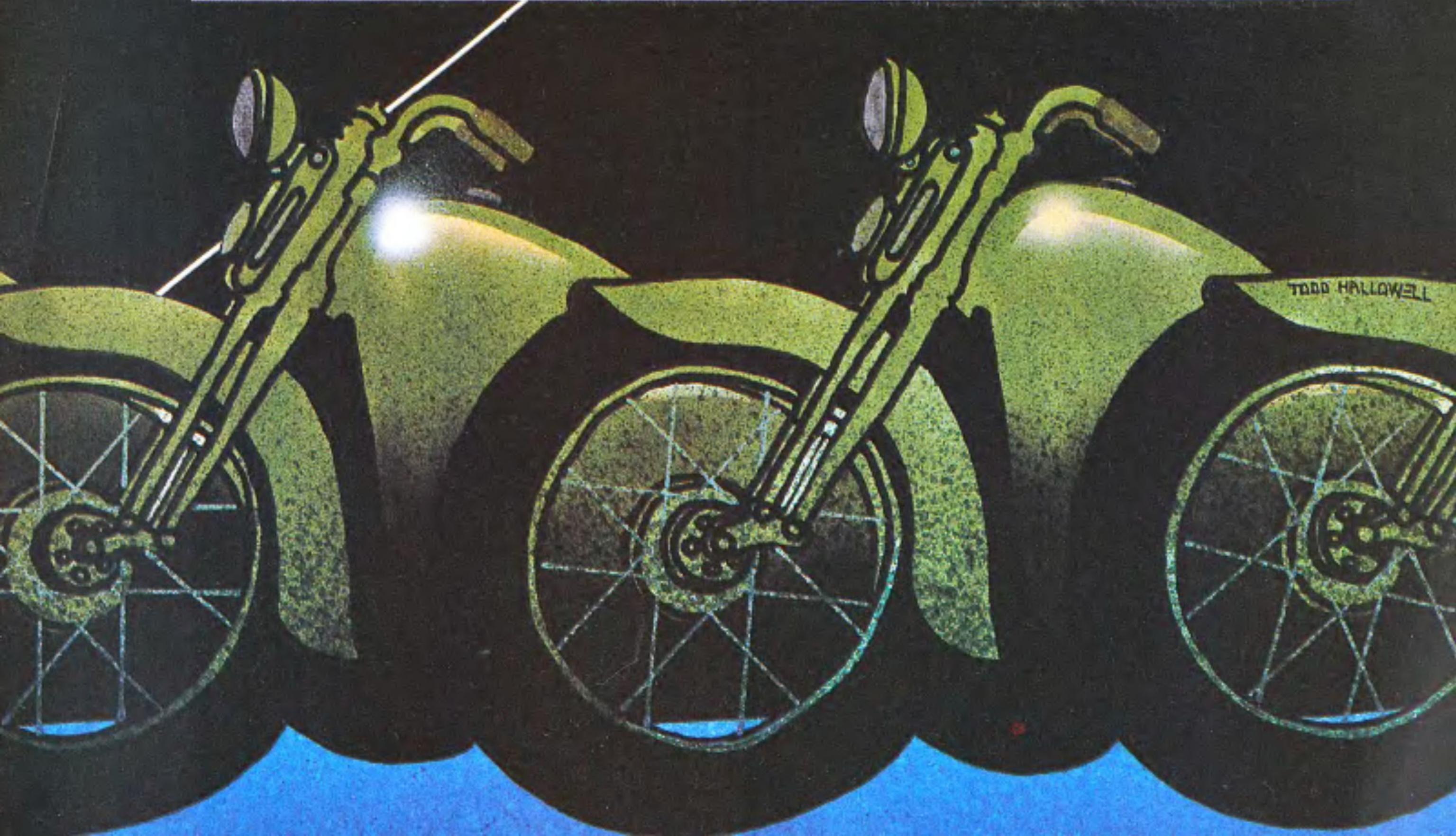
*By Todd Hallowell*

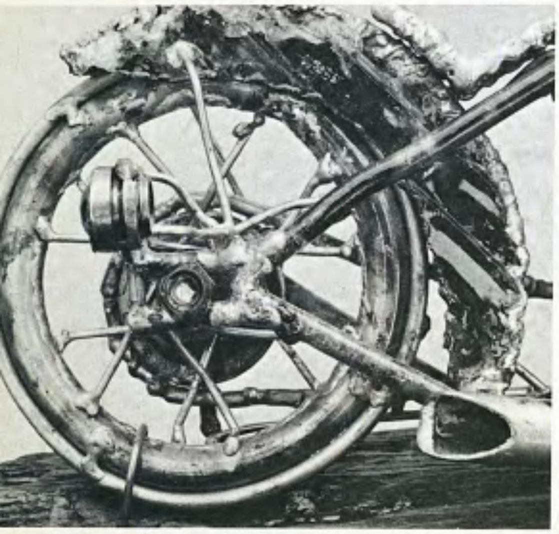
Listen, I don't know why I'm even bothering to tell you this. Nobody else in here will believe me, so why should you? But what the hell—I've got a couple of minutes before that fat blob in the white coat shuts off the lights, so listen up.

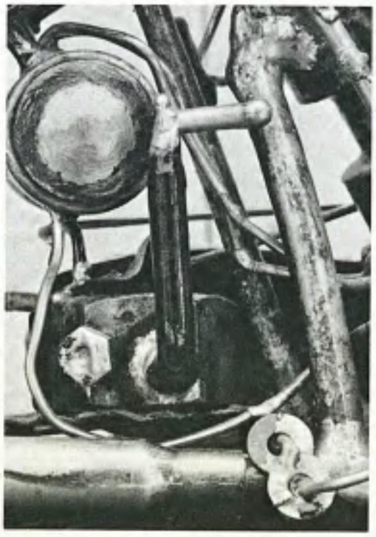
We were sitting around Sophie's Friendly Bar one dismal night. There were about five of us down at one end of the bar, getting comfortably loaded and discussing such earthshaking topics as who needed a ratchet top and who was due for an assful of penicillin. Finally, somebody — probably Skeeter — started this rap about how somebody's brother knew some dude who had picked up an old 74 for almost zilch from some farmer in Nebraska —or maybe Arkansas.

Naturally, everybody had a story like it to tell. You know how they go—somebody (never anybody sit-

—Continued on page 108







When the wind whistles a 90 mph gust that could lift your 74's wheels off the ground, or the snow is so deep you can't see the frozen padlock on the garage door, there's gotta be something else to do. If you build and work on scooters as if you had a terminal smoking habit, there has to be something to do on a cold winter night to get those creative building frustrations out of your too-active blood.

The answer for one bro is starin' you in the face. A vintage collection of small parts left over from building and working on a lot of motorcycles, a steady torch hand, and damned if he didn't put together a winter motorcycle. 'Course, keeping

# WINTER MOTORCYCLE

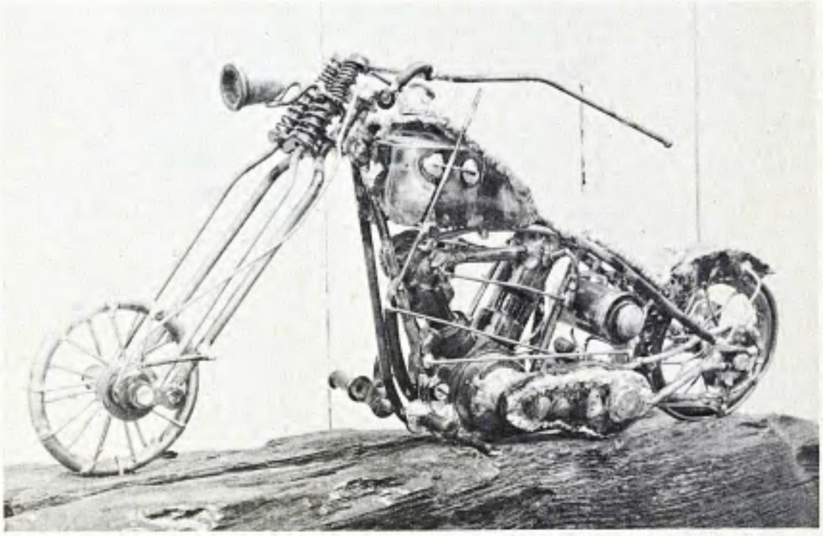
warm while building the bastard could really be a problem. But if, for any reason—weather, bucks, or a broken leg—you can't work on your putt or ride, this is a helluva way to while away the hours. And the cost to build something like this is almost nothing.

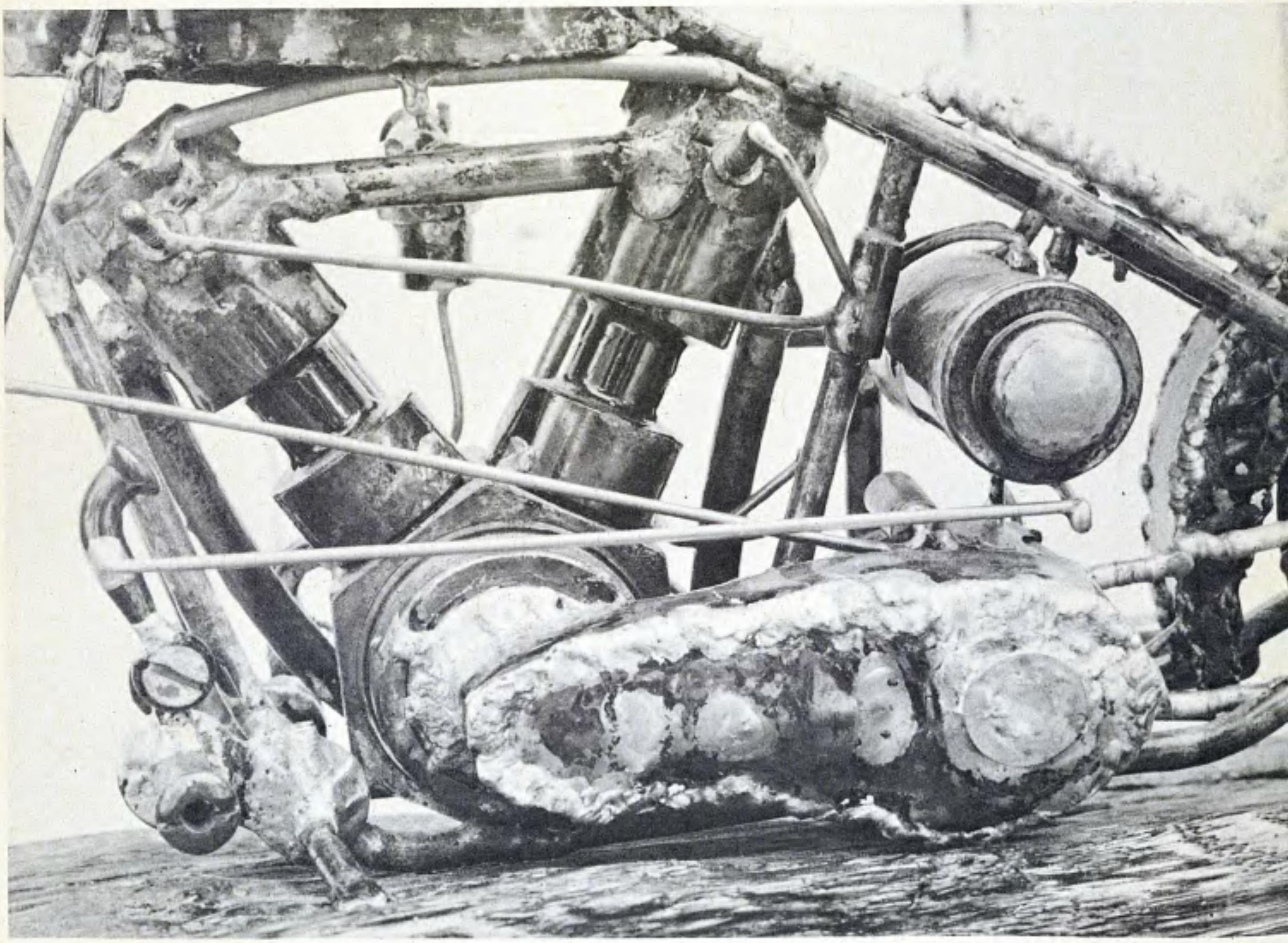
For a couple of hundred bucks, a complete set of torches, tanks, flux, rod, strikers, and goggles can be had. And with that, any bro can weld for six months without spending another dime.

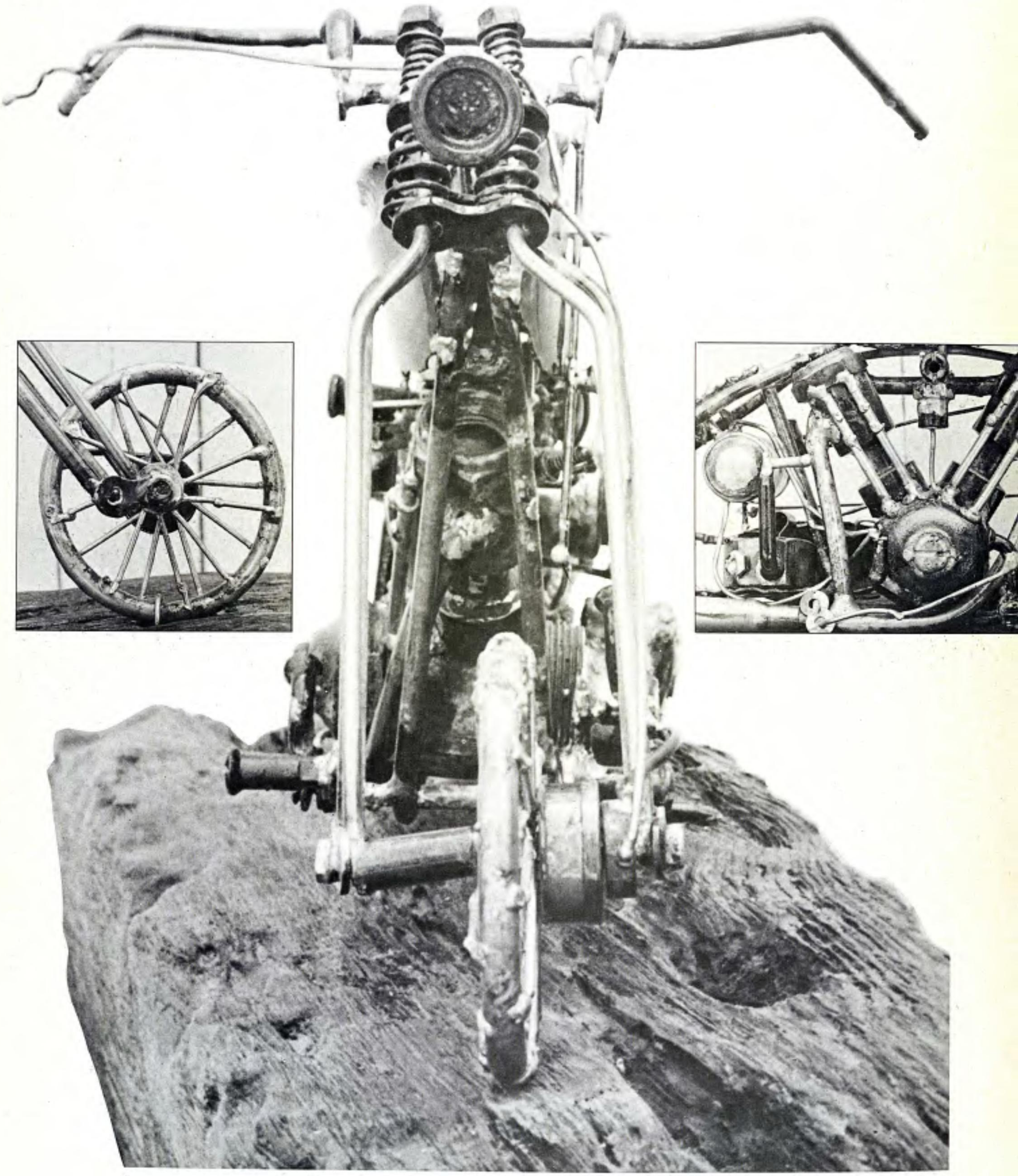
One drawback, though—you may lose your ol' lady if she doesn't like everything from towel holders to furniture made from motorcycle parts.

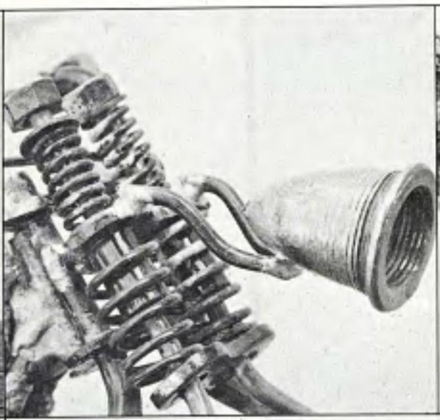
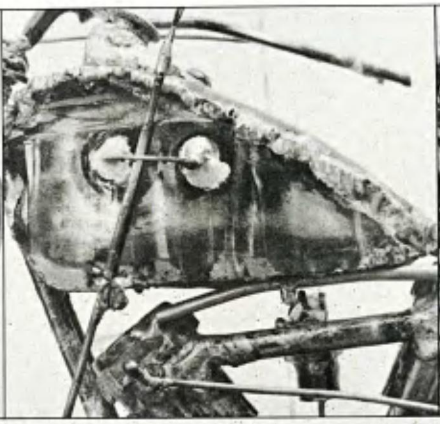
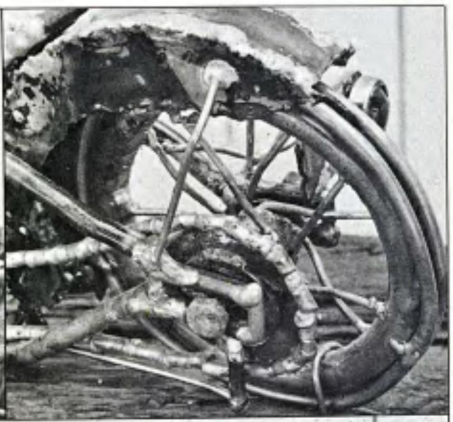
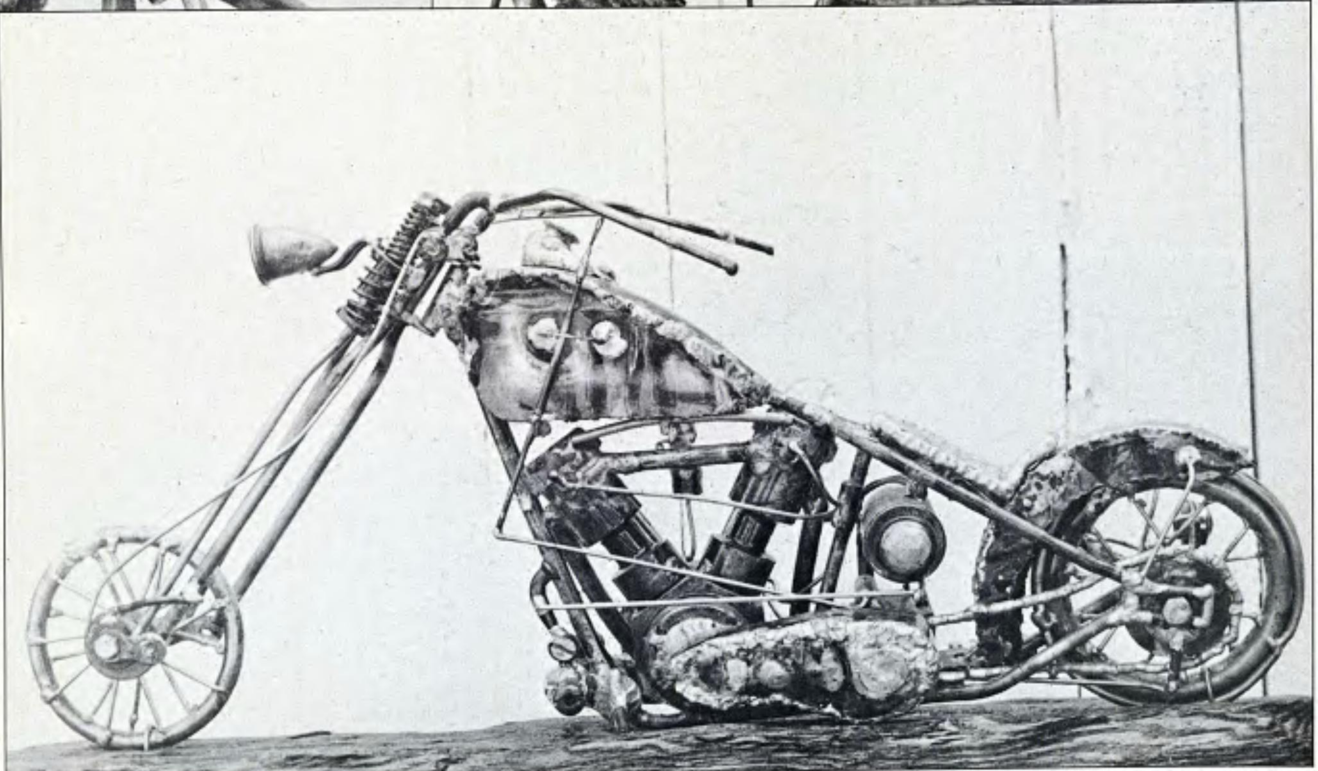
—Weed

# A great way to stay outta trouble







Photos by Pete Chiodo

# High Country

## *Travelin' music for us puttin' fools*

Imagine the vibrations on a chilly, tired night while you're puttin' through a strange town lookin' for a place to crash. Your Levi's are cold and damp from the fog. Stuffin' a gloved hand into your pocket, you find only two crumpled dollar bills and some small change that slips through the glove fingers and falls back into the bottom of the pocket.

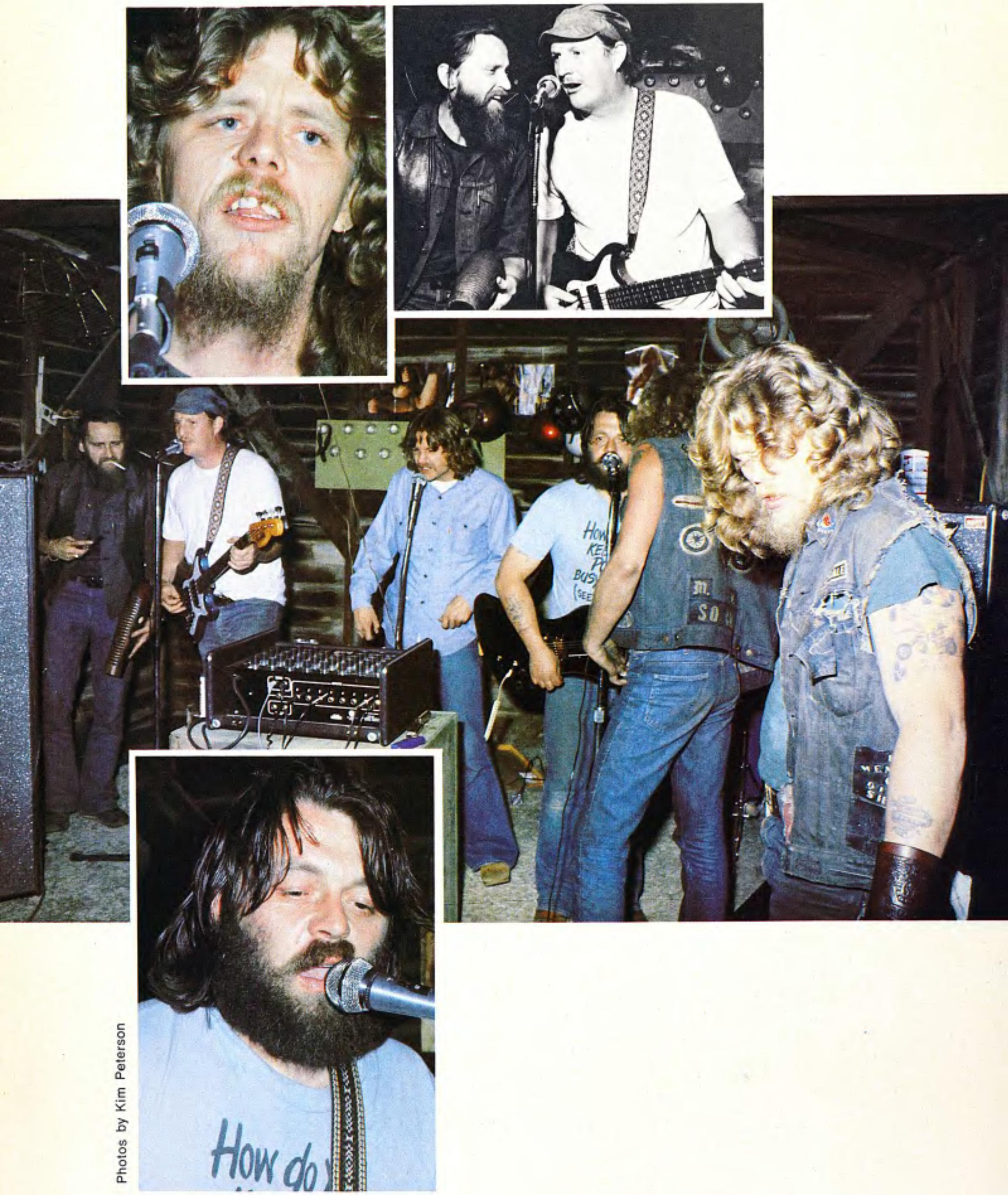
You've been on the road for three days, starin' at grumpy rednecks, suspicious cops, and disgruntled ol' broads. You're lookin' for a place to rest the mind and bod, some scooter people to rap with, and some much-needed relaxation. Even the street lights warm your cold skin slightly as you glance from one side of the unfamiliar street to the other, hopin' you'll find a bar with a couple of scooters parked out front. But your eyes seem to spot only cowboy hats and pickups.

But just as the edge of town begins to show itself up the road and your mind reluctantly tries to forget the party and the hope of some scooter atmosphere, light glances off somethin' just beyond a parked van. What . . . ? Well, goddam! Chromed spokes!

Your eyes light up. Four bikes are nestled together against the curb. You're off your putt in a hot flash and inside. You're not only relieved to find scooters in town, but as you enter the bar you're surprised to find plenty of women, brotherly tramps, and a tight band of scooter people playin' songs about ridin' Hogs, fightin' dogs, and buildin' scooters.

It's too bad we can't get breaks like this in every town in the U. S.—just for the entertainment of us puttin' fools. But in Bakersfield, there is a bunch of brothers who take all their years of ridin' and partyin' to the streets through their music. It's a rush.

—Bandit




Photos by Kim Peterson

BARRY'S

This is one of those few stifling features. Most bros have weird tales to tell about their bikes or themselves. But once in a while we feature a bike whose owner rakes lawns for a living, rides his putt back and forth to the lawn each day, and that's it.

So what the hell am I supposed to write about? I could beat myself with this milk crate all day and never come up with a fucking word. The story on this bike is that Barry had Rick Wiley rebuild his putt and now Barry's cousin has it—fuckin' wonderful. About as exciting as a hospital bed.

The reason it's not exciting to many of us is that many bros build their own vehicles. So it doesn't knock our socks off when we meet a bike owner who had someone else build his putt. With that theory locked in our skulls, we respect only the builder or craftsman who constructed the scooter. Therefore, the credit goes to Rick Wiley, the

# DIAMOND

10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
GEN
OIL

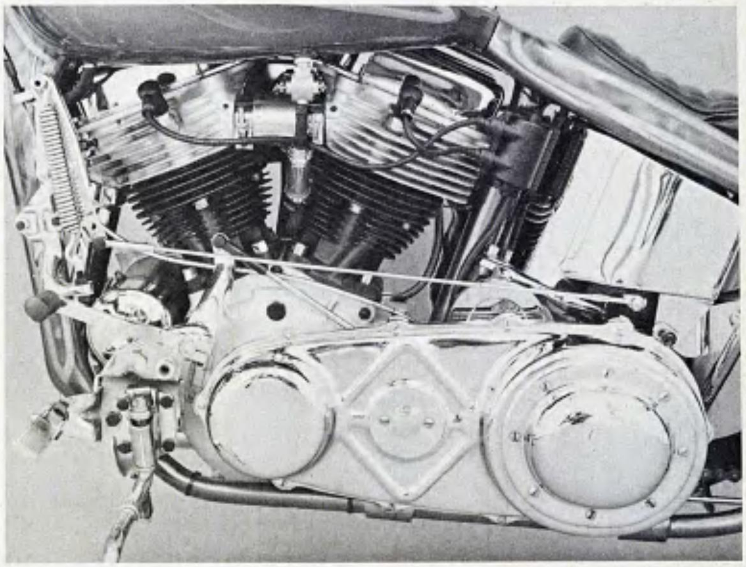
builder, and to Billy Westbrook for the fantastic paint and fabrication.

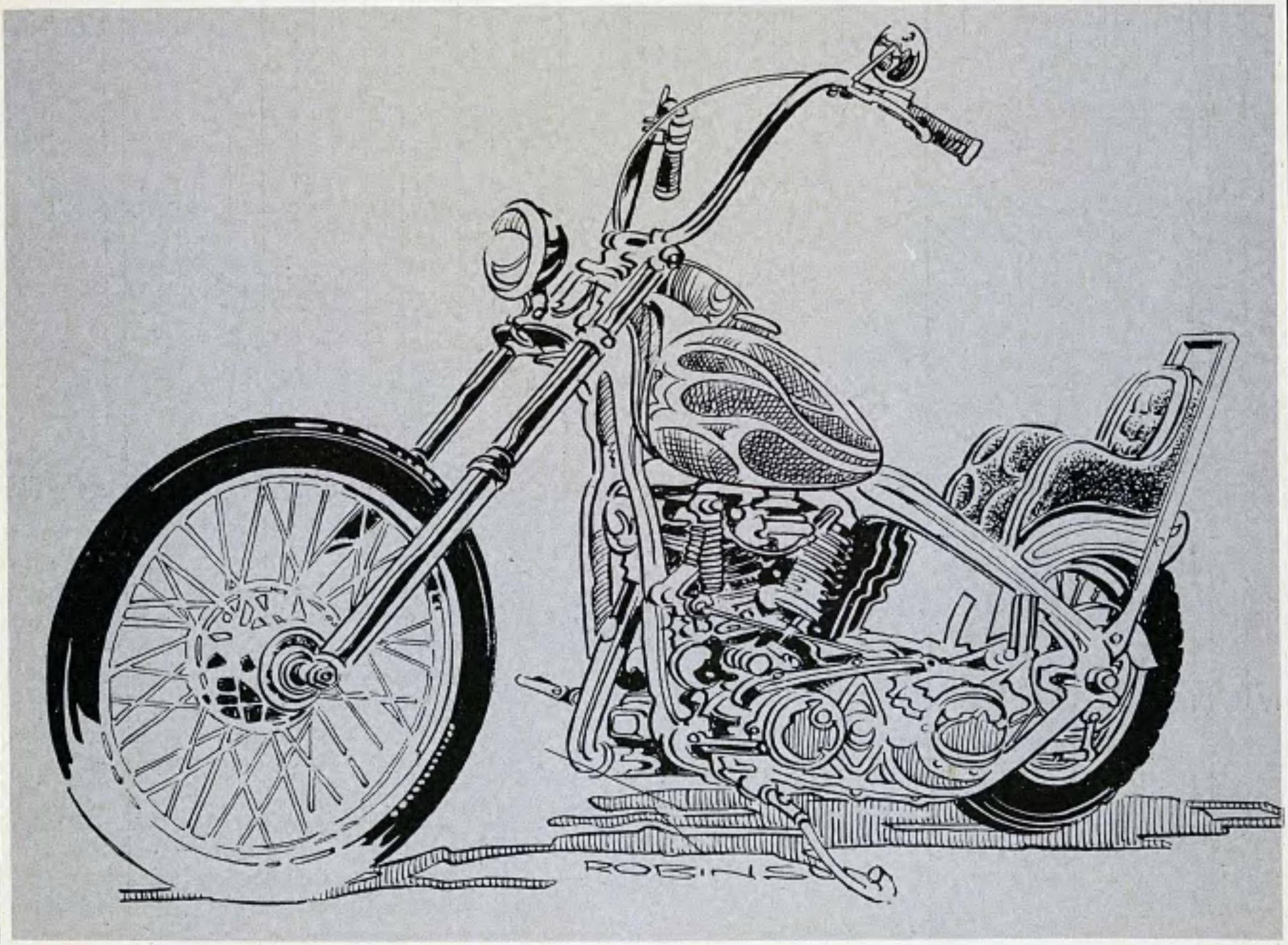
But before all you bike freaks who have had shops build your bikes snap your brains—wait. You're keepin' a lot of wrenchin' tramps from starvin'. Some riders don't have the time, the tools, an eight-car garage, a shop, or the knowledge it takes to build a bike even close to this one. There's also the philosophy that doing some other vocational duty well enough to come up with the bread to buy or have a bike built the way an owner wants it is cool. Sorta like workin' hard on bikes all day so ya can pay someone to fix your refrigerator. Then again, maybe not.

Anyway, I'm beginning to confuse myself. And the facts remain the same. Rick built a beautiful sled for Barry. And just as long as Rick was paid and Barry is happy, I suppose everything is cool.

—I. Wonder

# It's just one of those days





Photos by Pete Chiodo

**Owners:** Barry Kagasoff

**City:** Los Angeles, Calif.

**General**

- Fabrication by: Billy Westbrook
- Year and make: 1948 & up H-D
- Model: panhead
- Value: $6,000
- Assembly by: H-D Eng.
- Time: 2 months
- Chroming by: Paughco

**Engine**

- Year: 1948
- Model: FL
- Rebuilder: H-D Eng.
- Ignition: 1966 H-D
- Displacement: 74 cu. in.
- Lower end: Rick
- Balancing: Hank the Crank
- Pistons: stock
- Cases: bead blasted
- Heads: 3 angle seats
- Cam: Andrews "A"
- Lifters: solid Sifton
- Carb(s): Bendix
- Air cleaner: Gary Bang
- Pipes: Rick
- Muffler(s): none

**Transmission**

- Modifications: Andrews 1st & 3rd
- Year: 1957
- Shifting: ratchet
- Engine sprocket: 24
- Trans sprocket: 26
- Wheel sprocket: 51

**Painting**

- Molding: Westbrook's Customs
- Painter: Billy Westbrook
- Color: purple hues
- Type: acrylic lacquer
- Special Paint: Billy

**Frame**

- Year: 1955
- Builder: H-D and Billy Westbrook
- Type: wishbone rigid
- Rake: 45°
- Stretch: none
- Other alterations: metal fabrication

**Accessories**

- Bars: medium ape
- Risers: H-D
- Fender(s): Westbrook
- Headlight: Gary Bang
- Taillight: Gary Bang
- Speedo: H-D
- Front pegs: Anderson
- Rear pegs: Paughco, Anderson
- Electrics: Rick Wiley
- Gas tank: H-D & Westbrook
- Oil tank: Paughco
- Oil system: stock
- Primary cover: Gary Bang
- Seat: Westbrook
- Sissy bar: Westbrook
  - Height: 18 inches
  - Material: 1 ½-inch bar

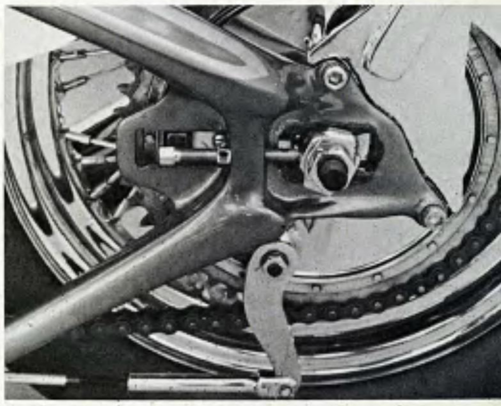
**Forks**

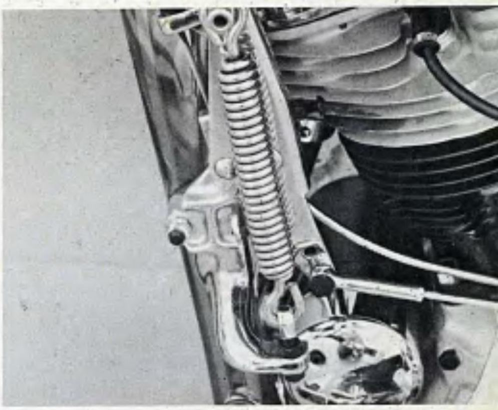
- Type: glide
- Extension: 4 inches
- Builder: H-D & Rick
- Special features: turned legs

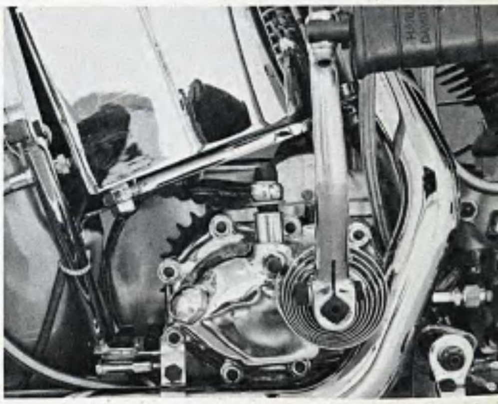
**Wheels**

| Front | Rear |
|---|---|
| Size: 21 | Size: 16 |
| Hub: H-D | Hub: H-D |
| Rim width: 3 in. | Rim width: 5 in. |
| Tire: Avon | Tire: Cheng Shin |
| Brake: H-D | Brake: H-D |

Other special modifications: Metal fabrication on frame, tanks, fender, custom dash, and mouse trap mount.







# THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL, BROTHER

By ED ARMSTRONG

While riding through Galena, Illinois (a town full of musty junk shops) I saw signs at both ends of town announcing a city ordinance that requires an 80 dB(A) sound limit. Back home, I wrote to the village for the ordinance, because almost everyone violates 80 dB(A) with vacuum cleaners, power tools, power mowers, home stereos—or just in family shouting arguments.

The wise city fathers in a letter said the ordinance was written "in cooperation with the federal EPA." (How much of our money did the feds bribe them with?) The ordinance is titled: Ordinance Establishing Light Motor Vehicle Noise Control Regulation. The letter states that the Galena police are "trained" to recognize, **by listening,** a light vehicle that is over the 80 dB(A) mark. Motorcycles are the biggest offenders, the wise men say like robots. Any vehicle purchased after June 1, 1978, must be certified by checking at 25 feet. In addition, believe it or not, the ordinance **prohibits** the alarms that are triggered when a bike is tampered with!

We can look for such stupid town ordinances to spread as the EPA, through the federal, unconstitutional, "regional" offices, flexes its muscles. Rapid City, South Dakota, also has such an ordinance.

As most of you know, on the federal level manufacturers are faced with a threatened 75 dB(A) limit by 1985 for a bike or any aftermarket accessories (78 dB(A) bike limit on the street). This is measured at 50 feet with the bike moving in second gear under hard roll-on from half throttle. The origin of the proposed noise regulation is our friendly elected members of Congress. They passed a "Noise Control Act of 1972" and gave over to the bureaucrats ( illegally ) the power to regulate noise for the health and welfare of the people. (Illegally, because Congress, not the bureaucracy, is supposed to pass laws.) As usual, the bureaucrats ignored their mandate to regulate for health and welfare and are going after everything that peeps, squeals, or throbs. They even have on the list of items still to be regulated electric razors and electric can openers. Each year Congress hands the EPA billions right out of our pockets. And worse, each year we stupidly reelect the same people.

The purpose of this article is to provide some background information and data to aid anyone in protesting local noise ordinances and to fight off the proposed federal motorcycle noise regulation.

Galena's local noise ordinance is so highly discriminatory that it doesn't seem likely to be upheld in court outside of the local judge's office. The sound levels reported may be used later to challenge the claim that motorcycles are the leading noisemakers in a community—or the nation, for that matter. In point of fact, motorcycles are a very minor source of noise. In addition, keep in mind that different noises don't affect people the same way. A woman is exposed to more noise from her vacuum cleaner in a week than she's exposed to from motorcycles in thirty years. She gets about 85 dB(A) from a vacuum cleaner. If she vacuums one hour a week, that's 85 dB(A)-hours. How often will a non-riding woman experience 85 dB(A) from a motorcycle? In riding season only, we can guess that at most she'll hear a passing bike for two seconds at 85 dB(A), two times a week. (Actually, two or three times during the whole season is more likely.) But, assuming twice a week, that's 4 seconds a week, 120 seconds a year (figuring 30 weeks of riding season), and 3,600 seconds—or **1 hour— in 30 years.** That's 85 dB(A)-hours in 30 years from bikes, compared with 85 dB(A)-hours in a week from her vacuum cleaner. The same applies to the dude with his hedge clippers (85 dB(A), or the gent on his riding mower (to 90 dB(A). You can invent your own examples later from the data presented. If you have a local ordinance like Galena's and you get hassled, well, demand that city council, police, and courts apply the law **equally.** A neighbor on his mower? Call the police, call the city officials, the mayor. Sue them, especially if the noisemaker is one of the city officials or a policeman.

The most important consideration of the EPA noise regulation is that the U.S. Constitution says in Article 1, Section 1: All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States. It doesn't say anything about the non-elected bureaucracy making laws—the power is granted only to the **elected** Congress. Yet the noise limit for motorcycles is being set and will be enforced by the non-elected EPA-ers. By the Noise Control Act of 1972, Congress unconstitutionally gave over to the EPA their own law-making power. Lawyers can argue all they want about the many precedents for bureaucratic law. But their arguments are all bullshit. No one has ever repealed Article 1, Section 1 of the Constitution, and until this is done, only Congress has constitutional power to legislate. The problem is that we have stupidly allowed Congress to give their job to non-elected bureaucrats. We must force Congress back to their job, and that's a problem. An average biker can easily understand Article 1, Section 1. A U.S. Congressman states that an estimated 10,000 "rules" are written each year by the bureaucrats—rules with the force of law. The proposed noise "law," along with 9,999 other regulations, can be substantially reduced by forcing Congress to hold hearings on all proposed regulations from the bureaucracy.

The OSHA regulation on industry allows 90 dB(A) for eight hours a day for a man's working life. Levels up to 115 dB(A) are allowed for shorter times according to a simple formula. This is adequate for "health and welfare." 90 dB(A) x 8 hours x 5 days x 50 weeks x 35 years equals 6,300,000 dB(A)-hours at 90 dB(A) allowed. Few non-riders will ever even hear a motorcycle at 90 dB(A). But assuming that he hears one pass every day, winter and summer, for two seconds, seven days a week for thirty-five years, it works out to 637 dB(A)-hours at 90 dB(A)—10,000 times less than OSHA allows for industrial workers.

To show that 90 dB(A) every day for 35 years doesn't affect people's health, here are the results of hearing tests on jute weavers in Scotland. They were exposed to 100 dB(A) with peaks to 120 each eighteen seconds every working day for up to forty years. Those workers with 35 to 40 years exposure had about a 15 dB(A) noise-related hearing loss in lower frequencies and up to 40 in the higher frequencies. (Good ears have a lower threshold in the higher frequencies, and the higher frequencies are always affected first.) The net practical result of this kind of loss is that when you're retired after 40 years of 100 dB(A), you will probably have to ask someone occasionally to raise his voice or else you can get a hearing aid. This hardly constitutes a critical health problem like cancer, cirrhosis of the liver, peptic ulcers, or any of a number of maladies. Nevertheless such a penalty on hearing probably isn't necessary. OSHA's 90 dB(A) is a fair limit. Yet the EPA wants to regulate bikes down to 75 dB(A) tested at 50 feet at a hard roll-on from half

# (Except Kill The EPA)

throttle in second gear. The limit ought to be 90 dB(A) under normal acceleration, not hard, since people usually hear a bike only for seconds at a time. Bikes aren't normally ridden in second gear at half to full throttle. The logic of a 75 dB(A) test limit under hard acceleration would be analogous to limiting stereo sets to 75 dB(A) at hard dial-on over half throttle. Most people operate stereos at about 75 dB(A), but shouldn't they be **prevented** from dialing it on every once in a while?

The following sound level measurements taken in the past several months were measured with a Quest Sound Level Meter, model 211FS, approved according to ANSI S1.4 Type S2. The instrument was calibrated before each use and we used a windscreen in any case where the wind was over about eight mph as measured by the wind velocity meter included in the kit. The measurements below are at user's ear distance unless indicated otherwise.

| Item | dB(A) |
|---|---|
| GE vacuum cleaner, upright | 85 |
| Triumph Trident Motorcycle, Big D headers and mufflers, hard roll-on from half throttle, second gear, at 50 feet | 85 |
| Same bike at 35 mph, cruising fourth gear at 50 feet | 72 |
| 100cc 1975 Kawaski KD, off-road kid's bike screaming at its two-cycle loudest, stock, 50 feet | 77 |
| Electric razor, Norelco | 76 |
| Small Sears electric coping saw, home type | 102 |
| Sears 3/8" electric drill, in wood | 93 |
| Large riding mower (brand unknown) at about 50 feet | 82 |
| Simplex riding mower model 2210, at rider's ears | 90 |
| Squawking parakeet at feeding distance | to 90 |
| Suzuki T-500, with J&R expansion chambers, roll-on from half throttle, second gear, at 50 feet | 86 |
| School band from third-row seat | to 97 |
| Applause for above band | to 90 |
| Laverda motorcycle 1000, modified exhaust, cruising at 35 mph in fourth gear, at 50 feet | 70 |
| Above bike, 35 mph in second gear, 50 feet | 75 |
| Kid's big wheel, coming down hill, sliding out in gravel, at about 25 feet | to 90 |

Stop here a minute. A person hears a motor noise outside. The sound comes from up the street, a block or so away. He doesn't know whether to be mad and call the police or not. He has to go out and look to see what is making the noise. If he sees up there some neighbor on a mower, he goes back in the house and almost literally doesn't hear the sound anymore. But if some kid is up there in a vacant lot on a bike, he'll call the police. Actually, the noise he hears at that distance will hardly flick the sound meter over background.

If any local community sets up noise regs, it should be against all noise of a certain level at the complainer's ear distance. Specifically, of two noises at the same level, one cannot be discriminated against. If 80 dB(A) or over is "banned" for bikers, then so must it be banned for a squawking parakeet, a kid's big wheel, and a stereo set. The object is health and welfare according to federal law, and 80 dB(A) is 80 dB(A) no matter from what source.

Here are some Chicago Loop noise level readings during the day. Hundreds of thousands of people are exposed to these noises.

| Item | dB(A) |
|---|---|
| Daytime auto traffic average | 70 to 75 |
| Accelerating bus or truck | 87 |
| Hard acceleration | 92 |
| Elevated trains | |
| Fast on straight section | 92 |
| Slow on straight section | 85 |
| At corners | to 105 |
| Kawasaki motorcycle, 900cc (looked stock), cruising mid-block | Not measurable above background |
| Band playing at Civic Center, from third row seat | to 95 |
| Jackhammer at about 10 feet | 101 |
| On C&NW train station waiting platform, beside idling diesel | 101 |
| At entrance to first car back of diesel | 92 |
| Stock Harley-Davidson motorcycle accelerating from stop at corner | 87 |

I am in the street about an hour a day, five days a week, all year. Again, hundreds of thousands of people are exposed to these city noises. It's easy to see that, unless they're trained to hate certain noises, people do not automatically find noise intolerable. At a loop building construction site, a pile driver was operating about 150 feet from the sidewalk, where a group of people stood watching. Some remained the whole ten minutes I was there. The noise was considerable—the mighty boom of pounding steel on steel as the piles drove inch by inch into the ground. The sound ranged from 90 to 96 dB(A). The observers, business and professional men by their dress, cooped in quiet offices all day, evidently enjoyed watching and listening. Many probably wished they could operate the machine for a while. Yet some of these same men, hearing a kid on a bike in a field a block away or more, would call the police.

The entire noise spectacle put on by the EPA is unnecessary. Creating OSHA regulations for industry is reasonable, but even there, that "law" should have been passed by Congress. Localities can control excessive noises of lawnmowers, bikes, chain saws, and the like.

The EPA has even convinced many bikers that the few noisy motorcycles are ridden by "outlaws." These riders are not outlaws. They just like the music of the Harley—just as someone else likes hard rock or concert music through big speakers. It's a simple fact that we have five senses and that people are affected by them in different ways. We taste good beer, steak, or sweets. We hear stereos, Harleys, or firecrackers. We like the smell of barbecues, the opposite sex, or new-mown alfalfa. And some people even like the smell of gasoline at the pump. And sight—the diversity of human preferences ranges from art forms to porno movies. As for hearing, why in hell has the whole force of the federal government converged to single out sound for restriction? Look at all the people—even kids—wearing glasses because of watching the boob tube too much. What is the difference if we get old and need glasses or a hearing aid? Or if we have a liver ailment because of drinking too much whiskey or beer?

The feds must be stopped in their sweeping regulation of noise. A fed agent in South Dakota told a biker, "There is no way in hell we are going to forget about mandatory helmets." And there is no way in hell they'll forget bike noise regulation, either. Well there **is** one way in hell—but only one way—to force them to lay off, and that's to stop those extortion payments called taxes. Taxes are pure extortion—pay, or your life is ruined. I'd rather pay the equivalent of the Capone gangs than the government. You pay these gangs and they leave you alone until next payday. You pay the feds and they hassle you to death with your own money. ■

# Heroes

Tired of being called nothing but bike bum or scooter trash? How does *hero* sound? Well, hold up your heads, bros, 'cause you're the proud descendants of an elite band of bikers. The following is from H-D press releases during World War II.

"Make way in your hearts for another hero—Uncle Sam's motorcycle soldier. Astride his throbbing mount, he symbolizes the modern mechanized forces fighting for freedom. Through enemy lines he breaks and leaves confusion, fear, and terror in his wake. The skillful, daring riding our army motorcylists learned in days of peace is serving them well in these strenuous days of war. Their service to freedom's cause is beyond price."

The motorcyclists' contribution to the war effort has been largely overlooked. At Fork Knox, Kentucky, over 10,000 motorcycle mechanics were turned out in the year 1940 alone, all of whom were first taught to ride the bikes they would be working on. Meanwhile, at Camp Lee, Virginia, a dozen of the top motorcyclists in the country were training thousands more for the tough and dangerous job of motorcycle scout. While most of the recruits had previous bike experience in civilian life, they were all sent through the extensive training set up by champion hillclimbers, dirt track, and TT riders. Just one of the many big names enrolled was James E. Harley, son of the man who helped found Harley-Davidson.

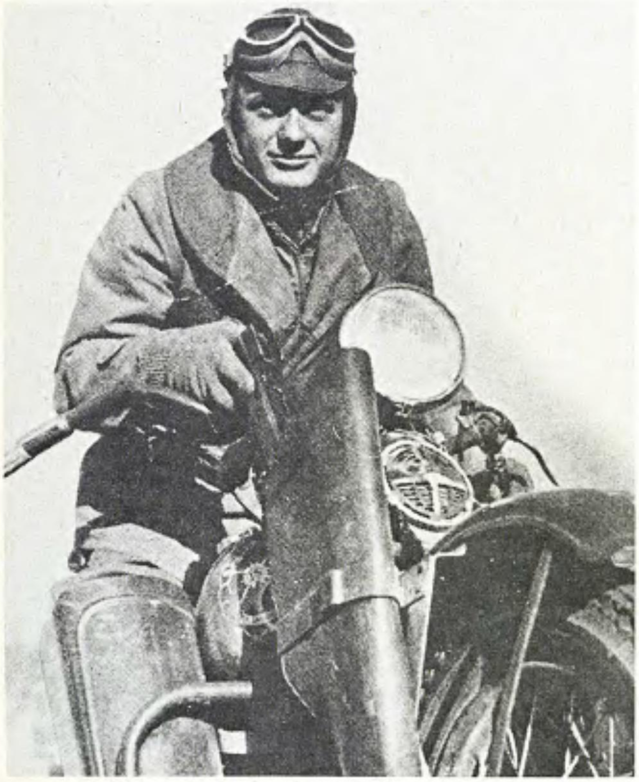
Training included zig-zag rides through mazes only six inches wider than the handlebars and a ride over a twenty-foot plank six inches wide, suspended a foot off the ground. That doesn't sound too bad, but imagine winding up flat on your back underneath a bike that fell on you from a foot in the air. Next was an obstacle course—jumping ditches, sloshing through deep mud and loose sand, and finally, a race through a winding trench that ended in a simulated shell hole where the rider had to make a sharp turn and climb straight up a 45-degree embankment seven feet high.

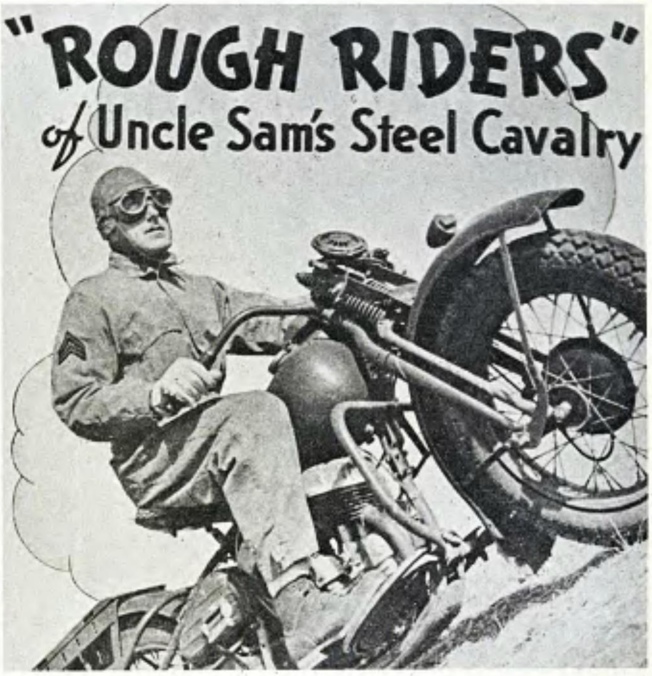
With all this training, it's no wonder that the Harley riders dominated almost every type of racing after the war.

So ride free and stay tough, brothers; they just might need us again.

—D. Swift

# From heroes to tramps—but we'll be back





Photos by U.S. Army Signal Corps

# Ho, Ho, Ho!

*By John Watson*

Sherry pushed the front door open with her ass and backed into the house, her arms loaded with two large grocery bags.

"I'm home, honey," she shouted, kicking the door shut. She then went out into the kitchen and put the groceries on the drainboard.

Badass Bob sat at the kitchen table, his hands clasped before him. A half-empty bottle of Michelob, gone flat, sat beside an ashtray on which rested a smoking cigar, its ash more than an inch long. He gazed straight ahead, expressionless, unmoving. Sherry's arrival and presence in the room went unnoticed.

"All right, Bob," she said, leaning back against the sink and folding her arms across her pointed breasts. "What's wrong?"

Bob showed no sign of having heard. Unblinking, he continued to stare straight ahead. Sherry stood up, away from the sink, and put her hands on her hips. She stood there staring at him, quizzically at first, and then, arms akimbo, she took on a worried look.

"Bob?" she pleaded. "Bobby?" He made no move. She took a step toward him, but he remained motionless, petrified. "Bobby!" she said, louder, a whining note entering her voice. "What's wrong? Answer me!"

Badass Bob slowly turned his head toward her. He gazed into her eyes for a moment, and then, softly and with the gravity of a man who has just learned that he has leprosy, he said, "I'm hooked."

Sherry stiffened visibly. Her chin quivered. She sat down on a chair across from him, fishing a small handkerchief from a pocket of her Levi's.

"I knew it," she said accusingly, starting to wail. "I knew it would come to this—running around all day and night with those biker friends of yours." She dabbed at her eyes. Suddenly Badass grinned.

"I'm not hooked on dope, dummy," he said. "I'm hooked on something worse." He stood up and extended his hand. "Come with me."

He led her out of the house and across the yard to the garage, where he fumbled with a massive lock and chain that hadn't been there earlier when she'd left for work. He threw open the double garage doors and stepped back. The afternoon sun flooded the garage, glistening and reflecting on the most beautiful motorcycle Sherry had ever seen. She gasped, her mouth agape, all signs of tears and worry gone.

"What is it?" she stammered. "I mean, w-where did you get it?" Bob fairly danced with excitement as he explained.

"I've been workin'," he said. "Right after you went to work every day, I went out an' worked in a factory. I saved every damn cent, too, and today I bought this from a dude who builds custom bikes." He dragged her into the garage, moving quickly, happily. "I quit the job yesterday, 'cause now I've got what we've both been wantin'."

"Where's the seven-fifty?" she asked, admiring the sleek, custom-painted red and gold Harley.

"I sold it and used the money, along with my wages, to buy this. Ain't she a beauty?"

The bike was new from front to back except for the engine, although that part had been sandblasted before assembly and bore every sign of newness and freshened power. The extended front end swept forward from the customized frame, giving the bike an appearance of speed and luxury even as it sat immobile. The tufted and quilted seat, with a raised portion for a rider, rose up at the rear, its backrest looking solid and comfortable.

"Oh, Bobby!" Sherry sighed, and threw her arms about him, crying. This time the tears were from joy.

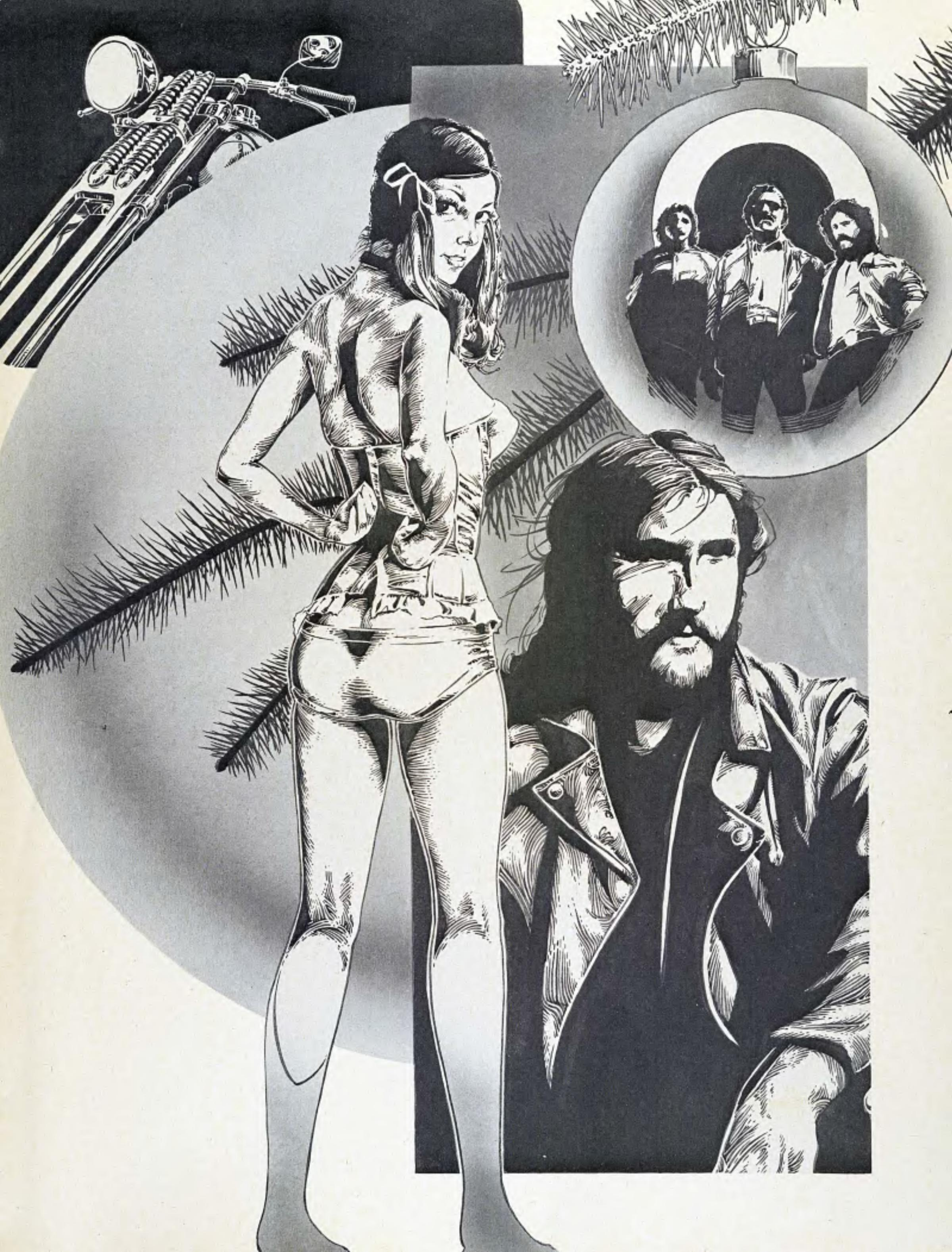
Later, Badass Bob and Sherry took a long ride. They cruised a canyon that led down to the ocean, then returned via another canyon up the coast, returning home shortly before midnight.

"Have you shown the guys at the club yet?" Sherry asked as they relaxed after their long ride.

"Nope," he answered. "I'm gonna wait until tomorrow, then I'm gonna go down an' park it right in front of the clubhouse. I've been prospectin' a long time, an' the only thing that's been holdin' me up gettin' my colors is the Jap bike. Now I've got the Harley, they'll be sure to vote

—Continued on page 104

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan



# rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

## Bugged?

Can the police sneak into your home and "bug" the place with electronic eavesdropping devices? According to Judge Wright in the District of Columbia, the answer is no. The judge has concluded that surreptitious invasion of a home or protected business premises, when undertaken by police agents for the purpose of installing, maintaining, or removing electronic eavesdropping devices or equipment, absent a valid consent or sufficient particularized judicial authority to enter, is a civil rights violation under the U.S. Constitution's Fourth Amendment. In the case under review, the court held that the judicial authorization for a surreptitious entry to place surveillance "bugs" was overly broad, in that it authorized police officers to make entry at any time of the day or night, by any means they believed necessary, when the need for such broad authorization was not supported by an affidavit. (U.S. v. Ford, 553 Fed. 2nd 146.)

## Shootin' The Rod

If you give the "finger" to a local police officer, or state trooper, can you be convicted under a state statute dealing with obscene gestures? A high school student was on a school bus when a police cruiser driven by a state trooper pulled up behind the bus. The student wiped the condensation off the rear window of the bus and proceeded to make a gesture, commonly known as the "finger," toward the trooper. The trooper pulled the bus over to the side of the road and arrested the student under the statute dealing with an obscene gesture.

As you no doubt know, the "finger" gesture is a phallic symbol. Its use as a semiotic insult is of ancient origin. Diogenes is reported to have insulted Demosthenes with it. Is the use of the "finger" an obscene gesture? The court said that is was not. To be obscene, the gesture must be, in a significant way, erotic. It must appeal to a prurient interest in sex, or portray sex in a patently offensive way. It can hardly be said that the finger gesture is likely to arouse sexual desire. It is more likely to arouse anger. Hence, the defendant was acquitted. (Conn. Supreme Ct., Connecticut v. Anonymous, 10/11/77.)

## Behind Closed Doors

Is private commercial sexual conduct that is not harmful to others considered legal? The New York Family Court has said yes. It ruled that private consensual sexual conduct not harmful to others does not violate public morality and is protected by the right of privacy. Such conduct threatens no harm to the public health, safety, and welfare, and therefore may not be forbidden. The court also held unconstitutional New York statutes which make a crime of "deviate" sexual intercourse between persons not married to each other, and of private consensual sodomy. The court also found that the New York prostitution statutes were unconstitutional to the extent that they were being intentionally and selectively enforced almost exclusively against females. (In re: P., Dec. 5th, 1977, New York County Family Court.)

## Public Potholes

Those potholes in the public roads of Pennsylvania may be a menace to motorcycles, but if a pothole causes an accident, the State of Pennsylvania is not liable. In a recent decision where a minor was injured due to a hole in the road, the Commonwealth Court held that the suit was barred against the Pennsylvania State Department of Transportation by the doctrine of sovereign immunity. However, although this is still the rule in many other states, the doctrine of sovereign immunity as a defense to this sort of negligence by a state is gradually being abandoned by the courts. (378 At. and 1187.)

## A Bike Is Not A Car

Here the plaintiff in New Jersey was the named insured under a policy covering an automobile. The plaintiff was injured while operating a motorcycle. The accident involved the motorcycle and a commercial vehicle, a business delivery truck. The insurance company denied liability on the ground that the plaintiff was not an eligible person as defined in the policy because he was operating a motorcycle and that the accident was not one involving a private automobile, but rather a commercial vehicle. The court held that the insurance company was right. Neither the motorcycle operated by the plaintiff nor the commercial vehicle with which it collided were "automobiles" as defined in the law or the policy. There is no question about it, a motorcycle is not an automobile, any way you look at it. (369 At. Ind. 47.)

## Feelin' Bumps

When you drive into a service station on your motorcycle, be certain that you do not run over any hose on the ground. It may cost you money. As a motorcyclist left a gas station, he felt a jerk or a bump, heard the plaintiff (who was filling her automobile's gas tank) scream, and observed her recovering from a backward fall as the hose was jerked from her hands. The evidence showed that when the motorcycle was stopped, the hose was located either near the motorcycle or was entangled with it. This evidence permitted the court to find that the motorcyclist was negligent. A motorcyclist apparently has a duty to see that no obstacle is in the path of the motorcycle as he departs from a gas station. (546 S.W. 2nd 814, 1977.)

## Sharks In Court

Is a hotel liable if a shark attacks a guest? The answer could very well be yes, says a New York attorney—who's won settlement totaling $625,000 on behalf of the families of two men killed by sharks.

On Feb. 27, 1973, a physician from New Jersey went swimming off the beach of the Acapulco, Mexico, hotel where he was staying. Several sharks attacked him as he swam. The doctor's widow brought suit against the hotel and some of its parent corporations.

"I'd never heard of anyone collecting for a hit-and-run shark," said her lawyer, Harry H. Lipsig. But his investigation revealed that another man had been killed by a shark off the same beach only months before the doctor's death. He also found out that the hotel had attracted sharks to the area by dumping garbage in the water—and had never warned guests that swimming there was dangerous. The defendants settled out of court for $275,000.

Shortly after the physician's death, sharks struck again on the Acapulco beach. John Nicolls of Vancouver, Canada, died of his injuries. The widow's attorneys contacted Lipsig, who brought suit against many of the same firms—and won a $350,000 settlement. "If there is a known danger of sharks, those maintaining a beach for public use have a duty to warn swimmers," Lipsig declared.

## Get Out!

Can a police officer order a traffic offender to get out of his car? Yes, he can, says the U.S. Supreme Court. The Fourth Amendment does not forbid a police officer who just

pulled over a traffic offender to order the traffic offender out of his car. The court held that an order to get out of one's vehicle is a minor intrusion. The court held the intrusion to be clearly outweighted by the grave danger to the officer that a hostile motorist may pose. Police do face deadly weapons assaults, and studies indicate that a significant percentage of police shootings are perpetrated against officers approaching a suspect seated in an automobile. The court went on to say that the major part of the police intrusion involved in a traffic stop is the stop itself; the additional intrusion represented by the request to alight from the vehicle can only be described as minor. There were strong dissenting opinions in this decision, but if you are requested to get out of your car by a police officer, the law supports him in making the request. (U.S. Supreme Ct., Penn v. Mimms, 12/5/77.)

## Probable Cause

Can a cop with articulable suspicion pursue a suspect into a private dwelling? The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia recently held that an officer with enough suspicion to temporarily detain a person, but not enough to give him probable cause for arrest, may respond to that person's flight by pursuing him. Furthermore, he may chase that person into a private dwelling in order to make a temporary but forcible detention. The U.S. Supreme Court has held that the officer could pursue the suspect into a private apartment. When a citizen has knowingly placed himself in a public place and valid police action is commenced in that public place, the citizen cannot thwart the police by then fleeing into a private place. (D.C. Court of Appeals, 10/13/76.)

## Payin' On Time

If you buy a car or a motorcycle on the installment plan, be sure you read everything on both sides of the contract. You will usually find, on the back, an acceleration clause which says that time is of the essence of the contract, and if you do not meet your payments on time the vehicle can be seized and sold at public auction. In a recent case in Georgia the U.S. Court of Appeals distinctly held that it is not required to put this acceleration clause on the face of the contract, so if you overlook it, you may have your vehicle seized and sold because you did not make the payments promptly. This same rule applies to any other item of personal property that you may purchase on the installment plan. (542 Fed. 2nd 245.)

## Bein' Goosed

If you are cruising along in Iowa and suddenly are confronted with a flock of geese on the highway, what can you do? You may quickly decide to slow down, grab a goose for Sunday dinner, and proceed on your way, hoping that you got the goose that lays a golden egg. On the other hand, you may decide to bypass the flock. In so doing, you're forced off the road and into the ditch, injuring yourself and damaging your motorcycle. Can you recover your damages from the owner of the geese?

This dilemma was recently presented to a woman driver of a car in Iowa. She was driving on a gravel road and a flock of large geese suddenly came out onto the highway. Attempting to avoid a collision with the geese, she went into a roadside ditch and was severely injured. She sued the owner of the geese for failure to keep them off the highway. She did recover. The defense tried to show that the owner was under no duty to keep the geese off the highway, but the court said that neither the "free commoner" status of the geese, nor the failure of the legislature to statutorily prohibit the owner from permitting geese to run at large, will excuse an owner from permitting geese to be unattended on a traveled highway if their presence there creates a hazard to the motoring public.

## The Sting

You have undoubtedly heard of the Sting operations. More than 300 people in Nashville, Tennessee, were recently tricked into selling $2.3 million in stolen goods to a stocky, balding undercover agent known as "Nick the Greek" in the nation's most successful Sting operation, according to police.

Federal agents and police rounded up 284 persons named in 686 indictments. Police are still trying to identify another 75 who sold goods to undercover agent Charles D. Lowe, while hidden microphones and cameras recorded the deals.

Lowe told the thieves he worked for the Mafia and opened a bogus typewriter repair shop May 5th, 1977, as a front for his operations and continued to buy until October 12, when the shop was closed. Authorities then began tracing identities and preparing for the raid.

Engraved calling cards identifying the shop as C.T. and T. and including a phone number and the motto "We buy and sell," were circulated by prostitutes, just to liven up business. Although the shop's initials stood for Consolidated Telegraph and Typewriter, undercover police secretly referred to it as "Catch Thieves and Thugs."

The suspects came from ten states and included the son of a councilman, brothers of two police officers, and four state prison inmates who allegedly stole while on job assignments from a minimum security prison. Almost 90 percent had past criminal records, officials said.

When apprehended, some were a little resentful but most were very cordial. One said to the police, "You did a good job. You do your thing, and I'll do mine."

Nashville was the 25th city to host a Sting operation funded by the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Police Chief Joe Casey said the total of arrests was higher than in any of the previous bogus fencing operations.

## Valuable Garbage

When you put your trash in garbage cans, do you abandon it? The court held that "garbage cans cannot be equated to a safety deposit box." When a defendant puts his trash in garbage cans behind his garage, he abandons it and it is subject to search by trash collectors, acting at the request of the FBI. The contents of garbage cans are not entitled to respectful, confidential, and careful handling on the way to the dump, and collectors have no fiduciary relationship with trash customers to make sure their trash remains inviolate. (U.S. v. Shelby, CA7, March 31, 1978.)

## Racing Death

If you enter into a race and sign an agreement exculpating the sponsor for any negligence, and you are killed, can your widow collect? No, says a recent Michigan case. It involved a racing car, but the principle is the same with respect to motorcycles. Judicial opinions from other states have upheld similar track release agreements. These states are Texas, Ohio, Indiana, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, and Maryland. These releases are definitely not against public policy. (265 N.W. *Md.* 761.)

## Gobblin' Groceries

Surreptitious supermarket nibbling — that popping of a grape or two here, a bean sprout there, while walking through the aisles—has generally been winked at by grocery store managers with bigger problems to worry about.

But in Prince George's County, Maryland, the nibblers of the most frivolous scope were recently handed a sharp setback and a warning that their innocent foible is not so innocent after all.

In a case that Assistant State's Attorney Gary Courtois called "sort of a first," a 33-year-old woman was convicted in Prince George's Circuit Court of shoplifting from a Seat Pleasant supermarket.

The merchandise she allegedly stole? Two strawberries.

And the means by which she removed them from the store? She allegedly ate them.

A jury of six men and six women deliberated for 25 minutes after a three-hour trial before pronouncing the woman guilty of shoplifting the strawberries.

She thus faces a maximum penalty for petty shoplifting —stealing goods valued at less than $100—of 18 months in prison or a $500 fine.

# THE WEED PATCH

## Ya never know

The other mornin' one of our bros awoke to some unfamiliar noise outside his busted bedroom window. Draggin' his half-dead bod to the cracked pane, he spotted this chick from down the street in his weed patch. Tryin' to focus on the blurred woman messin' around in the grass, bro Snake poured a half-empty can of beer in the palm of his hand and slapped the foamy liquid to his wrinkled mug.

Sensation finally creeping into his sticky face brought into partial focus the figure now obviously undressing in his sacred cannabis bush. Leaning on the windowsill, Snake inspected the distant detail of this woman's body, as she apparently wanted him to do, because she was concentrating on her audience as intently as if she were disrobing before a Las Vegas crowd. But as she completed her seductive task and crooned in the bright green leaves, showing off her colorful collection of motorcycle tattoos, she observed Snake leaving the window.

He went back to bed.

—Renegade

Photos by Billy Tinney

HARLEY
74
DAVIDSON
Easyrider
HOUSTON

The different designs, styles, shapes, and sizes a 74 can be contorted into seem almost unlimited. A long front end and a set of stacks can turn a pan into something reminiscent of a speeding locomotive rushing along the fast lane of an interstate. Cut that front end back, add a 10-degree rake, take a torch to the sissy bar, tuck the chrome exhaust pipes in close to the frame, and that monster turns into something that slithers along the highway like a Pantera.

Depending on the rider's size, his handling demands, comfort, and the style that turns him on, any 74 can be

# COMPACT

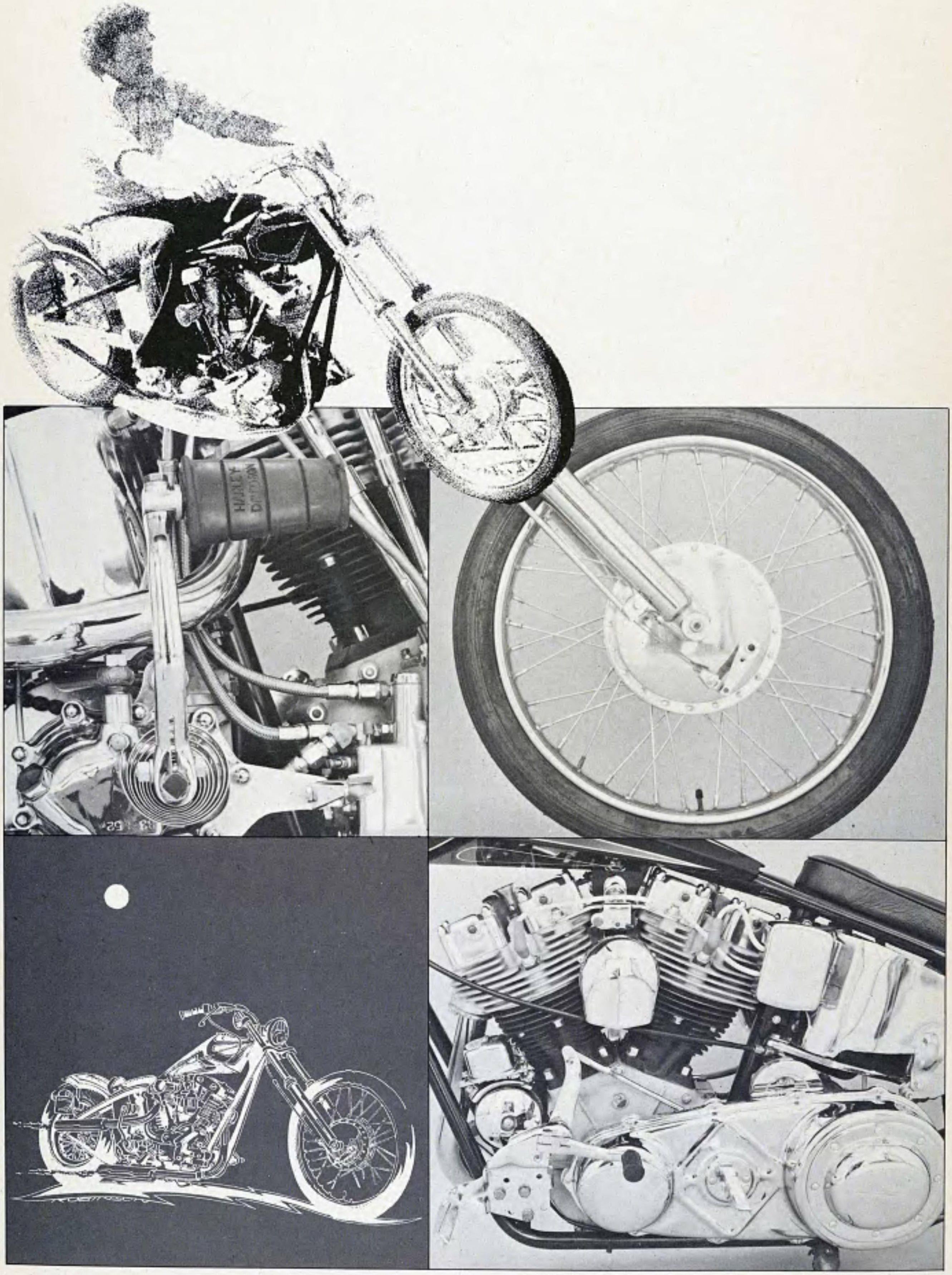
adapted, bent, shortened, or stretched to fill any request. And most bros hit every stage at one time or another in their riding and building careers. If ya look around, you'll begin to see how or why a bro built his bike a certain way. Gordon, the owner of this clean shovel, isn't the biggest dude in the world and he concentrates on performance. Consequently, he built the bike short and low for handling and added 16 degrees additional rake for stability. Obviously, he wasn't interested in passenger comfort, packin' a bunch of gear, or layin' back for the long ride. The styling is eye-catching, though tight, simple, and compact.

Gordon built the bike to suit his needs. If he happened to grow half a foot all of a sudden or decided to leave his ol' lady and take a cross-country trip, only slight modifications would be required to change the style, comfort, or seating position. Extending the front end, getting a new seat and handlebars, and attaching a packer bar would allow him to stretch out for the trip.

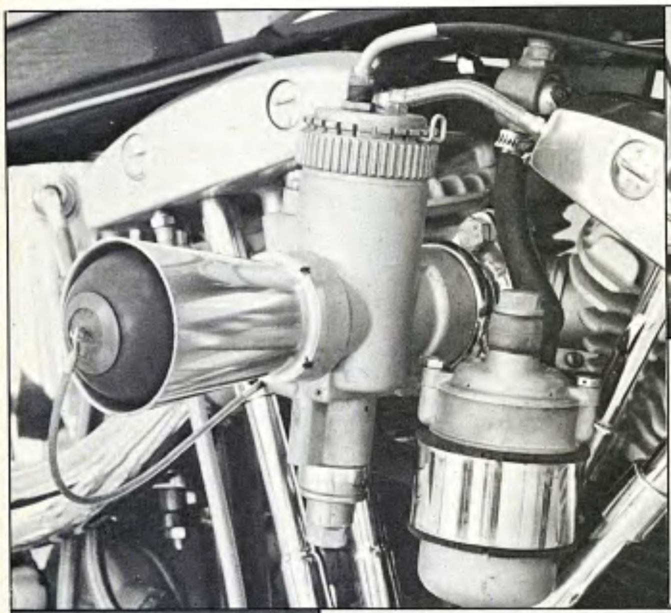
All of us build bikes for different reasons. And sometimes we find ourselves either experiencing the bummers of building a bike not suited for our bods or possibly riding the original style for a couple of decades. But as long as we're up and riding, no one complains.

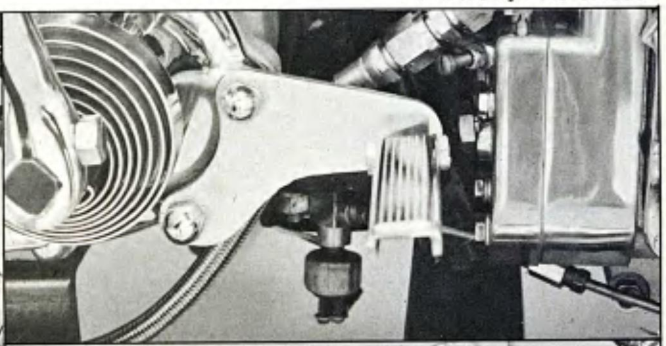
—Bandit

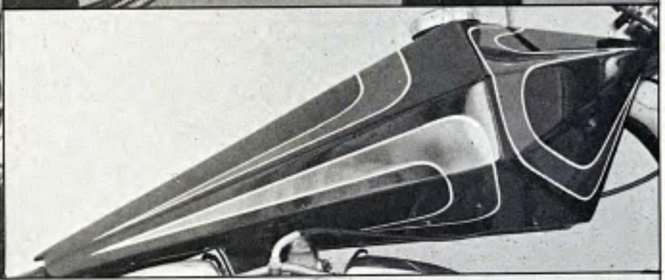
# 74's can look like monsters or Porsches


HARLEY DAVIDSON

Photos by Pete Chlodo







**Owners:** Gordon Chappel

**City:** Ventura, Calif.

**General**

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1965 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: $3,800
Assembly by: owner
Time: 2 months
Chroming by: Ferrier

**Engine**

Year: 1965
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: dist./coil
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: Channel City
Balancing: Don Smith
Pistons: stock
Cases: sandblasted
Heads: ported and polished
Cam: FL
Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): Dellorto
Air cleaner: velocity stack
Pipes: Gary Bang
Muffler(s): Gary Bang

**Transmission**

Modifications: none
Year: 1963
Shifting: H-D
Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 23
Wheel sprocket: stock

**Painting**

Molding: Electric Bob
Painter: Electric Bob
Color: black and blue
Type: lacquer
Special paint:
Other special modifications:

**Frame**

Year: 1976
Builder: M-G
Type: rigid
Rake: 46°
Stretch: none
Other alterations: rebuilt

**Accessories**

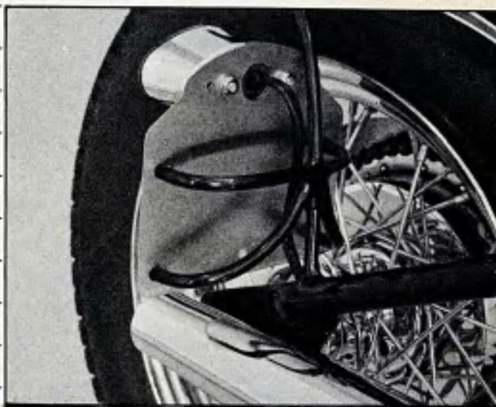
Bars: one piece
Risers: attached to bars
Fender(s): molded to frame
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Bates
Speedo: none
Front pegs: Paughco
Rear pegs: Paughco
Electrics: owner
Gas tank: Santee
Oil tank: original H-D
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: Paughco
Seat: owner & Larry Hooper
Sissy bar: fender brace
Height: to fender
Material: 3/8 in. round

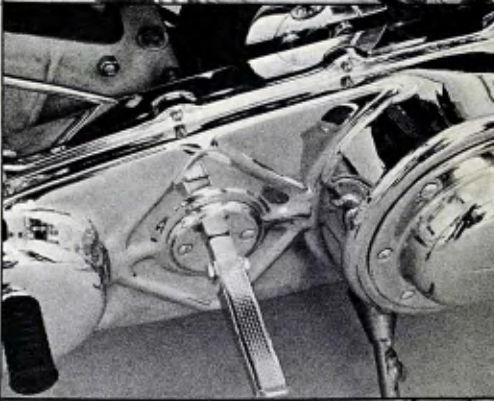
**Forks**

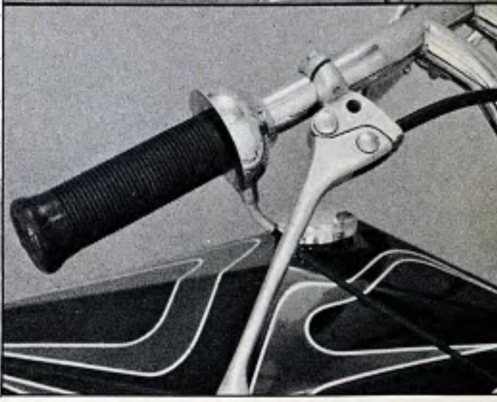
Type: glide
Extension: 4 in.
Builder: owner
Special features: narrowed 3 in.

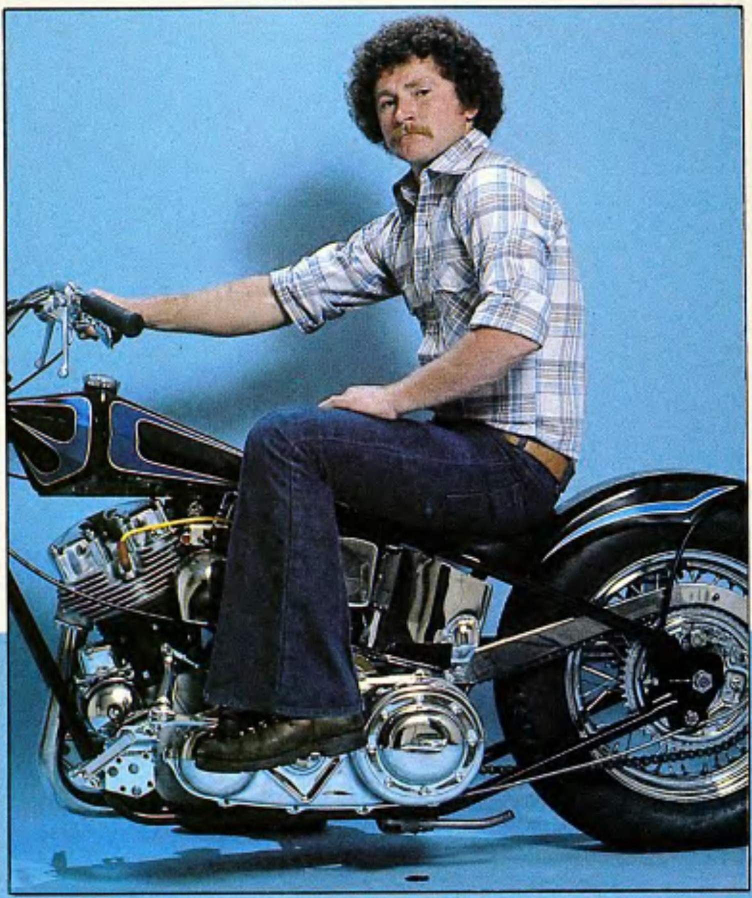
**Wheels**

| Front | Rear |
|---|---|
| Size: 21 | Size: 16 |
| Hub: Sportster | Hub: stock |
| Rim width: 2½ in. | Rim width: 5 in. |
| Tire: 2.75 | Tire: 5.00 |
| Brake: Sporty | Brake: juice |









# COLOMBIAN HELMET

## We don't usually feature helmets

But how could we resist? Imagine the rush of opening a package and finding this helmet. It's completely and heavily coated with approximately one pound of Colombian marijuana seeds.

Joe Pipe sent this to us motorcycle fanatics to freak on—and that's all we've been doing since we've had possession of it. It took him over two years to burn up enough weed, from which he plucked every seed used to dignify this helmet. He also plans to apply the same lustrous finish to a Sportster tank and fender. You see, since 1971, Joe Pipe has been whiffing weed and collecting the seeds to apply the same durable coating to pipes.

Based on Joe's illiterate scribblings, which rambled unpredictably over the rolling paper he wrote to us on, we're sure that he doesn't have the slightest intention of becoming intoxicated by the pungent smoke, which results from carefully burning away the stems and leaves in order to accumulate enough seeds for his artistic projects. A tempting art, right?

—Weed

Photos [illegible] Kim Peterson

# National Abate Easynews

**"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."**

## Campaigning Against Motorcycles

We all pulled together against helmet laws. Now it's time to pull together again—and twice as hard. The government (EPA) has a major campaign against motorcycles under way all over the country.

The following excerpt from a blithering newspaper article by Don Shoemaker of the Miami *Herald* is the sort of nonsense that's tearing at our lifestyle: "It is time to say a word against a common nuisance and abomination—the motorcycle. The machine is a clear and present danger to peace of mind, the Gross National Product, the eardrums, U.S. 1 through U.S. 532, household pets, and riders themselves." Other articles, run with heavy-handed titles, are proclaiming that the helmet repeals are killing riders, when statistics show it's the unthinking motorists, not the lack of helmets.

We've got to do something, brothers, other than to piss and moan. It's time again to write letters, thousands of letters. Tell the government and those newspapers that print articles attacking bikes to knock it off. We're going to ride motorcycles as long as this country has streets.

Don't let them pass laws like the one in New York that *forbids* motorcycles on the streets in residential areas — that's grim reality. And only we can fight it—only we *will* fight it. We can't let the media or the government take away the vehicle of our freedom. We must rain down a storm of letters on newspapers that print anti-bike material. Even small newspapers must feel our wrath over these articles. Let them know that if they want to save lives, attacking bikers and motorcycles is not the way to do it. Such attacks only diminish the already minimum respect we receive on the road. There are numerous individuals behind the wheels of automobiles who don't deserve licenses or the right to drive.

We won one battle; but now they're coming at us with both barrels. Actually, the instigators are the ones killing our brothers by hinting to people's psyche that motorcycles don't deserve respect on the highways, that they are a nuisance. And the unthinking fools don't realize that astride every motorcycle is a human being just trying his damnedest to enjoy life on the vehicle of his choice.

Let the papers and bureaucrats know how they tear down the motorcyclists' image with their unnecessary propaganda, thus endangering him. And we should continue to ride with our heads held high. Show them we have the balls to ride a machine in disfavor with society while the government blitzes our sport.

Ride safe. ■

"Good thing he was wearing a helmet, eh, Fred?"

## Helmets

Bros, below is a list of the states that have restored our freedom to ride without helmets stuck with sweat to our skulls. Take note and remember the brothers and sisters who worked so diligently and bravely to bring our freedom back. Support these people and back them up in our continuing fight for freedom.

Alaska
Arizona
California
Colorado
Connecticut
Hawaii
Idaho
Illinois
Indiana
Iowa
Kansas
Louisiana
Maine
Minnesota
Montana
Nebraska
New Hampshire
New Mexico
North Dakota
Ohio
Oklahoma
Oregon
Rhode Island
South Dakota
Texas
Utah
Washington
Wisconsin

## Helmet Laws Would Save Lives: Morgan

Michael Morgan, fourth district Democratic Congressional candidate, claims that with nationwide mandatory motorcycle helmet laws, the lives of 1,500 people could be saved each year and tens of thousands of persons could be spared permanent disabilities.

Morgan, who has endorsed reinstatement of the helmet laws, cited the figures as he reported that Ellen Grass, a national leader in the fight against epilepsy, has endorsed his efforts to reinstate the helmet laws.

She is the senior vice president of the Epilepsy Foundation and past president of the International Bureau for Epilepsy.

—By Claude Dixon

## North Carolina Bikers Must Pass New Tests

Some motorcycle buffs in North Carolina may find the riding a little tougher when they go for their driver's license after Jan. 1, under a new law sponsored by a Durham legislator.

The law, sponsored by Rep. George Miller, D-Durham, provides for guidelines that will require bikers to show their skill and knowledge in the use of their two-wheelers.

Operators of motorcycles rated at 190 cc's or less will be exempted. People who have operated a motorcycle for two years prior to Jan. 1 can be required to take a written test, but will not have to demonstrate riding ability.

Dr. B. J. Campbell, director of the Highway Safety Research Center in Chapel Hill, believes that the testing law might be a little overdue.

"I think most motorcycle riders have no objections to demonstrating

their skills. Overall, testing people for various types of vehicles is a useful concept," he says.

Under the new law, applicants for a license must pass the regular automobile driver's examination and then the motorcycle test if they plan to operate a bike. There will not be an exclusive motorcycle license issued.

Campbell said state examiners would stamp an endorsement onto the regular driver's license indicating that the holder has passed the motorcycle test.

The safety research director said his staff found in the course of its research that a good many motorcycle accidents involved people who had borrowed a motorcycle and had no appreciable skills for operating it.

"It seemed pretty clear, and made common sense, that some rudimentary skills were needed to operate a motorcycle safely," Campbell said.

## Pennsylvania DOT Probed For Sex Favors

State and federal authorities are investigating District 8 of the Transportation Department for evidence of extortion, bribery, and the use of employees as prostitutes for high-level state officials.

Details of the investigation, reported first in a copyrighted story in the *Harrisburg Evening News*, were confirmed independently by sources close to the state and federal probe.

District 8 covers nine south-central Pennsylvania counties, but the newspaper said the investigation has been focused on activities in Harrisburg and York County.

The probe is being conducted jointly by the FBI, a federal grand jury, and a special team of state policemen who report directly to State Police Commissioner Paul Chylak.

The *Evening News* said the prostitution angle was uncovered during an inquiry that initially focused on extortion of political contributions from contractors and employees and the "sale" of PennDOT jobs and promotions.

The paper said that, according to a source, the women were "furnished to very high state officials—very high, cabinet level."

The *Evening News* said that officials are investigating allegations that on one occasion, two state department heads attended a "sex orgy" in York County that involved some of the women PennDOT workers.

Another source said that state and federal officials believe that the prostitutes may have been used in blackmail plots as well as for entertainment, the newspaper said.

Investigators believe that as many as five women who were on the PennDOT payroll also may have participated in the prostitution ring.

One of the persons under investigation is a former county Democratic chairman who now works for the governor's personnel office. The other is a high-level PennDOT District 8 employee.

The state and federal officials also are investigating allegations of kickbacks from contractors, kickbacks in return for jobs and promotions, and possible payments for nonexistent rental equipment.

Patrick Philbin, agent in charge of the FBI's Harrisburg office, confirmed that the FBI and a federal grand jury are conducting an investigation of District 8. He would not discuss the details.

James Cox, a state police spokesman, would confirm only that the state police team had been assigned to work with the FBI.

Acting Transportation Secretary George Pulakos declined to answer reporters' questions, but said in a statement:

"We are not familiar with the details of the grand jury investigation, we don't want to hinder any investigation of the department, and we don't want to make accusations."

Peter Donnelly, a spokesman for Governor Milton Shapp, said the governor's office was aware of the FBI and state police investigation.

"The investigation is a result of an inquiry initiated by this administration some months ago," Donnelly said. "Until the investigation is completed, it would be improper for us to comment further."

## Defies Regulation On Motorcycles

I'm a motorcyclist in my fifties. I'm also a veteran, taxpayer, and voter. I damn well won't wear a helmet unless I want to. I'll take care of my own head, thank you.

For those of you who use the old saw of increased insurance costs, let's ban cars and really save money. Better yet, put the blame on the insurance companies, where it belongs.

I'll also drive on any street I want at any time I want. Trust me.

By the way, I'm not an overaged gang member or outlaw or whatever. I first rode motorcycles in Germany in WWII as a member of the 82nd Airborne.

The state can't abridge the rights I fought for.—from Cliyde J. Armstrong, New York

## California Checks

Watch out, bros. The MMA tells us that the California Highway Patrol and the California DOT are making random safety inspections of motorcycles. Keep your bike legal so the hassle will be kept to a minimum.

## Cyclists' Perils Unchanged

For some reason I thought things would be different this year. I don't know why. Past experiences should have taken a greater hold on my common sense. I should have known better.

There's been quite a stirring in recent months in the biker world. Noise ordinances, vehicle modification regulations, and an ever-increasing number of motorcycle "safety" measures threaten the motorcyclists' right to our streets and highways (the pursuit of happiness, too?). Enthusiasts and all those concerned have voiced their opinions against more and more rules and regulations and fewer and fewer choices and freedoms.

Still, the greatest threat to the biker and road rights remains at large, unburdened (so far) by equal restrictions. The greatest threat? The person behind the wheel of that car or truck.

I'm married to a biker. Many of our friends are also bikers. You'd be amazed at some of the horror stories they have to tell. Some examples? Right here:

(1) A car purposely runs the man and bike off the road onto the gravel shoulder. The bike receives minor damage; he'll have scars.

(2) Two bikers ride side

by side. A car pulls between them, narrowly scraping through the wavering space. The riders' cool-headedness keeps the situation injury-free.

(3) A young man in a pickup whips a U-turn and pulls out in front of the biker. The bike goes down to avoid collision. The rider is cut and his leg is very badly bruised.

(4) Kids in a pickup ride ahead of the cyclist. They think it's a big joke threatening to throw a spare tire out the tailgate. Really hilarious! It would only have killed the rider.

(5) We come to a four-way stop, riding the bike. We wait our turn; the folks in the car at the corner to our left wave us through the intersection. We start out, but my husband already knows — the car zooms across just as we touch the street.

(6) Another stop sign. We're waiting and I turn to check the traffic behind us. Only inches from the bike's rear tire sits the front end of a car full of teen-agers, laughing, jerking the car even closer. What if . . . ?

I could go on and on listing incidents like these, fill up page after page, but I hope the idea is becoming clear. It shouldn't be like this.

Many of these motorcyclists are riding lifelong dreams, beautiful machines that require care and maintenance, time and money (like another's Cadillac, camper, motorhome, boat, etc.). And the majority of the cyclists are still waiting for that one ride with no hassles.

If motorists in cars and trucks would grant bikers equal respect and road rights, most riders would have more regard for their neighbors.

—from Becky Moad

### Canadian Island Safety

Directors of the Prince Edward Island Safety Council have passed a motion urging the provincial government to make it mandatory for motorcycle drivers to take skill tests and acquire a special license to operate a motorcycle in P.E.I.

The motion, which passed unanimously, was considered at a recent meeting of directors.

"The matter arose from concern over the risks and high rate of injuries which motorcycle drivers incur and the fact that now a person may legally drive a motorcycle in Prince Edward Island with an ordinary driver's license," it was stated.

The P.E.I. Safety Council sponsors the motorcycle training course developed by the Canada Safety Council. The purpose of this course is to reduce the possibility of accidents for the beginning motorcyclist by giving the beginner the necessary skills before he drives in traffic.

The course provides classroom and "on the bike" practical instruction in basic and advanced riding skills.

Close to 60 students have completed the motorcycle training course in Prince Edward Island this year. Courses have been offered in Charlottetown and Summerside, and courses are planned for Montague and the western area of the province.

## 1979 Tattoo Convention

The Fourth World Convention of Tattoo Artists and Fans will be taking place in Houston, Texas, on January 26, 27, and 28, 1979. This annual gathering of tattoo artists and fans from as far away as Australia and countries in Europe is sponsored by the North American Tattoo Club.

Highlights of the 1979 convention will be the beauty contest for both men and women, to be held on the last day of the convention. Tattoo booths as well as booths selling tattoo related items will be operating all three days.

Registration and housing information can be obtained by contacting the North American Tattoo Club at 3127 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408.

## Insurance Institute — Out to Lunch

The AMA and other associations concerned about motor vehicle safety have criticized a recent report by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (IIHS) on the subject of driver education.

The IIHS study attributes approximately 2,000 fatal crashes per year to the existence of driver education which trains 16 and 17-year-old drivers throughout the United States. The American Driver Safety Education Association (ADSEA), the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF) and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) joined the AMA in questioning the study's validity.

Dr. William Cushman of ADSEA called the report "tragically misleading," and asked that the national membership of ADSEA ignore the study on the grounds that it is "selective" and "speculative."

In addition to its flawed logic attributing fatalities to driver education, the IIHS study generalizes on the subject of motorcycle education, but fails to present any data. This prompted MSF dismissal of the report as a "diatribe."

After a thorough review of the report, AMA Legislative Analyst Gary Winn said, "By leaping to conclusions about motorcycle education in the absence of any data, IIHS has demonstrated a level of irresponsibility which is typical of that organization's continuing vendetta against motorcycling. Had its total lack of credibility not been so quickly noted by a number of respected organizations in the safety community, we might find this report alarming. Fortunately, though, responsible organizations appear to be ignoring it."

Even the NHTSA—a federal agency with views on mandatory helmet and seat belt legislation paralleling those of the IIHS—found in the report no factual basis for the allegation that vehicle operator education causes fatalities.—from *American Motorcyclist*

## Problem Drivers To Increase

As an example of a problem area where medical expertise will be needed, an IIHS official explained that "the number of drivers with moderate and serious medical conditions is likely to increase.". This will be due, she said, to more elderly drivers, more medically impaired persons whose lives have been prolonged by pacemakers or coronary bypass surgery, and more handicapped persons eligible to drive because of non-discrimination statutes.

—from the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety

## Red Light Runner Acquitted In Canada

Below is an example of the lack of concern people have for motorcyclists — this is only one of many we've read. If incidents like these were stopped, or the guilty parties prosecuted, we might gain a bit more respect in the streets. No amount of protective clothing would help in a case like this—and quieter bikes would result only in senseless motorists seeing and hearing less.

A 28-year-old Winnipeg man was acquitted of dangerous driving in connection with the death of a man and his son in a truck-motorcycle accident last Easter Sunday.

County Court Judge B. R. Coleman ruled that Robert Fotti was not guilty even though there "was no question" that he had run a red light.

"I look on it as a momentary lapse that comes from a lack of attention but not of a nature that would create a breach of the dangerous driving subsection (of the Criminal Code)," he explained.

Gordon Hochman, 43, and his 17-year-old son Stuart were killed the morning of April 10, 1977, when their motorcycle was in collision with a van driven by Mr. Fotti at the intersection of Dublin Avenue and Border Street.

Mr. Fotti had been charged with criminal negligence causing death but was committed to trial on a reduced charge of dangerous driving after a preliminary hearing.

Judge Coleman said he also did not take into consideration the speed Mr. Fotti's van was travelling just before the fatal accident.

Judge Coleman said he "put out of his mind" evidence that Mr. Fotti had had a glass of wine prior to the accident.

Judge Coleman also rejected a claim by Crown prosecutor David Rampersad that Mr. Fotti showed "wanton negligence concerning other vehicles.

Mr. Fotti said he was watching the road but just didn't see the motorcycle. However, after repeated questioning from Mr. Rampersad, he admitted that "possibly my attention wasn't as keen as it could have been."

—By John Bertrand

## Des Moines Bro Buried With His Bike

"The Reverend," who had been a biker from the day he was old enough to handle a motorcycle, was buried with his black leather jacket and his beloved Harley in a country cemetery near Runnells.

The eulogy for Marion Kent Black, his real name, was a statement about life and death he composed himself in 1971.

"No sadness, no crying, no hypocrisy . . . not for me," it concluded. "I want it simply stated that I have passed on to that beautiful state of being that I so long have waited for. . . . At last I'll be understood for what I am and what I feel—my love."

Gathered at the graveside were his wife, Virginia, three of his five children, other family members, and his brothers, fellow cyclists who mourned him in their own way.

—By Gary Heinlein

## Helmets In Cars Urged For Crash Without Bash

If they want to force bikers to wear helmets, then they can apply the same law to motorists—it would save even more lives. Point this fact out to your pro-helmet legislator.

Crash helmets, the bane of many of the nation's motorcyclists, should be considered for automobile drivers to help reduce the number of fatal head injuries in car accidents, a highway safety researcher says.

James O'Day, reporting on a study by the University of Michigan Highway Safety Research Institute, said the voluntary use of protective headgear could prevent some traffic deaths that seat belts and shoulder harnesses cannot stop.

"When someone is killed in an automobile accident, most often it is the head that is injured," O'Day said. "If you are going to protect the head, you should look at something that fits the occupant rather than trying to pad all the hard objects in the world."

O'Day said the institute studied 94 traffic deaths in which seat belts or shoulder harnesses were worn, to determine the nature and the source of the fatal injury.

The study found more than half of the deaths resulted from head injuries. O'Day said although most of the crashes were so severe they were considered unsurvivable, 10 deaths occurred in "relatively non-severe" crashes.

"Of these 10 crashes, only one would not have had the chance of survival increased by use of both head protection and full restraints," the report said.


**Join the World's Only Organization for Street Bikers!**

ABATE

**National ABATE**
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, California 95816

It is **National ABATE's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory safety laws.

It is also **National ABATE's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area that are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

**National ABATE** is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

**National ABATE** will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.
Check here ☐
Give name here________

Here's my $10.00 contribution for 1 year's membership in **National ABATE**.

I understand that **National ABATE** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast, and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National ABATE** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

Name, nickname, or mark________
Address, P.O. Box or G.D.________
City________
State ________ Zip________

**Thanks for not giving up—we never will.**

This idea actually came from a couple of downed bros who go by the name Bowlmasters.

# DOWNTIME

By Shattered

**Cheap Trick:** A rock band that will melt chrome. Cheap Trick makes music like Harley makes bikes—tough, dependable, uncompromising. In short, no slack when it gets down to the nitty-gritty. They gotta job to do—saving the world from an underdose of rockalation. They come out of the gate loud and brash, ready to take on the world and kick some butt.

This four-man aggregation is wildly unique—a pair of pretty boys and two freaks. One looks like Huntz Hall (remember the Bowery Boys?), writes most of the group's lyrics and music, and plays lead guitar like no one else. Bun E. Carlos looks something like a businessman or a mobster. He may be the only heavy-set drummer in rock—usually those cats are thinner than the lines they whiff. Anyway, Bun chain smokes while punching it out behind the twelve-string bass of Tom Petersson, and the rhythm guitar and vocals of Robin Zander. Together, it's a sound comparable to that of forty bros showing up at three in the morning—kinda cracks the night air.

Cheap Trick has been playing together for all of four years. Touring non-stop, recording three albums, and being rock stars has not made them lose any intensity. Songs like "Stiff Competition," "'Elo Kiddies," "On Top Of The World," and "Taxman, Mr. Thief" are sardonic shots at the sorry state of the world. For the first time in years, we have a crunching rock band with more than just the best toot in town up their sniffers—without being predictable, they've also got that streetwise sense of knowing what the audience wants.

The most recent release by Cheap Trick is **Heaven Tonight.** Nobody's got much extra scratch in the old pockets these days, but if ya should get hit with a windfall, **Heaven** is a good one to invest in. Their other two albums are equally pleasing if you are indeed a rockaholic with a penchant for vibratin' the walls. You got it in **Cheap Trick** and again **In Color and Black and White**. The jacket for **In Color** shows a customized Sporty and a first-year model Superglide. I don't know whether the dudes sitting on them can ride or not, but when ya need a prop, go for a Harley.

I got turned onto this blitzkrieg by some bros up Oregon way and I've been savin' lots of scratches and skips on all the other discs in the barn since gettin' into this shit.

Now remember, this is not for the meek—but then neither are scooters.

**J. D. Crowe and the New South:** For those rare times when you don't want to bash your head against the wall or when you'd rather not listen to an album that sounds like a Boeing on takeoff, we present to you J.D. Crowe and the New South. Maybe it's Monday night, you've been riding four days to hell and back, every cop you saw wanted to rant and rave about tags or this and that. But you never got pulled in, and you never looked back. Your business completed, you

just want to fire up a joint, fart, belch, and be yourself—maybe stick it to the ol' lady and put some soothing sounds on the Victrola.

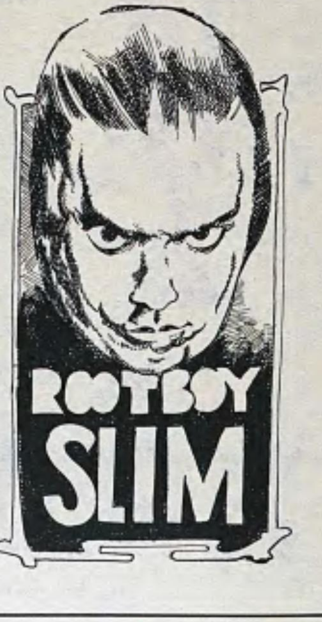
Ah, it feels good. Bluegrass magic creepin' out of the speakers. Real people singin' about a life you can understand. It's more than just music—it's a feeling. Your mind gets lost in the web of fiddles, banjos, mandolins, harmonicas, and guitars. It's so fucking relaxing you just leave the swingarm off so the album keeps playing all night. The little lady has ya all wrapped up now, lettin' you know how much she missed you while you were out ravaging the countryside. Somehow, all the hassles you went through fade away into bliss.

The tunes repeat themselves, but no matter—they're so chock-full of righteous rhythms that you can't get enough. "You Can Share My Blanket," "Ten Miles From Natchez," "Did She Mention My Name," "Hickory Wind," "Gypsy Woman," and one you've heard before but can't quite put a finger on. Then, in a flash you remember—the Stones did this one, "As Tears Go By."

The hump-and-pump session has cooled down a tad, so it's toke time. Up off the floor, untangling limp arms and legs, you move toward the stash, filling up the biggest bowl you've got, fire up, hold it down, flip the record, get back in bed, look at the covers lying in haphazard fashion around the room, get a sly twinkle out of the ol' lady's eye, and it's back to work for you, buddy boy.

Hours later, the sky is red as the sun tells ya it's another day. J.D. Crowe is still right where you left him. Your face has an all-knowing half smile that says you've got life dicked. Your mind has been relaxed and refreshed by original American music, thanks to some dudes who worked their tails off to produce a high-quality vinyl effort.

**Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band With The Rootettes:** This collection of completely off-the-wall shit and country-tinged tunes proves just one thing—once in a great while some overweight dude can go to college, get through some classes, and **not** turn into a total asshole. Ol' Root Boy has got life pretty much figured out and he lets the dumbshits who get into mood rings and fad music have it just where they need it, straight up the tailpipe. Even country music gets a mild rebuke, though The Root does most of his musical hardons in this area. In any event, we guarantee this to be an album with something to offend everyone. For example, the opening song is called "Boogie Till You Puke." And "I'm Not Too Old for You" tells about Root's hustle trying to make a 16-year-old. You also get "In Jail in Jacksonville," which is as good a description of the slammer as we've heard, and "You Can't Quit My Club," where the big thing takes his ol' lady and corrects her chickenshit attitude in a hurry.



## A Tribute to Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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Your close brothers will never forget you, **Ray**—from Mary.

---

In memory of **Larry "Germ" Dennis**, who took his own life while sitting in jail. A righteous bro. May he rest in peace. Robert W. Roberts, Lansing, Kans.

---

In memory of **John "Motherfucker" Kealy**, who lived hard and died fast. Doc Dowd and Duck. Brooklyn, N.Y.

---

In memory of **Ralph Gems**. Keep the sun on your shoulders and the high times on your head. Everyone at Coral Park, Miami, Fla.

---

In memory of **George Blessing**. I warned you about them fuckin' Jap bikes. J.D., South Side, Chicago.

---

In memory of **Jebe**. You died without your wheels, but you'll ride forever. From The Mouth and his ol' lady, Australia.

---

In memory of **Buzzard**, who got blown away during an argument over a stupid broad's accusations. Angela "Gypsy" Denne, Ukiah, Calif.

---

In memory of **Sack, Dingy** and **Dave**. May you ride forever. G. Goltz, Deerhead, Montana.

---

In memory of **Whiz** and **Pete**, from all their bros in the Iron Crossmen M/C. Las Vegas, Nevada.

---

**David**, we buried your motorcycle with you. May you rest in peace. Cheri, Cooper Landing, Alaska.

---

In memory of **David Stukey** and **Black Dog**, two that will ride forever. Crazy Bear, Port Neches, Texas.

---

In memory of **Jamie Robbins**. You found that road to green grass and high tides forever. I love you and miss you. Your ol' lady, Teri.

---

In memory of **Wiley "Coyote" Spears**, who rode and loved hard and died too fast under the wheels of a drunk. We all love you. Ron, Alice, Butch, Terri, Coke, and your ol' lady, Laurie.

---

In memory of **Indian Joe**, a true brother who rode hard and died fast and was killed by a sucker in a truck. We'll ride together soon. Your son, Rocky.

---

In memory of **Tom Berube**, Long Beach, Calif. Ricki Warnecke, Houston, Texas.

---

In memory of **Tommy Richards**, who lived and loved and is still remembered by all his brothers and sisters in Garden Grove. Brenda Amidon.

---

In memory of **Monkey Man**, of the Detroit Highwaymen. We'll miss and love you always. Your bros from Gator.

---

In memory of **Leon Allen**, who was a true friend and will always be remembered. David Rash.

---

To **Okie Joe**. You had more friends than you realized. We'll never forget you. Bob, Russ, and Shar, Oakdale, Calif.

---

**Gypsy**. She died in January, '78. Her smile lives forever. She was my sister. Lana Lee Livingston.

---

In memory of **Ora Ray Glore**, Los Angeles Hells Angel, shot to death, righteously remembered, and loved always. His wife and daughter.

---

In memory of **Nelson Albro**. Your bros will never forget ya. Weeper, E. Norwich, N.Y.

---

In memory of **Bruce "Buddy" Sunday** and Michael **"The Kid" Kelly**, two bros whom I love and miss. Johnny Kerr.

---

In memory of my big brother, **Sammy Scooter II.** We'll ride again soon. Your li'l brother, The Kid, H.H., Calif.

---

In memory of **Allan Mack**, a bro who rode a stroker for all it was worth. From Mack, Long Beach, Calif.

---

# Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send $7.50 for twelve issues. ($7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

**Note:** some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call**. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

---

Okay, chicks, get off the stick and write to me, 'cause I need your lovin'. Roy C. O'Neal, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

---

We are destined to cross paths, witch, so cast a spell on me. Visits and letters needed. Joey Guerin #72-D-0032, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

---

Roses are red, violets are blue; if you broads don't write me, fuck you. Ed Silva, Jr., Box B-68396, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

---

A lonesome inmate wants to receive letters and photos from ladies who have good hearts and minds. Love makes the world go 'round, so please write. Steve Rysavy, Box B-72384, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

---

Hurry and write, girls, and send letters and photos. Mark J. Colby, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.

---

I'm down and out without my scoot, so drop a word in the old mail chute. Steve Gray #20169-148, Box 34550, Seg., Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

---

Would like to hear from ladies who will send photos and nice letters. Odell Boyd #36054 B/N, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

---

Would like to hear from ladies. No sloshy, sleazy, sloppy dogs, freaks, or phonies. Terry King #89607, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

---

Inmate needs letters and photos from foxy mamas. Danny Campbell #53317, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

---

Come on, foxy ladies, drop this old cowboy a line. Blue eyes, brown hair, 23 yrs. old. Jerry Lee Beeson #10356-41, Central Prison, Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

---

I need an ol' lady who is marriage-minded. Will answer all letters. James D. Forde, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

---

Young dude needs female companionship in form of letters and photos. Gene Van Engers #B-91432, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

---

Lonely brother in need of correspondence. Tom Nieckarz #75-D-118, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

---

This lonely brother needs letters and photos from ladies. John Harris #75-C-475, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

---

I want to correspond with as many beautiful young ladies as will write to me. Steven Schultz, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

---

I'd like to hear from ladies out there. Send letters and photos. Terry L. Newcomb #115358, Unit 7, White Post, Va. 22663.

---

Down Texas scooter tramp needs mail from righteous chicks. Send pics. W. C. Ethridge #063754, BCI, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

---

Busted and disgusted, 22 yrs. old. Chicks, write to me. Charlie Richie #99533-131, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

---

Scooter tramp would like to hear from down-to-earth chicks. Mert Huntley #020-63-158, Box PMB, B-Dorm, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

---

Illinois bro doing Okie time. Need a chick who'll write and show me her beaver. Robert J. Lee #93690, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

---

Leo male, single, from Florida, needs female correspondence. Isaac Barr #036225, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

---

24-yr.-old dude looking for a good-looking mama to write to. Ron Sorenson #029640, Drawer A, Wd. 28, Atascadero, Calif. 93422.

---

I'm in jail, lonesome, and would like to hear from some nice chicks. Michael W. Newman, Box 1100-1223, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

---

31 yrs. old and in need of a foxy lady 18-35 to correspond with. Prefer someone close enough to visit. Steve Bilyeu #C-72945, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

---

I'm doing time without mail. Send some love. Joseph Haas #20502, PSI, Box 6, Ione, Calif. 95640.

---

Been down for over six years and need someone to ride away with. James Leo Shifflett #B-82207, Box A-E, CMC, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

---

Would like to hear from experienced women interested in bikers. Mel Howard #B-42276, Box A-E, CMC, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

---

I'm a lonely California girl doing lonely time in the South. I'd like nice letters from nice daddies. Write and you won't be disappointed. Kathleen Crawford, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

---

Musician doing time would like to hear from any chicks who are interested in writing. John Stalnaker, Box 100, Jean, Nevada 89019.

---

Another musician who'd also like to hear from foxy ladies who dig music and love. Fred Brown, Box 100, Jean, Nevada 89019.

---

Man down and in need of correspondence with ladies. All letters will be answered. John Davis #45025, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

---

28-yr.-old biker down on bum rap would like to hear from sweet little chick. Gary Feldman #200-279, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

---

I'd like to share my thoughts with females. Alvin Bussell #042886, Box 158 H-126, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

---

Down, and would like to hear from ladies. Charly Young #90381, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

---

Inmate needs to hear from foxy chicks. Cliff Chester #103972, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

---

Convict could dig letters from ladies. Kim Kehoe #104147, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

---

Doing some time and need a few lines. C'mon, ladies, I'm desperate. Gary W. Minis #93396, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

---

A young bro, age 20, doing time and in need of letters from brothers and chicks. Will answer all letters. Douglas Rendflesh, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

---

Downed tramp looking for an ol' lady with her shit together. Danny Wing, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

---

I'm doing 10-20 on a drug charge and need ladies to write to. Wade Hunt #35899, Box B, IER 2/W, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

---

Did a little crime, got a lot of time. Would love to hear from foxy ladies. Danny Jacobson #112503, Unit 7, White Post, Va. 22663.

---

I'm 26 yrs. old and lonely. Got 19 years to go, so help me make it, ladies. Gary E. Utley, Box B-33803, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

---

The kid is 24 yrs. old and has one to go. Need letters and pictures from chicks who want to see the world from the back of a 74. Ricky Wilson #147-047, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

---

Be out in a year and need a new ol' lady to putt with and see the U.S.A. Buddy Joe Conley #146-592, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

---

I'm tired of being alone. Someone special touch me and my life. Dennis Hogland #42594-CH-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

---

A downed bro needs correspondence with all women. Patrick Ferrie, Box B-89982, CTF/North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

---

Blue-eyed, 23-yr.-old blond devil in dire need of female correspondence. Glen Brimage, Box B-64770, CTF/North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

---

If you want to write to a sick dude, write to me. My friends call me "Rope." John Eriborne, Box B60208, CTF/North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

---

I'm into the occult, magic rituals, and ancient mysteries. My scoot is a panhead; I'm blonde, blue-eyed, and a Cancer. Write to me, sweeties. William Morehouse #138-951, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

---

I'm doing life on the installment plan. 24-yr.-old male who needs a mama, any age, to take care of my needs, visits, sex, and whatever. Richard Smith #03-032-158-H-Unit, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 53438.

---

Scooter tramp needs long-legged, fine-assed woman to write, send photos, and visit him. Beep Harline, write to me too. John Schatz, Box 32898, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

---

Lonely bro in prison needs to hear from ladies. I'm a portrait artist. W. J. Rawlins #029762, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

---

I'm doing 25 yrs. and need all the letters I can get. Jackie Hamby #76790, Box 788, U/I, H dorm, Jackson, La. 70748.

---

Native American in the big house. I'd appreciate you ladies getting off your asses and writing to me. Jose Mireles #62271, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

---

Lonely guy doing time wishes to hear from chicks with good minds and bodies. Send photo. Darryl Dayton #632751, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98384.

---

Bro tired of doing time and looking for a wife. I'm 30 yrs. old and don't know when I'm getting out, but I need letters, photos, and visits. R. D. Cutchens #B-71986, Box A-E-1209, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

---

Moses the Hun is down and doing time. I need mail from my bros and classy females. William Kennedy #78-A-539, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

---

Down for two, nothing to do, waiting for letters from foxes like you. Tim Holloway #B-89590, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

---

Downed bro needs letters from ladies. James Pardini #B-9986, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

---

Busted and disgusted, 22 yrs. old and can't be trusted. Could dig hearing from any chicks. Little Joe #100748, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

---

Young bro, down and lonely, would like to hear from down-to-earth ladies. Dan Pimental, K.H.S., Box 3600, Stockton, Calif. 95205.

---

In prison and need some righteous woman to write to. Charles Witham, Box B-37561, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

---

Lonely biker would like to write to chicks with their heads together. Send photos. Bud Ward #R-104-396, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

---

Need ladies to help me do this time the right way. John Walsh #145702, Kinross Corr. Fac., Kincheloe A.F.B., Mich. 49788.

---

I'm in bad need of letters from ladies. Lou Burgette #150-997, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

---

26-yr.-old health freak who's hung, and doesn't smoke or drink, needs mail from ladies. Walter Williams #71-A-0654, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

---

To all you young, succulent sweetbutts—I need your mail. Virgil Oray, Box B-33232-ASP, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

---

I'm serving a long time and need letters from ladies who care. Harry Graser #140-548, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

---

My time would be easier if some soft-hearted ladies would write and send photos. P. "Woody" Hanchette #14436, PSI, Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

---

Doing time is a bitch when you're alone, so, ladies, drop me a line. Danny Williamson #B-2100, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

---

I need to hear from ladies who care and who'll send photos. Kenneth Meints #C-10778, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

---

Doing time and need letters from ladies. John Strik #048177, Box 747, O-Unit, Starke, Fla. 32091.

---

Send me your letters, ladies. Steven Jones, PMB Box 1000, Englewood, Colo. 80110.

---

Been down two years without mail and need letters badly. Bobby Rankel #76-A-3415, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507.

---

Young male would like to correspond with ladies who care. Howard Landry #56917, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

---

This time is making my brown eyes blue. I need letters from you. Monte Dochterman #00495-124 B/N, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

MONDAY MOMMA
YUK
HI BETTE

By Gordon MacMahon

Wagon-wheel lights — wow! With little flame lightbulbs, too! I'll just sit over here in the dark and stare at the red vinyl barstools (enough like the Elmo Cafe to call home).

And Friday night! Pole Skinner could come in from fishing, flop down his string, and be sitting in that middle spot on the other side of the bar. Friday night all over. Mudpie would sit in the corner, plaid jacket filling bar to door, shrunk-up hunting hat squared on his head, a few empty seats where the bar turns, then all the boys — the Horde — over here. We'd all be laughin', puttin' down cowboys, cowboys starin', pissed, sayin' "Shit" when a man just burped a bubble. Shit. Pole Skinner, hardware clerk, flashing a string of carp for everyone to "goddam" over. "Hey, Pole, carryin' 'em around to remind you of your ol' lady?"

Pole's little sunburned head twisting to squint me down. "Fuck you." (His heaviest comeback)

I tried to keep from laughing. Beer was slopping down my beard, my jeans, and into my crotch. I snickered, "Excuse me," wiping away the foam with my hand.

The runt hissed, "Eat shit," through brown-stained teeth.

I answered, "I can eat anything you can, cowboy."

Separated from Pole by two machinists, scrounging juke box music until his beer runs out, is Mudpie bending swizzle sticks while he works on his man. "Betcha a beer I can pluck a chicken in one minute twenty-two." Chugging his beer as "Luckenbach, Texas," runs down, he leans up and across the mahogany-stained bar blurting, "I can eat anything you can, I betcha."

I've always said a Mudpie by any other name . . . would still say something about his taste.

"Hatchet Face pisses,
Mudpie beats.
Hatchet Face bakes it,
Mudpie eats . . . it . . . **raw!**"
(Our grade school cheer)

He was a mountain even then, sitting in the schoolyard, clubby little paws pounding gritty brown batter into sloppy little cakes and eating the fuckers.

"Hey, Mudpie, lose your lunch money?"
"Hey, Mudpie, lose your lunch?"
"Hey, Mudpie, eat dis!"

We especially loved the one about him being his old man's nephew . . . on his mother's side.

"Hey, man," the Mouth breathed in my ear, "you gonna let Mudpie get away with that shit?"

I rose toward my boys, smiled, looked around and down at Mudpie. Pressing my glass to my cutoff, I said, "My mouth don't excrete enough shit to be in your class," and flung wide my arms to gather in the cheers.

"Spaced him out, Space Monster!" they cackled. "Dumbass don't even know what you said!"

Mudpie's cheeks glowed red in the revolving light of the bar display ad. **Speak Up,** it read, and his nose went green as **Loud and Clear** rolled around. "I betcha," he repeated as the yellow band **(Say Blitz Beer)** slid from his ace across the bar.

"He's laid down a challenge, man," Mouth stated. Standing up, he pushed his hair over his shoulders and shouted, "My man accepts!"

Mudpie sat back, swizzle stick dangling. "Betcha a beer," he drooled. "Betcha a beer I can eat anything you can."

No telling what he was raised on. His mother, Hatchet Face, had sores on her arms to her T-shirt. She could give a fillet V.D. One Sunday morning, a few years back, when a trash fire cleared the Hotel Paradise, she pulled out Leroy, the hotel drunk, as the townies were going to church. She was wearing Leroy's permanent-mess shirt revealing white cotton undies whenever she tugged, with **Thursday** scrawled on the front in green.

And here's the thing she "raised" and "fed" throwing me a munchie challenge. Not having barfburger and scumbuns in my past, I hesitated.

But my boys were chanting, "A challenge! A challenge!" Wallets were opening ("I got five on Space Monster, turd.") and Mudpie's ranting, "I can eat anything you can." The cowboys are saying, "Shit."

Finally, I agreed. "Look, douche breath, I said I can eat anything you can and I mean **anything**."

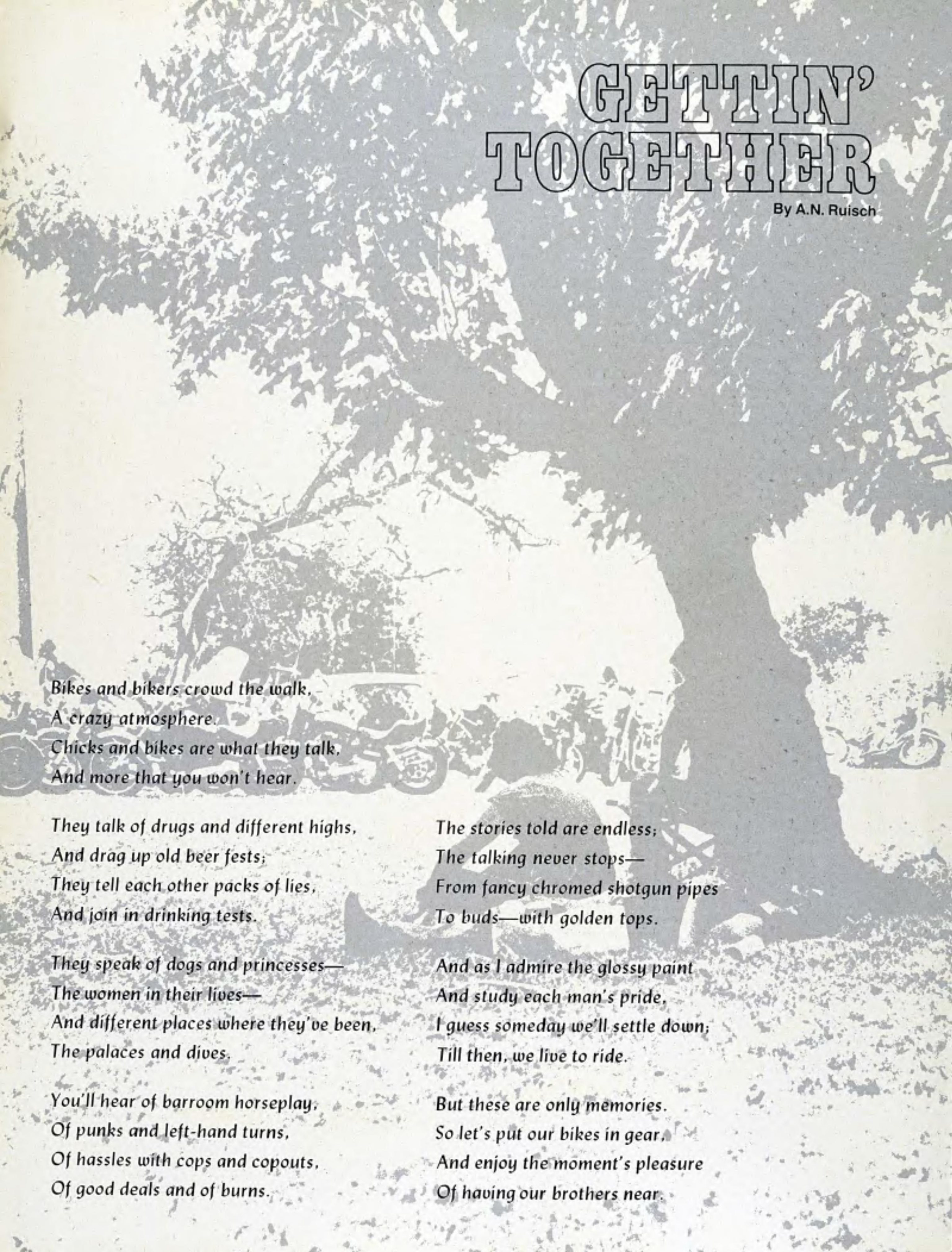
"Betcha can't. Betcha can't eat little critters."

"I said **anything,** dickface."

The prez leaned back in his chair behind me. "We got a little contest goin'?" he asked. "Maybe we should move to that table there," he said, landing his chair with a jolt.

Everyone moved his stool or chair to the corners of the empty table. The slower cowboys moved in behind as the club gathered across the table. Mudpie, still holding his swizzle stick, bounded off his stool and pushed his way up to

*—Continued on page 89*



# GETTIN' TOGETHER

By A.N. Ruisch

Bikes and bikers crowd the walk,
A crazy atmosphere.
Chicks and bikes are what they talk,
And more that you won't hear.

They talk of drugs and different highs,
And drag up old beer fests;
They tell each other packs of lies,
And join in drinking tests.

They speak of dogs and princesses—
The women in their lives—
And different places where they've been,
The palaces and dives.

You'll hear of barroom horseplay,
Of punks and left-hand turns,
Of hassles with cops and copouts,
Of good deals and of burns.

The stories told are endless;
The talking never stops—
From fancy chromed shotgun pipes
To buds—with golden tops.

And as I admire the glossy paint
And study each man's pride,
I guess someday we'll settle down;
Till then, we live to ride.

But these are only memories.
So let's put our bikes in gear,
And enjoy the moment's pleasure
Of having our brothers near.

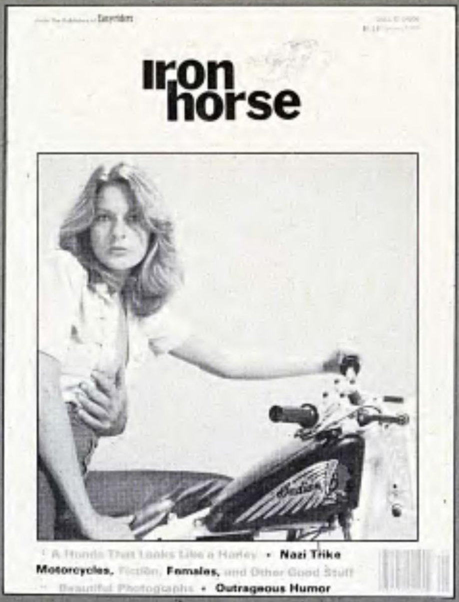
Photos by Paul Ortner

*Join us on a trip through nine years of* ***In The Wind*** *photography. Through every season—good weather and bad, snow, rain, and the intense Daytona summer sun. Pictures from garages, bike shops, and bars all over the United States and the world, depicting everything from mishaps to melees, from mayhem to maliciousness, from mamas to what it's all about—****motorcycles.*** *Look closely at a lifestyle loved and lived by good people too numerous to mention. Study each flick and you're sure to spot a party you attended, one of your bros, or a run that brings back outlandish memories. Compare your bike with bikes on the roads all the way from the west coast to Europe. And the chicks—well, nothing needs to be said. Without them, we wouldn't jam as we do to get to parties.*

*A collage of sample photos from bros' scrapbooks across the country.* ***In The Wind*** *photos are proof that being a biker is one of the last free lifestyles around. We may be nuts but we have a helluva good time.*

$2.50

Copies may be purchased by sending $2.50 for each copy to Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.




# Now!
# On newsstands everywhere

# TECH TIP

# LEAK SAVERS

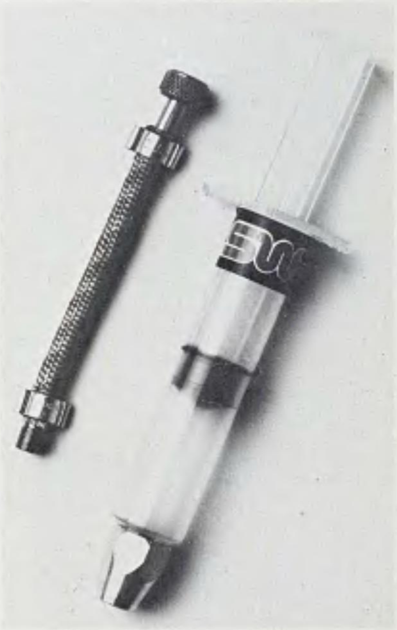
Title sounds gross, huh? Well, anyway, we have two items here. One was a bro's inspiration for preventing exhaust leaks on shovels. The other was designed to pump air back into a leaking tire.

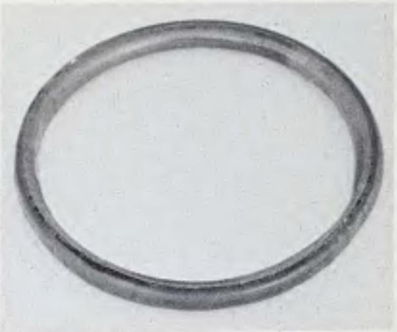
I'll tell ya about 'em in a minute, but first I'd like to point something out. This column was slapped onto a page for one purpose, to help out brothers and their putts—not to hype any product. If a product such as this mini-pump shows up in a column, it doesn't mean we think you should sink a claw into your pay for it. We just think it may be a good idea. It's not a promo for the company or the product. If you can make the same item out of pipe and hose clamps, more power to ya.

All right, the pump is here 'cause I've had flats out in the middle of nowhere that I could fix. But I repaired the tire and there wasn't **no** air around to replace what had leaked out. This pump is five inches long. Supposedly, it's capable of producing 150 psi with a volume of 1.5 cubic inches per stroke. And supposedly it has a check ball so the air going in can't back out. It's a great idea, but who knows whether the product's worth a shit or not? It costs $6.95 and the company is S&W Engineered Products, 2617 W. Woodland Drive, Anaheim, Calif. 92801, if you're interested.

The other gem is a modified Honda part for your shovel. It came from Z-RO in Yuma. It's for leaky shovelhead exhaust manifolds, and Z-RO recommends that you shitcan your fiber gaskets and replace them with Honda part #18291283-010 (if ya can get yer ol' lady to go get it). The part must be peened slightly to fit properly, but Z-RO says it'll do the job.

—Weed





—from Florida Frenchy, Gainesville, Fla.

# IN THE WIND

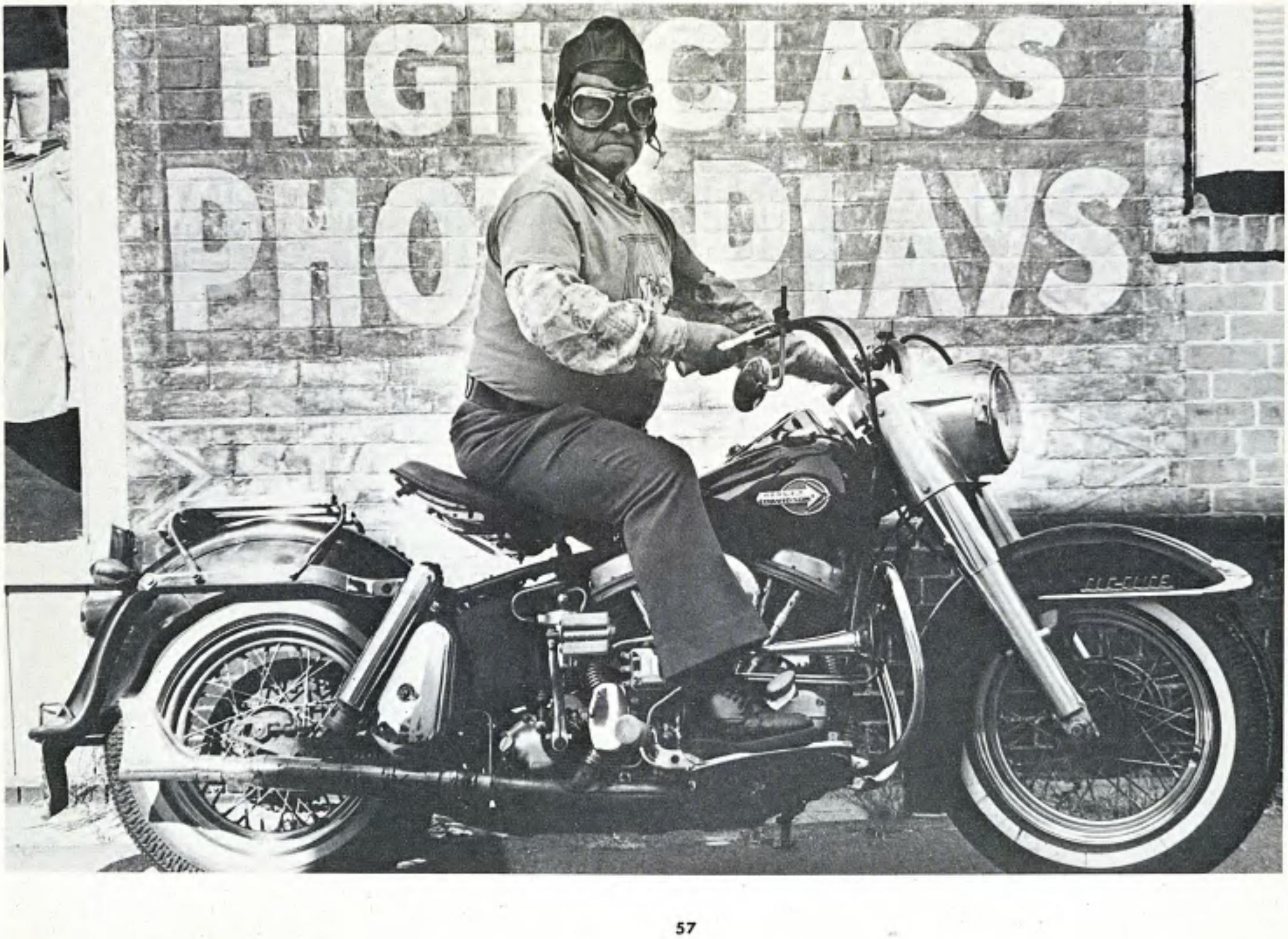
*Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)*

—from Tricia Sullivan, Phoenix, Ariz.

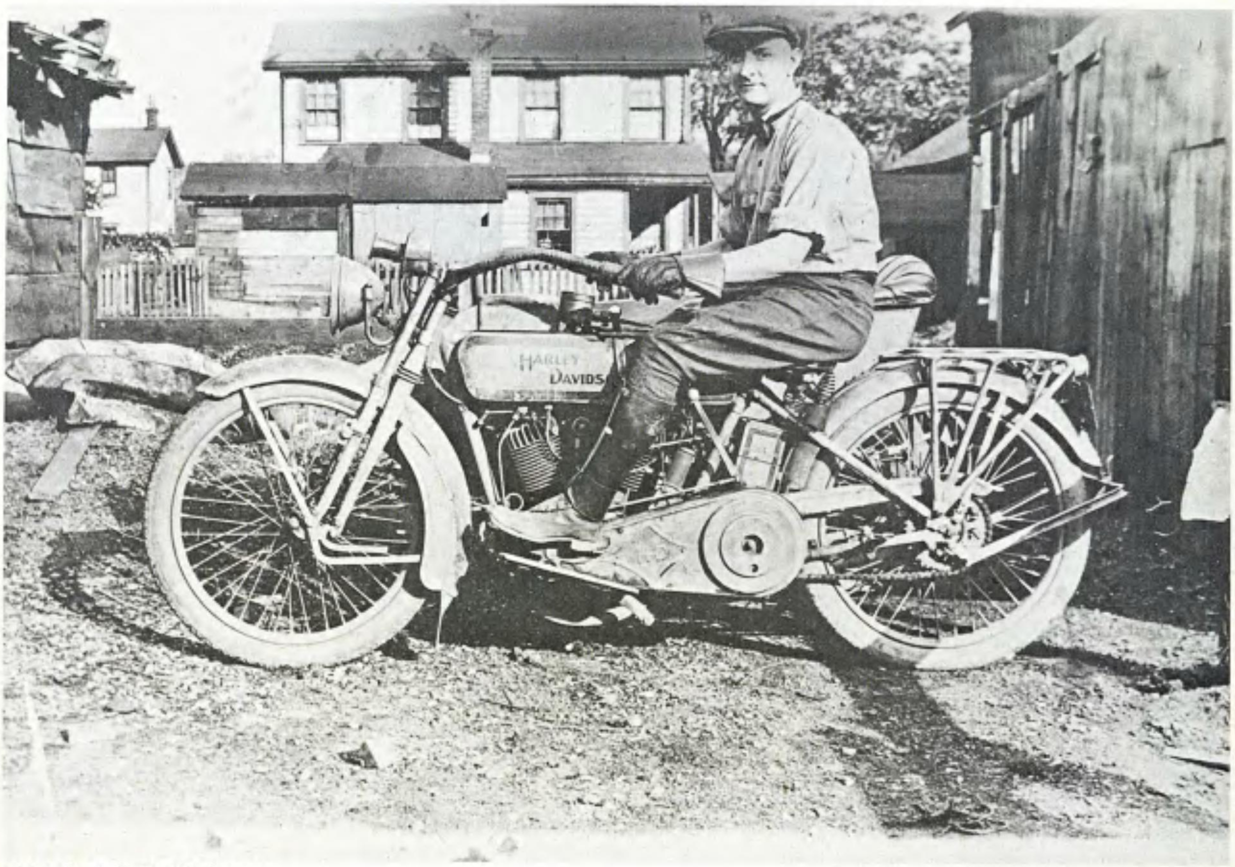
—from Jim Rittman, Anderson, Ind.

—from Buzzard, Grand Island, Nebr.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



—from Bill Michel & Chuck Malugen, Greenfield, Mass.

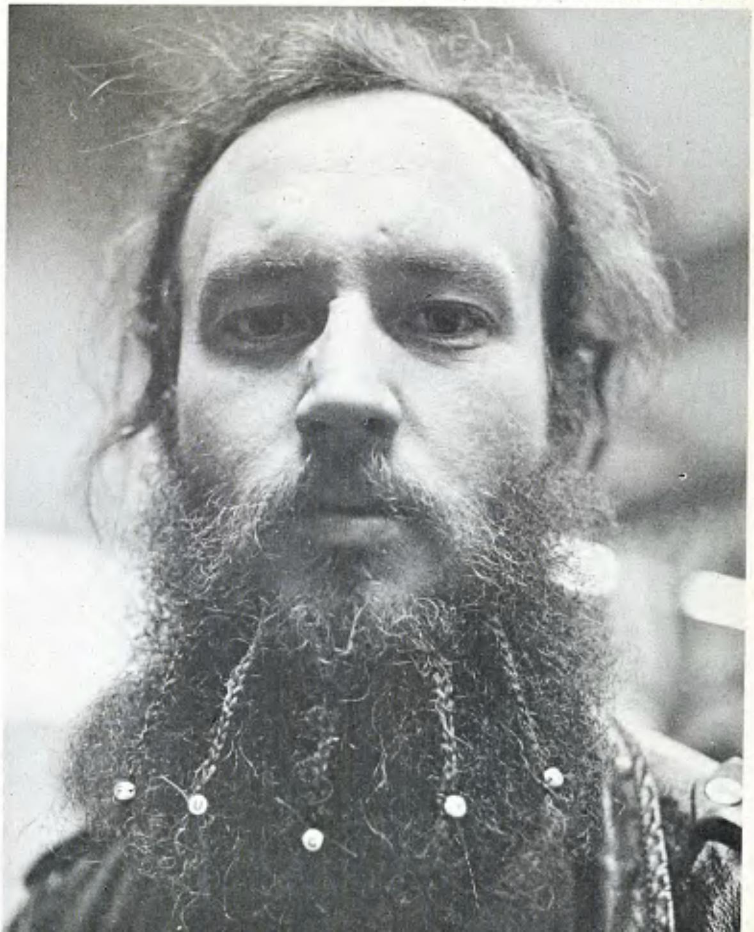


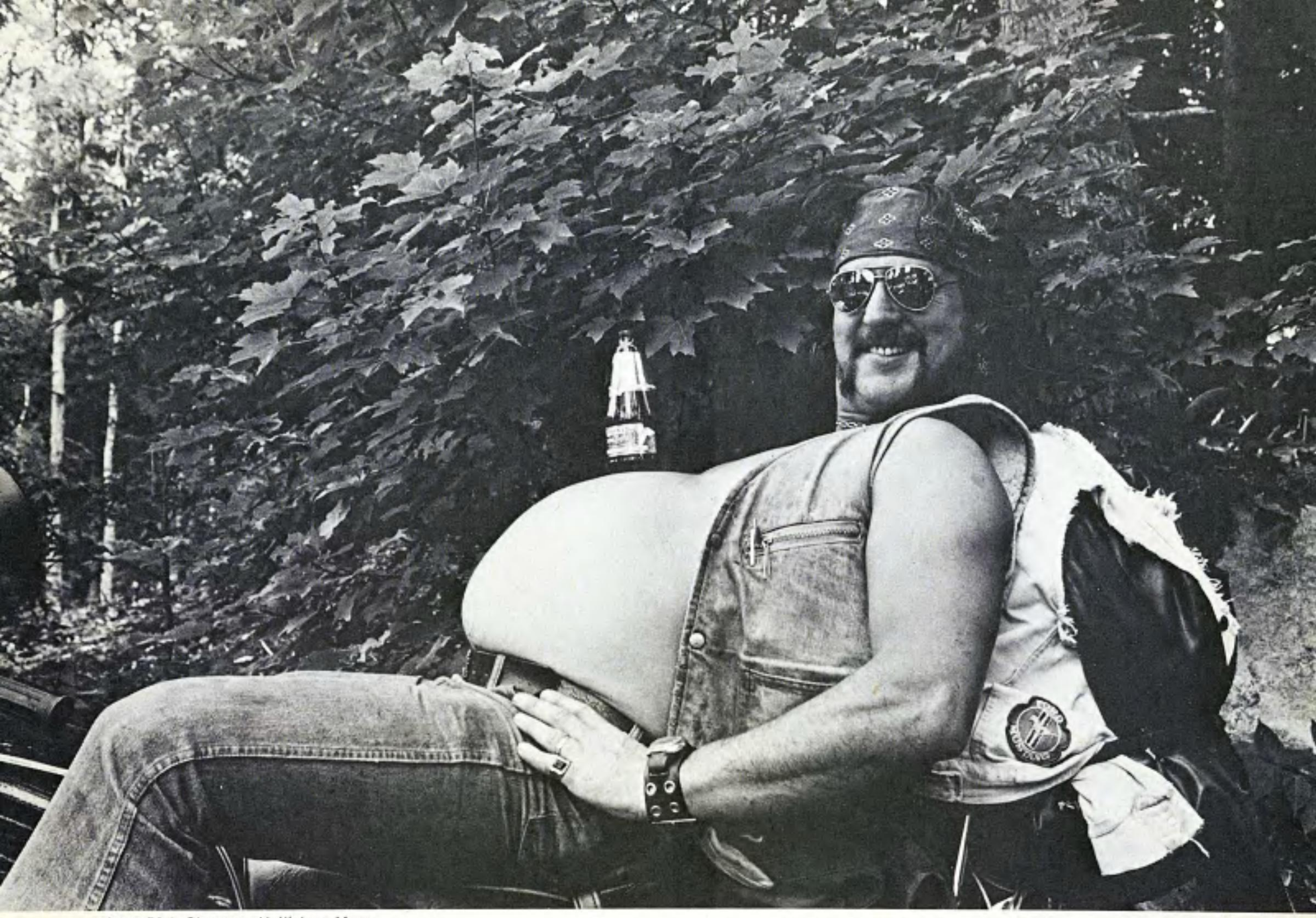

—from Capt. Hook, Western Pa.

—From U. R. Caples, Tigard, Ore.

—from Linda Hagmaier, Blackwood, N.Y.

—from Captain Tuna, Winston-Salem, N.C.





—from Rick Sheeran, Holliston, Mass.

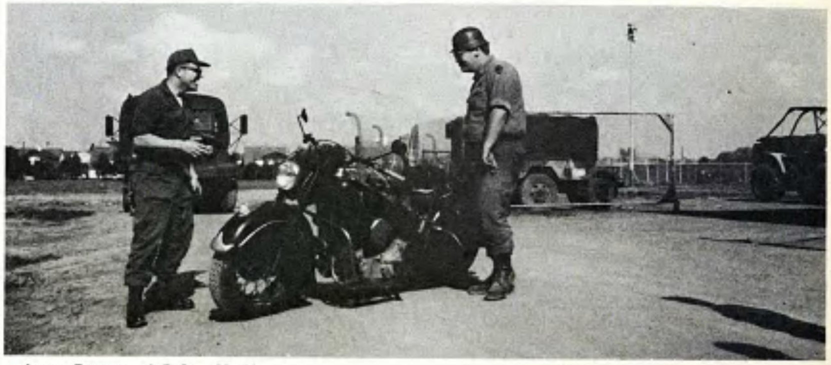
—from Leslie Walksler, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

—from David Austin, APO San Francisco

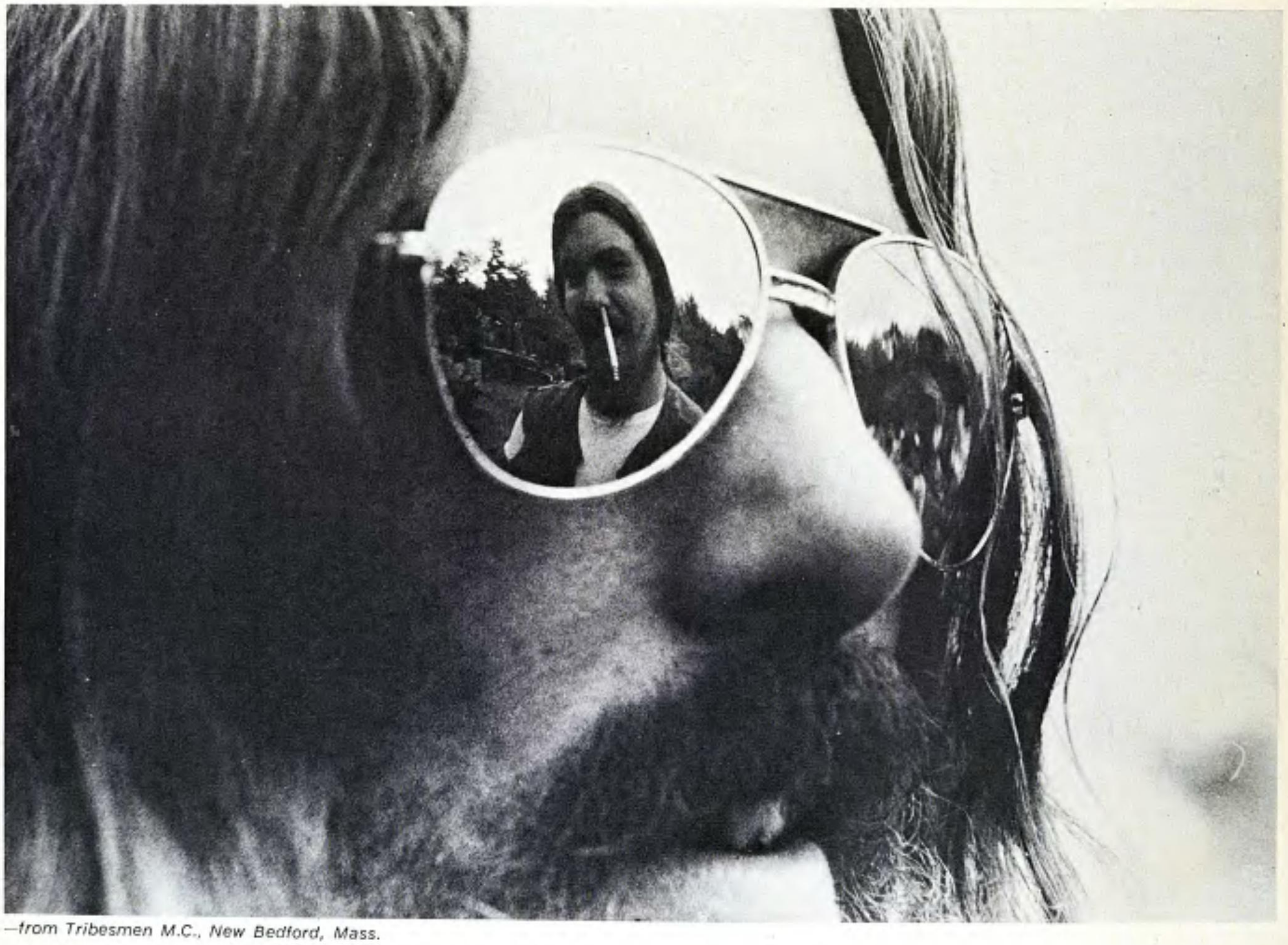
—from Paul Ortner, Austin , Tex.

*—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.*

*—from Roy Stover, Mountain Home, Idaho*



*—from Framp, A.P.O., N. Y.*



*—from Tribesmen M.C., New Bedford, Mass.*

—from Dirt That Moves, Baltimore, Md.

—from The Polock, Milwaukee, Wis.

—from Linda Hoard, Lapeer, Mich.

—from Kristi Hendrickson, Pleasant Hills, Calif.

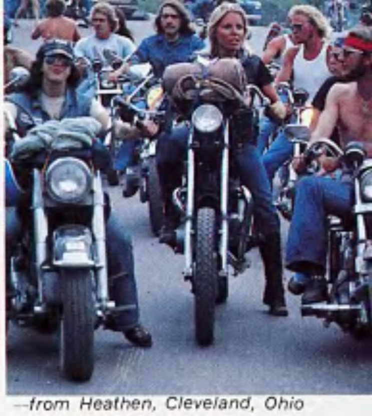
—from Ric Warren, Long Beach, Calif.

—from Jim Williams, Zanesville, Ohio

—from Leigh St. Maur Stocker, Long Beach, Calif.

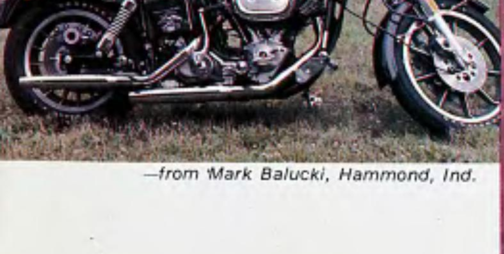
—from Jon Simmes, South Glen Falls, N. Y.
(we owed ya one)

—from Framp, A.P.O., N. Y.



—from Heathen, Cleveland, Ohio

—from Larry Kopp, Ettlingen, Germany



—from Mark Balucki, Hammond, Ind.

—from Paul Basch, Long Beach, Calif

*The crew here would like to give you something this Christmas. So, starting on the next page is our present to all the good people out there riding and believing in motorcycles. We may hassle with The Man, with the government, and with four-wheelers; but as long as there are highways and our people, we have our lifestyle. Here's something special for your holiday.* ⟶

# Brotherhood Season

Last year we repainted, rechromed,
and tuned for the summer runs.
Hardly time to make a dime,
Ridin' and partyin' through every hot sun.

And remember the fall—
Wind whistlin' through chromed spokes
Brought the fall leaves into the
streets.
Duckin' the comin' cold and drizzly rain,
We tried to make the ridin' season last,
Ridin' when we could, fightin' the brisk
cold streakin' up our sleeves; the winter came in vain.

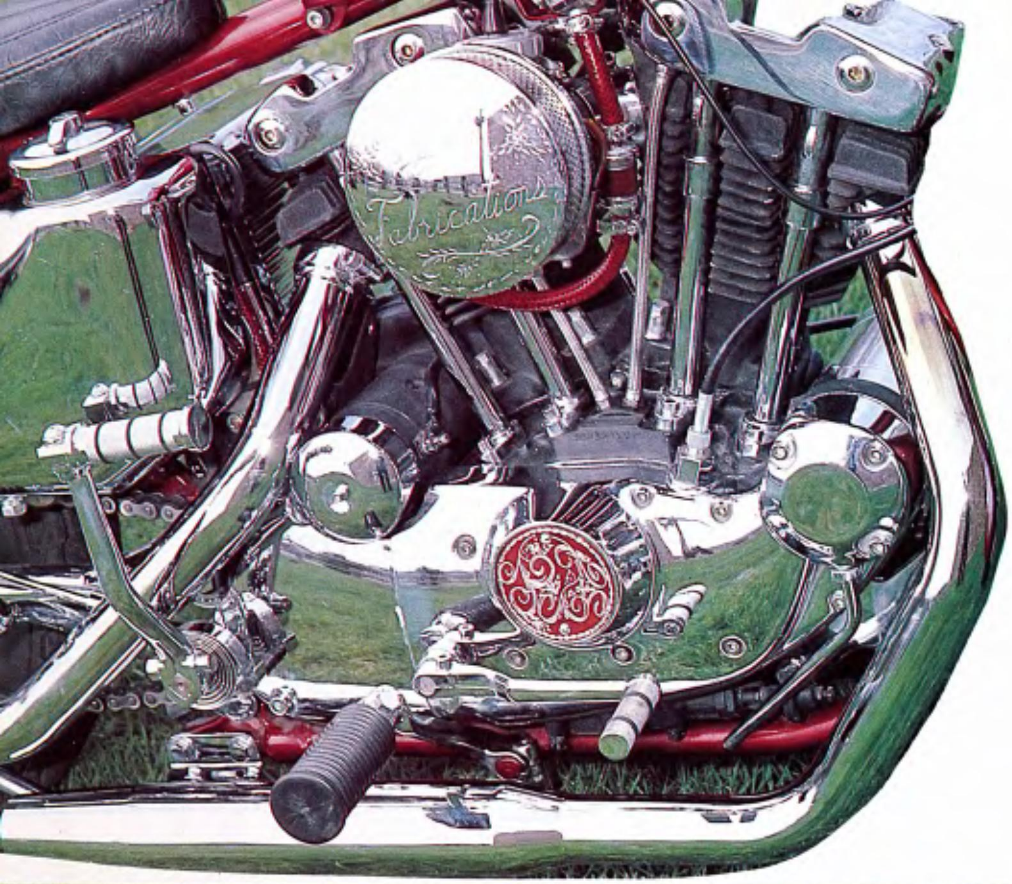
Snow fell and winter was upon us
Like cops after loud pipes.
But we tore down our rides
And went to bike shows as the winter set in,
Made a few bucks for parts
Or caught an "Easy Rider" rerun.

Ridin', raisin' hell, or rebuildin',
We try to keep the magazine at your back
For times when things get too slack,
For when you're partyin' with your bros,
Tore down, or the snow's too deep.
We're with ya all the way
Whether the road is slick or steep.

Have a helluva season.

—the crew

DAVID MANN




# Headin' Underground

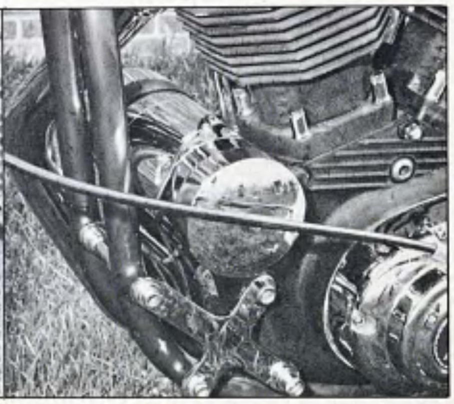
*Buildin' and ownin' a sled with a forty-inch-over front end may be a rush for a coupla years — but after a while it can get to be a hassle. You know the trip. Citizens ask how safe it is. Zitty-faced kids want to know — in twenty words or less — how you built it. The heat pulls you over every fifty miles, and you never know whether they are gonna just grin at it or write tickets like a teletype. I suppose in Outer Mongolia you can still build and ride what ya please, but the wall-to-wall people situation and Big Brother attitudes that exist in most areas of this country mean you're always gonna have to answer questions if you show up on somethin' radical.*

*So a lotta bros like Don Perewitz are goin' the underground route that you see here. At first glance, this putt looks like el stocko with a pretty paint job. But stand on your nose for a while, and all the righteous details begin to surface. A close inspection reveals that this scoot has been completely torn apart and rebuilt with heads and barrels reshaped into hex section, rocker boxes remachined for countersunk allen bolts, frame cherried out to the nines, and many small aluminum pieces red-anodized and engraved.*

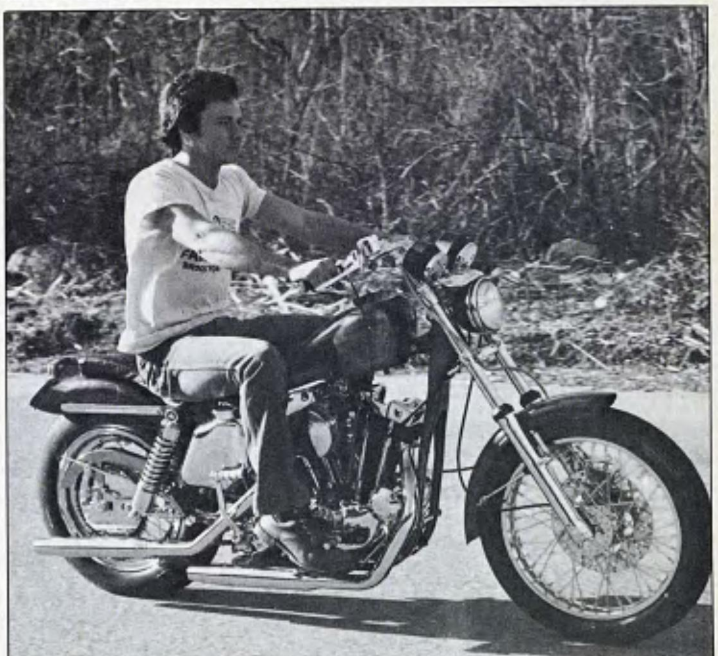
*And there's another advantage to this approach to customizing. Since a lotta the parts of this sled are either stock or reworked H-D, when somethin' goes blooey the night before a run, it ain't a six-week wait for some exotic custom whatsis — just down to the local Harley dealer for a quick fix-it-up.*

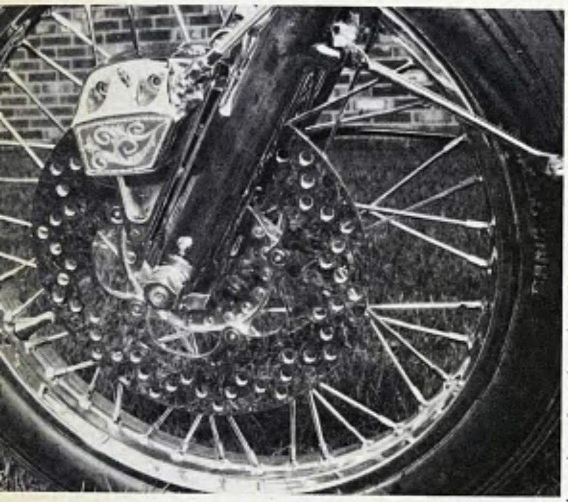
*High rollers like to talk about tax shelters. Well, here's an ideal scoot shelter. It's a way to build a righteous sled and still have the idiots leave you alone. Of course, the* right *people will notice. And, as you can see in these photos, a lot of those people come with some mighty attractive curves as standard equipment.*

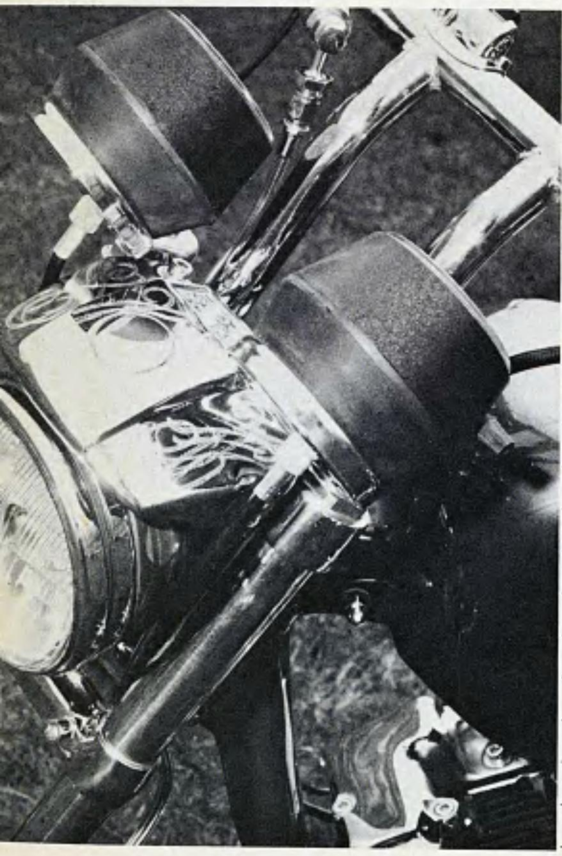
*—Half Track*



Photos by Jake







**Owners:** Don Perewitz

**City:** Brockton, Mass.

**General**

- Fabrication by: Cycle Fabrications
- Year and make: 1975 H-D
- Model: Sportster
- Value: $4,000
- Assembly by: owner-Cycle Fab.
- Time: 1 year
- Chroming by: South Shore Pltg.

**Engine**

- Year: 1975
- Model: XLH
- Rebuilder: Jim Thompson
- Ignition: battery-coil
- Displacement: 61 cu. in.
- Lower end: Thompson
- Balancing: stock specs
- Pistons: TRW
- Cases: black wrinkle-baked
- Heads: Jim Thompson recut
- Cam: H series
- Lifters: solids
- Carb(s): 38mm Branch Mikuni
- Air cleaner: Drag Spec.
- Pipes: Drag Spec.
- Muffler(s): one piece w/pipes

**Transmission**

- Modifications: dogs shaved
- Year: 1975
- Shifting: Ness shifter
- Engine sprocket: 34
- Trans sprocket: 21
- Wheel sprocket: 51

**Painting**

- Molding: owner
- Painter: Cycle Fab, Brockton
- Color: candy red
- Type: acrylic lacquer

**Frame**

- Year: 1975
- Builder: H-D/owner
- Type: swingarm chromed
- Rake: stock
- Stretch: stock
- Other alterations: neck, fork stops

**Accessories**

- Bars: Ness plug-ins
- Risers:
- Fender(s): rear, Arlen Ness
- Headlight: stock
- Taillight: Bates
- Speedo: stock
- Front pegs: H-D
- Rear pegs: H-D
- Electrics: work good
- Gas tank: flat-bottomed
- Oil tank: late stock
- Oil system: braided top-end lines
- Primary cover: engraved insert
- Seat: Arlen Ness
- Sissy bar:
  - Height
  - Material:

**Forks**

- Type: glide
- Extension: none
- Builder: H-D
- Special features: turned lower legs

**Wheels**

| Front | Rear |
|---|---|
| Size: 19 in. | Size: 16 in. |
| Hub: H-D | Hub: H-D |
| Rim width: 3 in. | Rim width: 4 in. |
| Tire: Avon | Tire: Carlisle |
| Brake: disc. | Brake: H-D drum |

Special paint: tapings, Dave Perewitz

Other special modifications: XR cylinder basenuts, 12-point cylinder-head bolts, drilled disc by Rich Parenteau, FX shocks, Cycle Fab. fender rails

**Slammed**

I'm in the slammer 'cause a chick yelled rape after she found out I was married. Now, when my ol' lady comes to visit me, she says things that make my cock harder than Chinese arithmetic. I think she's punishing me. What do you think?

Chuck Lewis
Leavenworth, Kans.

● She's horny.

**Girls Don't Know**

Down here in Australia, girls don't know what "goin' down" or "dildo" means. Do you think I should tell 'em or let 'em find out for themselves?

Howard Coff
N.S.W., Australia

● Show 'em.

**Callused Hands**

I'm doin' time in the joint, and the fags here are enough to make a guy sick, so I beat my meat while looking at your picture. The only trouble is, I keep getting sores on it from the friction, and it burns so bad I can't do it any more. How about sending me a bottle of your pussy juice to use as a lubricant?

Jim Nittleton
Cheshire, Conn.

● Sorry, it's all taken—Spider puts it in his battery.

**Slick Biker**

I'm a six-foot-six British biker who would like to put on a rubber suit, cover myself with fifty-weight oil, then slide headfirst into your box until just my feet stuck out between your piss-flaps.

Langley Green
Sussex, England

● No vacancy.

**Goose Bumps**

There's this woman guard in the prison where I'm at. Every time I see her, I get goose bumps. In my eyes she's beautiful, but my bros tell me she's twice as old as me and ugly too. I want to tell her I love her, but if she snitches, I'll go to the hole for good. Any advice?

L. A. Daniels
Hagerstown, Md.

● Stay away from holes.

**Lookin' Good**

Do I have a problem if I want to watch and touch my ol' man's cock all the time? I love it so much I'm going crazy.

Betty Borchard
Alexandria, Va.

● If your ol' man doesn't dig it, I know a few bros.

**Can't Sleep**

Just wanted to write and tell you that I can't sleep from thinking of your beautiful and plentiful body. I let my cock see your picture, and now it has rejected my hand.

Gary Shank
Concord, N.H.

● Whatta ya expect?

**Same Answer**

All those assholes that write to you are a drag—like chicks with ol' men with little cranks, or dudes complainin' about their ol' ladies havin' big snatches. If they don't dig it, let 'em find new partners. My problem is real. I punched out my ol' lady and broke her jaw, and I really dig gettin' head. Whatdafuck do I do now?

Zoom Zoom
Chicago, Ill.

● You answered your own question—find a new partner.

**Swabs**

Even sailors like you, you horny bitch. If you think you could stand being fucked by five thousand crewmen on board the U.S.S. Enterprise, come aboard and we'll make your cunt look like a porthole. Bring your own fuckin' mattress and a can of flea powder.

Fritz G-3
U.S.S. Enterprise

● No, better not—the country may need the Navy someday.

**Leapin' Lily**

Hey, man, this is really weird. My ol' man's nickname is Frog. We got a green bedspread, and every night he likes to pretend he's a **real** frog. He pretends the bedspread is a lily pad, and he sits in the middle of it while I get in a washtub fulla warm water on the floor. Then he makes some croakin' sounds and leaps off the bed, dead-centerin' me with his joint. Lately when we make love, the water in the tub is filled with what looks like sperm—little black things with wiggly tails. You don't suppose he's turnin' into a **real** frog, do ya? I ain't never seen no real frog that's tall and skinny and wears a yarmulke.

Dixie Schwartz
Granger, Utah

● If the wiggly tail turns into frogs' legs, one of you has been in the water too long.

**Ruffrabbit**

My ol' lady keeps calling me a ruffrabbit, and she won't tell me what it means. What the fuck is it?

Rich Hemsley
Cheshire, Conn.

● Muff diver.

**Midget Bullshit**

I heard that you were at the Cleveland airport recently just as a dozen midgets from the Barnum and Bailey circus got off the plane, and that you were injured in the rush when they ran over and hid under your tits to get out of the rain. What's the story?

Horsefly Harris
Cleveland, Ohio

● You dreamt it.

**Description of A Biker**

Do you think love with an older man is all right? I'm nineteen and in love with a fifty-five-year-old biker who eats pussy and can fuck all night. He gets a hardon a cat can't scratch, and it stays like that for hours.

Debbie Darling
Modena, Utah

● Go on, go on.

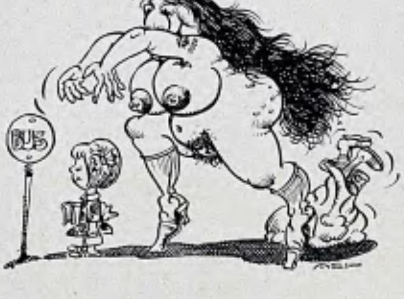
**Fat Broad**

I'm tired of fighting. Every time I walk into a bar, some slut calls me a fat whore, so of course I hit her. What's wrong with a big broad? I can outfuck any of them skinny little honeys, and I can hold my own in a fight, so look out, Denver, this fat chick is fighting back. By the way, I heard that the first time Spider met you he went down on you, and three days later all his teeth fell out. Just 'cause you're fat don't mean ya can't take a douche. I can't reach my cunt over my fat belly and big tits, so my ol' man squirts me out with the garden hose once a month. He says he'd do it more often, but he likes the rich flavor I develop.

Proud Mary Smith
Denver, Colo.

● Sure he don't use a fire hose?

# MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL




*—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.* ■

# Dust Devil

*By Richard Bennett*

What can you say to someone you just ran over with your bike? You can try, "I'm sorry," or "Excuse me, I didn't mean to do it." Or should you come on strong with something like, "Whaddya mean gettin' in front of my bike like that?" Or, "Why don't you watch where you're going?"

Well, you don't say any of those things if she is like Kelly. You just sit there kinda dumb—like maybe you had a little too much to smoke—and mutter something incomprehensible.

It was her eyes that first got to me. Here I am, a total ass freak—and she had a fine ass, as fine as the rest of her gorgeous body—and I'm staring at her eyes. Green. They were so unusually green that I first thought she was wearing contacts. A pretty line of freckles danced across her nose, giving her a look of girlish mischievousness. She was sitting there on the asphalt, skirt knocked clear above her pink bikini panties, her halter broken, half a tit hanging out, and I'm looking at her eyes. Me—Studs Wadkins, Super Biker, Cock Master, the hardlovingest, hard-fightingest, meanest sonofabitch that ever wore colors.

She spoke first. "Well, don't just sit there like a clod. Help me off this goddam pavement before it fries my ass."

"Huh?" I replied, brilliantly.

"I said, goddammit, get me off this goddam pavement before it fries my ass."

I got off my bike and somehow maintained enough to remember to kick out the sidestand. I helped her up, and while she dusted off, I picked up her small grocery bag. It held a couple of sticks of celery, a tomato, and a wedge of cheese.

She stood there and stared at me for a moment, her eyes undecided between tears and anger. Even so, from somewhere deep inside I detected a little twinkle of humor, and the humor won. Don't ask me what was funny about the situation—maybe it was just me. She laughed. None of that tinkling teaparty stuff, and none of those silly high school giggles. She let loose with some good old healthy laughter—guffaws—the kind you hear after a really good joke. She laughed so hard, I thought she was going to lose her grip on the broken halter strap she was holding behind her back.

I found my voice. "Here, let me help you." I dug in my ditty and found a piece of greasy string. The makeshift repair on her halter strap seemed strong enough.

"Are you going to ask me to go for a ride?" she asked.

"Huh?" I responded with characteristic cool.

"Boy, you're addled. I thought *I* was the one run over. I said, are you going to ask me to go for a ride? Because if you are, I'll say no."

"Who said I was going to ask you

to go for a ride? I'll bet I'm not even going your way."

"Pineridge."

"Huh?"

"Pineridge. That's where I'm going. I'm staying with a girlfriend there."

I was going right by there, as it happened.

"Hey, I'm going right by there. How about I give you a lift home?" I ventured.

"Nope," she replied, firmly.

"But I'm going right by there."

"How do I know you're not some kind of crazy, deranged rapist?"

"Huh?"

"Well, look at yourself. You look like some kind of animal. No shirt. Your jeans are so greasy they could stand by themselves. You've got more hair on your body than any ape ever had. And your head—just look at it—no telling what kind of creatures live in that mop."

"Look, sis, I'm no rapist, deranged or otherwise. I get enough without that kind of a trip. I'm just trying to be friendly. I bumped you. I'm sorry, and I'm trying to make it up by giving you a ride home."

"All right."

"Huh?" It wasn't my day for words.

"I said all right. You can give me a ride home. Do you have some kind of hearing problem?"

I ignored her question and mounted my Hog, carefully putting her little grocery bag between my legs.

"You ever been on a bike?" I asked.

"No."

"Just sit behind me—that's right, right there. Hold on to me like this." I put her arms around my waist. Her body was just brushing my bare back. I felt a tingle, like an electric current.

"Don't try to shift your body or anything when I turn. Just sit there kinda loose and roll with the curves. Don't stiffen up."

"Okay."

—Continued on next page

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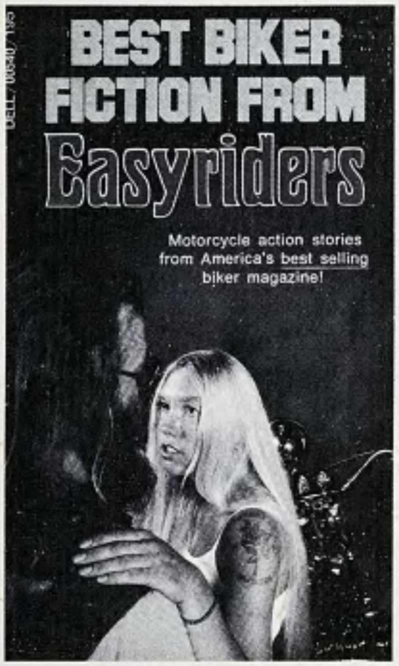


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Dealer inquiries (on letterhead) invited.


On the way to Pineridge, I found myself deliberately slowing so the lights would catch me and I could feel her pressing into my back.

We approached the turnoff to Pineridge and I slowed to turn.

"Don't," she said.

"Huh?"

"Don't turn in. Keep going. I like it."

I found an old and winding road that led into the country and the surrounding hills. I laid that old Harley of mine out flat and she really outdid herself. She stuck to the road like glue. I didn't stop for sixty miles, and when I did, it was beside a small, cold, bubbly stream. I parked under a huge old oak that cast a good shade.

"Wow! I didn't know it was like that. It was almost orgasmic," she said, delightedly.

I knew just how she felt. With my back against the tree, I pulled out my stash and rolled a joint.

"I don't even know your name," I said.

She sat down beside me and pulled her knees up to her chin.

"It's Kelly, Kelly Ansley."

"I'm Studs Wadkins."

"Studs?"

"It's just a nickname—a club name. My real name is Steve." Damn, what was wrong with me? That was an admission I never made.

"How long have you been riding motorcycles?"

"Since I was eighteen—about five years."

"It's beautiful being on the bike. It's like being completely free—somthing I've never felt before. Will you teach me how to drive it?"

She was looking at my bike with that dreamy wanderlust I've often seen in the eyes of children and work-worn executives.

"Sure." Damn again. I wouldn't even let my mother touch my bike.

I got the munchies, so I reached over and rummaged in the little grocery bag. I broke a celery stick and handed her half. We ate in silence. The fresh, clean taste of the celery was magnified by the effects of the smoke. We ate everything in the bag.

"Studs?"

"Yeah?"

"How did you get that name? I've never met anyone called Studs before."

For some reason, I didn't want to tell her. How many ways can you get a name like Studs?

"It's just a nickname. The guys in the club gave it to me."

"Club?"

"Yeah, the motorcycle club I belong to."

"But why do they call you Studs? It seems so unusual."

I felt uncomfortable. Usually, I'm the first to bring up my name—brag about it and how I got it. But not with Kelly. She was different.

"Oh, I just . . . uh, the guys just sort of tagged me with it."

I stole a glance at her. She had a sly, misbehaving look on her face. She knew.

I reached over and put my hand on her knee and the wicked look vanished. In its place was a faint, almost invisible smile.

She let out a long slow sigh. "No . . . not now."

That was all she had to say. I removed my hand. It was unbelievable. The great Studs Wadkins was actually giving up. And it felt good.

I kissed her lightly on the lips and was content.

A dust devil visited us. It whirled about, tossed a few leaves at us, and stopped. It seemed just to watch for a moment, playfully tossed a few more leaves, and sped away.

"We'd better go," Kelly said.

I drove much slower going back, but even so, the trip was over far too fast. I wanted to be with Kelly longer.

We pulled up to her door and a tall, thin, birdlike girl came out on the porch. It was an old house with a large, shady porch.

The bird girl gave me a hard, almost bitter look.

Kelly got off the bike—reluctantly, it seemed. I grabbed her hands before she could get away.

"Wait. When can I see you again?" I asked.


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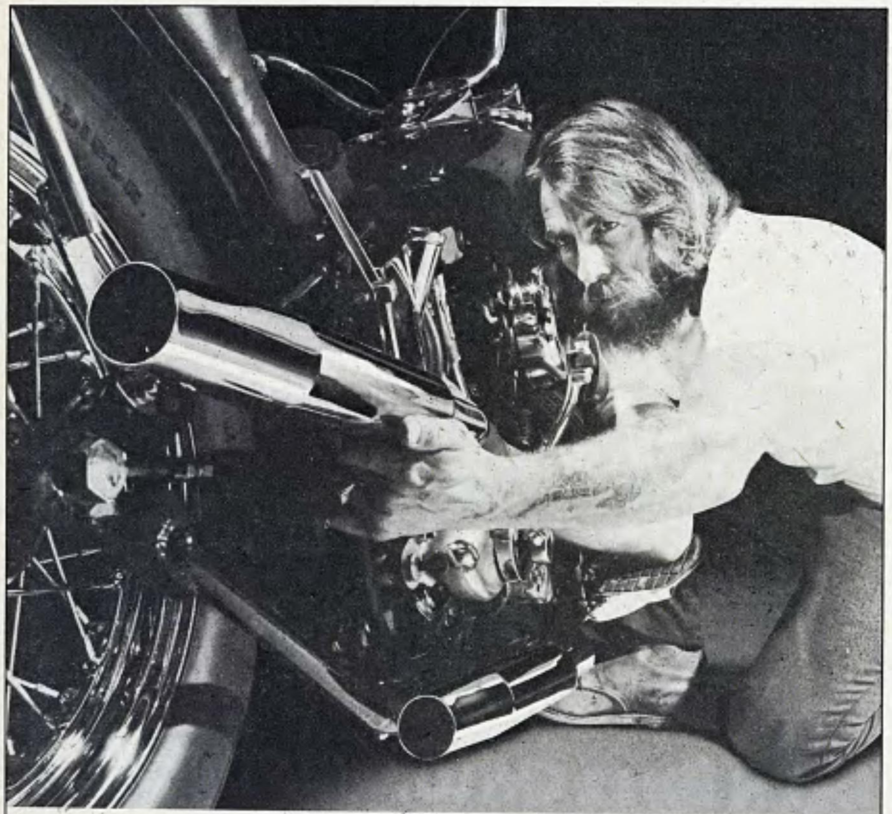


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She took her hands from mine and put them on her hips. She looked down at me with that faint smile on her lips.

"I like you, Studs Wadkins. You can see me tonight, and tomorrow, and the next day, too. I have to go to school Monday, but you can see me Monday night."

"Great, I'll pick you up at seven." I drove off quickly, before she could change her mind. She liked me—me or my bike. I didn't care which.

When I walked into my house, I was in heaven. I didn't even pay any attention to Fats on the couch, stuffing his face with my food with one hand while guzzling my beer with the other. But I was aware of Snake—or what he was doing. He was in the kitchen, burning something with an ungodly smell. Fats and Snake were sort of permanent houseguests.

I did something very unusual. It may even have violated The Code. I started cleaning up my house. The trash went out, I swept and mopped the floors—I even made the bed.

By the time I got to the dishes, my cheerful whistling was the only sound in the house. It was the silence that made me turn around from the sink. Fats and Snake were staring at me with incredulous looks on their faces.

"Whatcha doin', Studs?" Fats said.

"Oh, just cleanin' up. The place was gettin' a little messy, so I thought I'd clean it up."

"You're whistlin'," Snake said. "Did you meet a girl?"

Perceptive, that Snake.

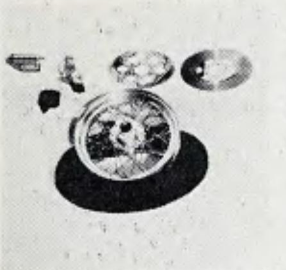
"Look, you guys, I just feel like cleaning up this damn mess."

"He met a girl," Fats said.

"You guys could help."

"Uh . . . I just remembered, Studs—somethin' important I gotta do."

"These family reunions just depress the shit out of me."



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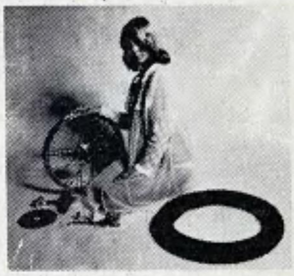

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"Me too," chimed in Fats. "I gotta help him."

That was the last I saw of Fats and Snake.

I saw Kelly that night, and most of Saturday and Sunday. She was going to school at Parkhurst college in Russell, and I picked her up every afternoon after school. She moved in with me on the second Saturday—just eight days after I bumped her with my bike. I had the place spotless.

I was wearing a shirt most of the time, and I kept my hair combed and was thinking I might even get it cut. I didn't miss any work.

"Studs," she said one night about a month after moving in. She was sitting at the dining table, books and papers scattered across its surface. It was a Monday night and I was watching Dallas cream L.A. "Come here a minute, will you? I'm having trouble with this trig. You're pretty good with math—maybe you can help."

The problems were easy for me and I enjoyed helping. I didn't even miss the football game.

"Why don't you go back to school, Studs? Why, I'll bet with just a few nights' study, you could pass the GED. And then you could start college—I'll help."

Why not? I hadn't been seeing much of the boys lately—they shied away, and I hadn't been to a club meeting since Kelly moved in. Going to college would give me a chance to be near her even more.

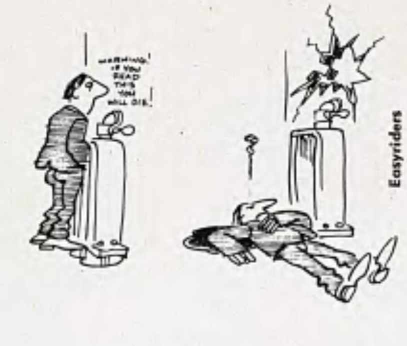
"Sure, Kelly, if you think I can."

"I know you can."

I turned my attention back to the trig problems, but my mind kept returning to the college thing. The more I thought of it, the better the idea seemed.

"Honey?" Kelly said. "I don't know how to say this. I mean, I don't know how you'll take it. Do you care if I just call you Stevie?

—*Continued on page 88*



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# Asstrology

*By Denise (Dusty) Sage*

### *Astrological Profile for Capricorn*

In general, Capricorns are strong, silent types who seldom deviate from their goals. They may appear to be laid-back and easygoing, but all the while they have their wheels turning. The negative types are social climbers and users.

Capricorn males are vain to the point of loving the smell of their own farts. The females are more sensitive—fart and they start crying. While the males are tight with their bucks, the females are stingy with their fucks.

Most younger Capricorn males go for older women with either influence to promote a cause (such as a new scoot) or bread to blow on 'em. The female Cappy goes much the same route with men. On the other hand, as Capricorns age a taste—and mellow out—it's often the young things who blow their minds and pick their pockets. Sex plays far too big a role in their lifestyle, although they won't lay and play with just anyone. They're picky.

Neither male nor female Capricorns show their age and both have tremendous endurance (Muhammad Ali, Steve Allen, Joan Baez, Ava Gardner), youthfulness, and a knack for making big money (Howard Hughes, Aristotle Onassis, and Helena Rubenstein).

Capricorns may fall for a hard-on or a tight twat, but unless there's something more in it for 'em, they won't hang around long. They seldom invest their cash to finance bumfuck ventures. You won't catch a Cappy promoting edible undies or kissing-sweet douche powder. (They may try it out, though.)

It takes a lot of mindfucks to prod a Cappy into going off, but when it does come down, look out! He also has a tendency to hold grudges. To be blunt, when he's had it, he's had it.

Basically, Capricorns are family-oriented. If you really want to get one uptight, badmouth his favorite relative. It's a sure way to alienate yourself for good.

Capricorns should guard against appearing too cool, calm, and collected and should let it all hang out more often. They should get a little crazy once in a while. Believe me, I know—'cause I'm a Capricorn.

---

**Aries** (March 21—April 20)
After last month, you've come a long way, baby, and you're still hangin' in there. You should be able to relax a taste more on the job. (Have a doobie for lunch.) One who promised much could be in need of a quiet reminder. (Rent a billboard.) Otherwise, the only problem could be in the form of fat. You may be starting to put on more than you care to waddle around with. Better cut down on the suds for a while.

**Taurus** (April 21—May 20)
Time to button your lip and keep your jaws from flapping in the wind. Lie low and go slow when it comes to taking on a partner or legal hassles. Someone could be trying to trip you up royally. Keep your mug shut and watch for the reaction of others first. Avoid self-deception—see situations as they really are, not as you fantasize them. Don't get your bowels in an uproar and you'll come out ahead.

**Gemini** (May 21—June 20)
You're up to your old tricks again. Don't start the new year with a bang by runnin' a game on the wrong people. You could acquire a few decimal points in your bankbook and lose a helluva lot of points with partners. Remember, in the long run, it doesn't pay to burn a bro. Paybacks are definitely a motherfucker now. Scan your brain waves for a more honest way to profit.

**Cancer** (June 21—July 21)....
Right now, you may have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. If not, look before you leap—you're very vulnerable this month. People tend to take advantage of your generosity. You could end up loaning out parts that you can kiss goodbye. You might have to learn to say no, or even tell people to fuck off. It seems like you're in for a rush of people who want either money for bail or a piece of your tail.

**Leo** (July 22—August 21)
Lucky you—put on your party threads! You've got a generous helping of "get down an' boogie" coming your way. Along with it, you're involved with some influential VIPs. One can help promote some valuable ideas you've been kicking around. It pays now to blow your own horn a little. Even partners may take notice of you in an admirable way. They might even quit takin' a leak in your boots when you crash out.

**Virgo** (August 22—September 21)
Some of the recent holiday cheer is grabbin' ya by the ass the first half of the month. You have piss-poor luck in the financial area, which means it's time to be twice as practical as usual. This is not the time to get involved in get-rich schemes. You'll only waste your time and hard-earned bucks. Maybe your ol' lady should take on a part-time job. 'Course, if you were takin' care of biz, she'd have one right now.

**Libra** (September 22—October 22)
Besides clearin' out some cobwebs from between your ears, it's time to clear the crap out of your closets, garage, etc. Gather up all that useless shit you've been tripping over for years (throw in your ol' lady's leaky douche bag) and drag it to the swap meet. It's also time to get rid of some of those wishful-thinking ideas. If you've been rapping off the top o' your head lately, come down to earth again.

**Scorpio** (October 23—November 21)
This month is gonna be a real weirdie. Anything could happen. Your ol' lady could become liberated and burn her bra—by fallin' out in an ashtray. You might go in for a vasectomy and come out with your nose bobbed. (That's what you get for lyin' down at the wrong end of the table.) What I'm getting at is this—expect the unexpected at all times. Financially, you're still one step ahead of the bill collectors.

**Sagittarius** (November 22—December 20)
Start the year out right by not taking so many chances on your scoot. You're one of the luckier signs of the zodiac, but why push your luck? Don't be so impatient or in such a hurry all the time. Otherwise, you'll wind up with your crank in a cast or, worse yet, become a statistic. The Irish Sweepstakes and Vegas are two ways you can take a safe chance —in fact, you could come up a big winner.

**Capricorn** (December 21—January 19)
Happy Birthday! Now's the time to aim high, shoot your whole wad, and still come out ahead. You're high on life and full of piss 'n' vinegar. Keep your mind open to suggestions and don't postpone a decision that deals with a long-range plan. Don't be so friggin' pessimistic about your potential. You're riding a high cycle right now, so take advantage of it. Luck may come in the form of a lady. Enjoy!

**Aquarius** (January 20—February 18)
Sorry—it's time to nail your nuts down to some hard work. There's a lot of loose ends to tie, and I don't mean broads, either. You receive some support from more than fallen arches now. Something you neglected last month works out to your advantage, so watch for it during the last week of the month. You also have a tremendous surge of energy right now. Use it to get your shit together.

**Pisces** (February 19—March 20)
Slow down! This month you leave your bros standin' in a cloud of dust and a trail of kumquats. You're itchin' to feel your machine between your legs and make a few conquests. All work and no fuckups is just not a Pisces trip. During this period you can handle both like an expert—slippery Pisces can wiggle his way in and out of situations most other signs would run from. ■

# SPACE FILLER MEETS FRANKENSTEIN

"Fuckin' bugs!"

Impressed by the cleanliness of the restaurant, the customer summoned his waiter over to the table to compliment him.

"We take pride in our sanitary precautions," the waiter explained. "For example, the manager makes us carry a spoon, so we don't have to touch the food we serve, and we even have a string attached to our fly, so that we don't have to touch the zipper."

"But how do you get it back in your pants?" the customer whispered.

"Don't know about the others," the waiter replied, "but I use my spoon."

—Oliver Hastings
Portland, Ore.

A biker was attempting to smuggle a fifth of tequila into the United States when he was stopped and searched by a Mexican border guard who demanded to know what was in the bottle.

"It's holy water," the biker replied.

The official opened the bottle, took a sip, then exclaimed, "This is tequila!"

"Holy shit!" cried the biker. "Another miracle!"

—Dave Dowhanuik
Estevan, Canada

Having just returned from an extended trip, the biker lay asleep beside his ol' lady, who was dreaming she was in her lover's arms. Suddenly, in her dream, she imagined she heard a familiar step outside the bedroom door.

"Heavens!" she cried aloud in her sleep. "Get out, my husband's coming!" With that her spouse leaped out of the bed and jumped through the window.

—Henry Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

A group of bros were trying to outdo one another, bragging about what good memories they had. One said he could remember things as far back as when he was two years old.

This seemed to be the topper, until another member of the group spoke up. "Hell, that's nothing. I can remember going to a party with my father—and going home with my mother!"

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

"Tommy shows impressive creative capacity, Mrs. Harris. However . . . ."

A father, passing through his son's college town late one evening on a business trip, thought he would pay his boy a surprise visit. Arriving at the boy's rooming house, he rapped loudly on the door. After several minutes of knocking, a sleepy voice drifted down from a second-floor window.

"Whaddyah want?"

"Does Randy Collins live here?" asked the father.

"Yeah," replied the voice. "Dump him on the front porch."

—Hammerin' Hank
Jamestown, Calif.

Did you hear about the moped rider who was arrested for indecent exposure? He was released for lack of evidence.

—Dave Pierce
Pittsburg, Calif.

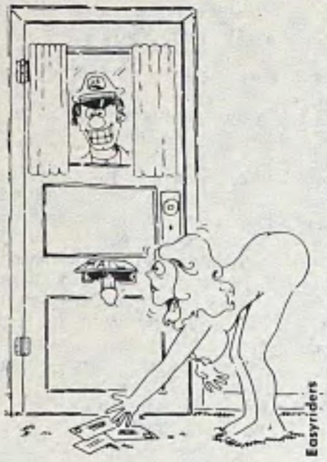
A little girl was playing in the yard. "Daddy," she cried, some bikers are coming down the street."

"Well," he said, "you'd better come in the house then."

"They're on Harley-Davidsons," she said, taking another look at the approaching bikers.

"Quick," her father shouted. "Bring the dog in, too."

—D. B. Lee
Alderson, W. Va.




The young man was addressing his prospective father-in-law. "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"I'm afraid, son," the older man replied, "that you couldn't support her in the manner to which she is accustomed."

"Your daughter and I have talked it over, and she has consented to live on what I earn."

"That's fine. But remember that after a while a little one may come along, and that will mean added expense."

"Well, that's true, sir. But we've been lucky so far."

—Big Henry
Desertville, Calif.

When Sue met her pal Betty on the street one afternoon, she noticed that Betty was well along in pregnancy.

"I'd give anything to have a baby," said Sue, "but I guess it's hopeless."

"My ol' man felt the same way, too," said Betty, "but as you can see, I'm eight months pregnant."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Went to a faith healer."

"Shit! We tried that," said Sue. "My husband and I went for six months."

"Don't be silly," said Betty. "Go alone!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

"That's my eighteen-week shorts with cross-your-balls support."

**"There, that second one—**
**that's the one I saw sticking out of the trench coat."**

A 70-year-old man met an older friend on the street one day and asked him what he'd been doing lately. The friend said he'd just spent six months in jail, after being convicted of rape.

"Rape!" shouted the other man. "At your age? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard."

"I know," pleaded the other, "but I was so flattered, I pleaded guilty."

—Henry Plante
Lancaster, Calif.

**"Take it easy—**
**I want to save *something* for the man I marry."**

Two stoned bikers, out looking for excitement, decided to invade the local zoo and fuck the female gorilla. In no time at all they had tied up her hands, feet, and mouth, to avoid injury to themseves. While Bad Bob fucked her, Tom stood by with his .44 ready in case she broke loose, which she did, flailing her arms and legs violently. Tom raised the pistol to shoot her in the head, but Bad Bob stopped him. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Untie her mouth. I wanna kiss her."

—C. Killebrew
St. Gabriel, La.

The short biker was parked at the curb, polishing his scoot, when a cop about six-foot-six strolled by.

"Hello, shortcock," the cop sneered.

"I'll be damned," answered the little biker. "So your wife **does** tell ya everything."

G. Smith
Whittier, Calif.

An elderly gentleman visited his doctor with the complaint that he believed he was becoming impotent.

"When did you first become aware of this problem?" the doctor asked.

The old gentleman replied, "Yesterday afternoon, twice last night, and again this morning."

—Honey Stevens
St. Petersburg, Fla.

"For several weeks," the distraught worker confided to his psychiatrist, "I was obsessed with the idea of putting my prick in the pickle slicer. The thought kept me awake nights. When I finally fell asleep, I would dream about it. I couldn't work effectively. All I could do was stare at that pickle slicer and daydream. Finally, I couldn't control my passion. During lunch hour yesterday, I stayed in the factory and fulfilled my desire."

"My God!" gasped the psychiatrist. "What happened?"

"The foreman came back from lunch early," said the worker, "saw what was going on and fired me on the spot."

"What happened to the pickle slicer?"

"Well, naturally," the worker responded, "she was fired, too."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

The stunning blonde was perched on the examination table when the doctor placed his hand on her bare breast. "You know what I'm doing of course," he said, reassuringly.

"Yes," the patient murmured. "You're checking for breast cancer."

Encouraged, the doctor proceeded to caress her stomach. "Of course," he continued, "you know what I'm doing?"

"Yes," she smiled. "You're checking my appendix."

At this point, the doctor could no longer control himself. He stripped off his clothes and began to make passionate love to her. "You know what I'm doing, don't you?" he gasped.

"Yes," his patient answered. "You're checking for VD—and that's what I came here for."

—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

Without warning, the defendant in an indecent exposure case jumped up during cross examination, pulled down his pants, and began jerkin' off. "Isn't that awful!" gasped a shocked young court stenographer.

"It certainly is," answered the prosecuting D.A. "Why, he's getting fingerprints all over exhibit A!"

—Taco
Tulsa, Okla.

"I've got a great act for you," the dude told the theatrical agent. "Just watch." Opening his attache case, he produced a tiny grand piano and a miniature man. The foot-tall fellow walked over to the keyboard, sat down, and began to play—Liszt, Chopin, Beethoven, all beautifully.

"Simply amazing," gasped the talent booker. "Where did you find him?"

"Last month while I was vacationing in Ireland," the visitor explained, "I was walking through the fields and spotted a leprechaun trapped beneath a rock. I freed him and in gratitude he told me I would be granted one wish."

"And this was your wish?" the agent asked.

"Not exactly. The leprechaun was hard of hearing, so I ended up with a twelve-inch pianist."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

Stepping off the bandstand at a local disco, the long-haired drummer approached a miniskirted chick and asked if she'd like to join him for a steak dinner.

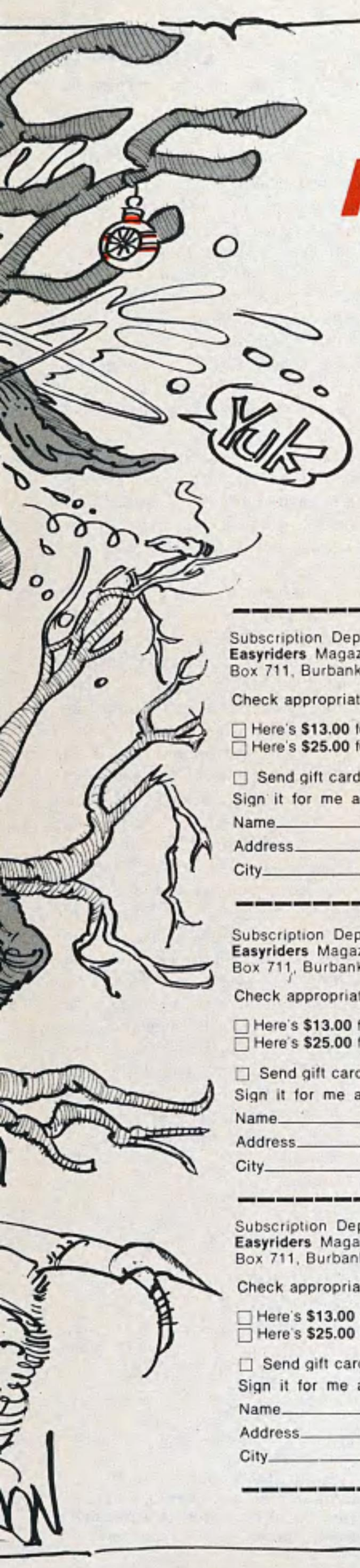
"No," she replied. "I'm a vegetarian, and vegetables are all I eat."

"Well, then," he offered. "Come up to my pad. I'm a humanitarian."

—Tony Cibirka
Ft. Wood, Mo.

**"Having partaken of the forbidden fruit, Eve, you now know wisdom and the secrets of the flesh. Go forth and bring the fruit unto Adam and . . . uh . . . Eve . . . will you please stop rubbing that goddam apple against your clit and listen to me?"**

BIG NICK
MERRY XMAS
HARRY McQUINN

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☐ Here's **$25.00** for a two-year subscription.

☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it for me as follows:__________
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______ (must have)

Subscription Department
**Easyriders** Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Check appropriate boxes:

☐ Here's **$13.00** for a one-year subscription.
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☐ Send gift card ☐ Send threatening letter

Sign it fpr me as follows:__________
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______ (must have)

# WRIST/WATCH BAND

It's a **hand-made**, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather. **$8.50** plus 50c for postage and handling.

# SCOOTER WALLET

A rugged wallet, **hand-made** from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem into the tough leather—no charge. Only **$10.00** plus 75c postage and handling.

# TRUCKER WALLET

Here's the original truckers' wallet, made extra wide to fit checkbooks.

It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge. The complete wallet is only $12.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

# BUCK KNIVES

**Famous for holding an edge**

Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **$24.95** plus **$1.75** for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.

Model #402, **Akonua,** a classic blade Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **$54.95** plus **$2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.

# SMALL BIKE WALLET

Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge. This wallet goes for $6.85 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

**Foreign orders must include International Money Order**

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

*California residents add 6% for The Man*

## Dust Devil

—*Continued from page 82*

Studs sounds so . . . oh, I don't know —vulgar, I guess."

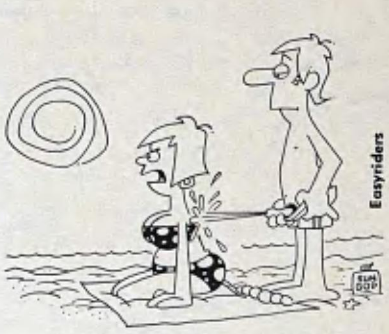
"As long as you call me, Kelly, I don't care what name you use." Talk about pussywhipped!

Kelly was right. Two weeks of brushing up and I was ready to take the test. It was simple and I became the proud owner of a GED. I felt like a new father. I signed up at Parkhurst and found I had to wait until the spring semester before I could enter.

Things started to turn bad that Friday when we went to get groceries. We turned off Elm onto Lakeside and Kelly lost her grip on the bag. Groceries were all over the street.

"Dammit, Stevie, can't you drive more carefully? We should get rid of this goddam motorcycle and get a car. Bobby Gibson in my history class was admiring it last week—said he'd give anything for one like it. If he only knew."

I took Kelly to school the next morning. It was one of those perfect fall days and the memory of it is burned in my mind. I didn't go to work. I spent all morning polishing and waxing my Harley. When I had it looking as good as I was able, I rode over to a car lot I knew of on Pine. Long, shiny lines of cars stretched for half a block. I looked for a long time and even drove one for a few blocks. I went home and spent quite a while writing the note. When I was finished, I took off my shirt, mussed my hair, and packed only the bare essentials. I rode off in search of that long-lost dust devil. I signed the note "Studs." ■




**"Harold, don't pour so much suntan lotion on me! Harold, you're using too much! That stuff is expensive, Harold! Harold, do you hear me?"**

## Monday Momma

—Continued from page 51

the table chuckling, "Betcha I can eat **anything!**" Skinner sat beside him.

The prez was up but waiting for me before starting the contest. "There are rules," he said as he walked to the vacant seat at the head of the table, "and I ain't so sure you townies know 'em." He sat. "Dig it. One man eats his thing. The other got a choice. He can eat the same thing an' it's a draw, or he can go one grosser. You don't get down, you lose an' you're an asswipe."

The crowd was saying, "Yeah, okay," everybody agreeing as I got to the table. "I got five on Mudpie," somebody bid.

"Shit. The Horde gonna stand behind Space Monster at twenty bucks a man," announced the Mouth. The President's silvered shades scanned the room until Mouth appeared. The red light passed over. "That's two hundred bucks," Mouth continued. "You creeps gonna match it?"

Ringo and Al McGee started pulling out their wallets while the rest of the club looked at each other, folded their arms, or pushed their hands in their pockets and left them there. Al drew a loose chain from his jeans, cursed the clasp ring, and returned to the bar, pushing stools, ignoring the action.

When Sportster Dan started for the john, Fat Antony approached the table. He tossed forty dollars out in the center. "Here's my twenty," he glared at the cowboys, "and twenty for any of my boys who find themselves a little short." Smug Goliath, he let the challenge settle.

"I believe that the treasury can handle any little investment these townies care to make," the prez said.

Money shuffled up through the local crowd until it reached a machinist who came forward counting tens and twenties. "Two hundred!" he slapped on the table and faded back with, "Shit."

Unzipping his chest pocket, the prez pulled a roll from his leathers and unwrapped a big pair, passing back forty to Fat Antony. "So whose move?" he asked. He turned to Mudpie. "You got anything in mind, pigbrain?"

Mudpie grinned. "Betcha can't eat little critters," he said. "Eddie," he called to a man in the back, "catch me a critter, Eddie."

Eddie shrugged, looking like he'd just been asked to explain Einstein's theory, but then, as if the answer on

—Continued on page 99


SHOW SOME CLASS!

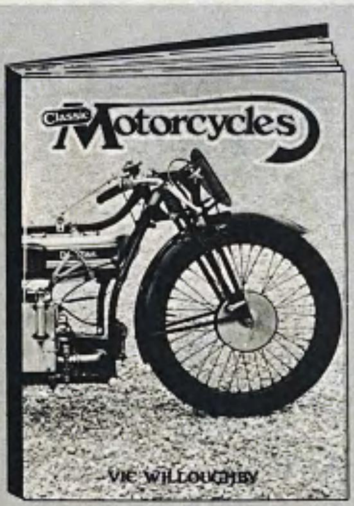
Wear or display the **Easyriders** logo. Show everyone that you're no light-weight and that you're a kind, considerate, honest, trustworthy, straight-arrow mutha. Dispel the rumors that you're a snatch-eatin', low-life scooter tramp—show some class (fool everyone).

Our righteous embroidered emblems are bright orange, black and white (2¾" x 2¾").

The decals are the same colors and size.

Emblems cost **$2.00 each**
Decals cost **3 for a $1.00**

*California residents add 6% sales tax*
Send your bread today to:
**Show Class Department, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Ca. 90265**




*California residents add 6% sales tax*

**Originally sold for $17.50**
**Now it's yours for $8.50**

It's a beautiful hardcover book, with 176 pages (including lots of color photos) of 40 different famous old bikes you've heard about but seldom see any more.

This book will appeal to the purist, for the bikes featured are guaranteed turn-ons for the dude who prefers the old machines,—large or small, simple or complex, two-stroke, four-stroke, single engine or multi.

A few of the bikes featured: the Triumph, for its commercial success; the Ducati, for its audacity; the Velocette Roarer, for its enterprise; the Ariel Square Four, for its individuality; and the Moto-Guzzi single, for its inspiration.

These are just a few of the bikes featured— the book even includes the Indian vee-twin! And remember, these are not new or late model bikes—only the old-timers that have made motorcycle history.

This book is a must for your library shelf. Order yours today. Send $8.50 (we pay postage) to:

**Paisano Book Division**
**Box 52 Malibu, California 90265**

Since 1957
**MORRO LEATHER CLINIC**
435 Morro Bay Boulevard Morro Bay, Calif. 93442 phone 805-772-3285

$2.50 for third class postage $4.50 for first class postage 6% sales tax for Calif. 3 weeks for personal checks to clear. No c.o.d.'s please Satisfaction guaranteed

# MOTIVATION

These features may take on a bizarre air now and then — and this one won't be any different. You've heard the expression, "No butt, no putt?" Well, for two days I've been trying to dream up one for this feature. I thought of, "No screw, no tool" — and more — but they all sounded like shit. Ya see, this broad stumbled onto Doggy Dan, who had a flat in the hills and nowhere to take his wheel.

The chick had everything necessary to do the job. And in the process of Dan's wrenchin' on his putt, she got a bad case of the horns and the attitude that, since she had the tools to do the job, she should get a little tool for her efforts. 'Course, we made it all up. Ya know — fantasy land.

But not without a reason. We bros thought (if that's possible) that if we plant a little aggressive seed in the minds of all them luscious, tool-totin', truck drivin' women out there, maybe we could get a little more cooperation when we're in distress — needin' some gas or a shiny motorcycle.

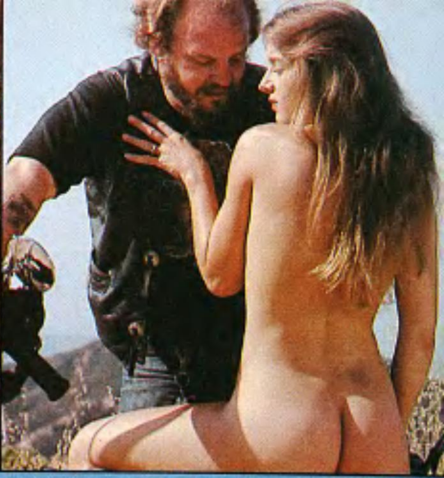
Now use yer reeling imagination. You're a handsome stud out on the road and outta gas. Along comes this big-butted broad in a truck — and she's got gas. Now, as she pours the needed fuel into yer tank, she glances up at you with a beautiful pair of big blues and whispers, "No ass, no gas."

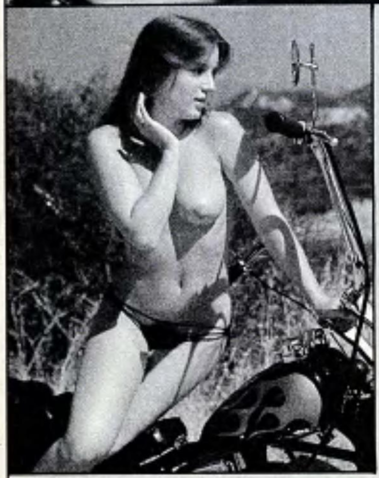
Now would that be hard to take or what?

—Snake

# One way to get more help

Photos by Ralph Hampton





# Dirty Christmas Cards

HO! HO! HO!

**Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends !**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

$5.00 per set  Two sets $8.00
Price includes postage and handling costs.

**Christmas Cards**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

**Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.**
**Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.**

Please send me ______ sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).

Please send me ______ sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is ______ (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______ ZIP ______

*Ol' Ladies In Action Photo Contest*

**Easyriders** Ol' Ladies in Action
Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265

Model's Name ______
Age ______ Phone ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Photographer ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

I hereby give **Easyriders** Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature ______
I am ______ years of age.
Witness to Signature ______

## model release

This model release must be completed in full and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 96 for additional information.)

# FREE EASYRIDERS!

**You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.**

ALABAMA
**Riders Bike Shop** 1334 Tuscaloosa Ave. S.W., Birmingham
**Fielding Harley Davidson** Hwy. 31 North, Athens
**Mike's Cycle Center** 3370 Atlanta Hwy., Montgomery

ALASKA
**House of Harley** 1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage

ARIZONA
**Cosmic Choppers & Parts Unlimited** 4127 W. 19th Ave., Phoenix
**Performance HD** 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
**Phoenix Cycle Accessories** 1826 W. Peoria Ave., Phoenix
**The Scooter Shop** 4360 E. Speedway, Tucson
**High Way Choppers** 6723 W. Glendale Ave., Glendale
**Z Man Cycles** 3443 W. McDowell Rd., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

CALIFORNIA
**Bellflower Harley Davidson** 16211 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower
**New Valley Cycle** 1360 N. Blackstone, Fresno
**The Purple Hog** 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
Two Broke Tramps 701 N. Maclay, San Fernando
**Zaldela New & Used HD Parts** 4076 University, San Diego
H-D of **Glendale** 3643 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
**San Fernando MC Service** 547 N. Maclay St., San Fernando
Frisco Choppers Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
**American Cycle Works** 43 S. Palm St., Ventura
**Galen Olson M/C Parts** 1566 Ave. 296, Visalia
**D & G Cycle Parts** 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
**Crazy Daves** 7860 Old Redwood Hwy., Cotati
**Joe Scarber Custom Cycles** 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
**HD West** 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
**Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts** 353 Shell Beach Rd., Shell Beach
**Harley-Davidson Acc.** 807 Grand Ave., Spring Valley
**Honda-Kawasaki of Sacramento** 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento
**Whitleys Fabrication** 5385 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
**B & B MC** 7412 Talbert Ave., Huntington Beach
**HD of San Rafael** 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
**Motorcycle Emporium** 712 E. Alosta Ave., Glendora
**Jammer Cycle Products** 601 S. Main St., Burbank
**Bro's Bike Shop** 541 A North Twin Oaks, San Marcos
**Merced Harley-Davidson** 1745 Yosemite Pky., Merced
**American Chopper Ent.** 1849 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hill
**Moonshadow Leather** 1849 Contra Costa Blvd., Pleasant Hill
**Cycle Specialties** 301 Male Blvd., Modesto
**Street & Custom** 8846 E. Alcudier Blvd., Bellflower
**Cycle Parts of Lemon Grove** 7292 Broadway, Lemon Grove
**Michael's M/C Works** 21412 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
**Rich's Cycle Parts** 17098 D El Rancho Way, Salinas

CANADA
**Al's Choppers** 1119 Main St., Hamilton, Ontario
**HD Cycles LTD** 595 Gerrard St., E. Toronto, Ontario

COLORADO
**Flatirons Harley-Davidson** 2060 28th St., Boulder
**High Country Choppers** 11 S. Federal Blvd., Denver
**A & B Cycle Exchange** 6279 Federal Blvd., Denver
**Custom City Cycles** 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
**D & C Enterprises** 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
**HD of Colorado Springs** 1006 Motor City Blvd., Colorado Springs
**Two Wheelers MC Shop** 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver

CONNECTICUT
**Fine Line Speed & Cycle** 37 Main St., Danielson
**Brother's Harley-Davidson Inc.** 347 Forbes Ave., New Haven
**New London County MC Sales** 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt. 184, Groton
**Mania Harley-Davidson** 2440-42 Barum Ave., Stratford
**K & P Cycles** 1802 Stratford Ave., Stratford
**Bill's Harley-Davidson** 103 Main St., Clinton
**D & S Cycle Specialties** 476 Whalley, New Haven

DELAWARE
**Hall Cycles, Inc.** 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington
Herbs for **Health and Happiness** New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA
**H-D of Fort Myers** 1129 Seaboard, Fort Myers
**Harley Davidson of Palm Beach** 1331 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach
**Medford Joe's MC Repairs** 5955 Lee St., Hollywood
**Fletcher's Harley-Davidson Sales** 509 Seminole Blvd., Largo
**L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service** 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
**B & D Chopper Shop** RR 13 Box 94-A, Ocala
**Larry's Scooter Depot** 17300 U.S. 41, Lutz
**C.C. Cycle** 516 S. Dixie Hwy., W. Pompano Beach
**Rex Ramsey Motorcycle Accessories** 2724 N. Dixie Hwy., Fort Lauderdale
Woody's Cycle Shop 688 N.E. 40th Ct., Ft. Lauderdale

GEORGIA
**Blue Gator** Inc. 1886 Cheshire Bridge Rd., Atlanta
**HD of Clayton Co.** 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
**Blue Ribbon Cycles** 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
**Southeastern Cycle** 465 N. Clarendon Ave., Scotdale
**K & D Harley-Davidson** 2315 Browns Br. Rd., Gainesville

HAWAII
**Motorcycle Alley** 1342 Kamaile St., Honolulu
**Iron Horse Den** 570 Auahi St. Bldg. #4, Honolulu
**Valley Isle Cycles** 1995 Main St., Wailuku, Maui

IDAHO
**Hanna's Cycle Supply** 169 Warren, Pocatello

ILLINOIS
**Cycle Service & Sales** 311 Rt. 59 Grand Ave., Lake Villa
**Kingsley's Motorcycle Sales** 212 Ferry St., Metropolis
**Powerhouse Cycles** Inc. 114 19th St., Rock Island
**North Shore H-D** 3385 Milwaukee Ave., Northbrook
**Midwest** Triumph 3650 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago
**Suburban Harley-Davidson** 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
**Cycle Goodies Galore** 220 S. Genesee St., Waukegan
**Red's Cycle Center** 2825 W. 79th St., Chicago
**Stick Engineering** 1420 14th Ave., Moline
**Midwest Triumph** 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Gordon **Show & Go Choppers** 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
**House of Cycles** 11109 S. Western, Chicago
**R & H Choppers** 1108 Mill St., Plainfield
**Frieze Harley-Davidson** 517 S. Illinois St., Belleville
**Markham Cycle Center** 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
**Triangle MC Service** 4344 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago
**Villa Park HD** 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
**H.E.L. Sport & Cycle Inc.** 12040 South Doty, Chicago
**Motorcycles & Supplies** 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury
**Bluecoat Cycle Accessories** 3011 Auburn St., Rockford
**Certified Cycle Center** 409 W. Colfax Ave., Palatine
**Dougs Motorcycle Parts** 1105 W. Washington St., Bloomington

INDIANA
**Head Hunter Customs** 210 E. Main St., New Albany
**The Cycle Shop** 3409 S. Western Ave., Marion
**Brandt's HD Inc.** 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
**The Chopper Stop** 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
**HD of Michigan City** 1804 Franklin St., Michigan City
**Andrews Kawasaki-HD** 1501 N. Baldwin Ave., Marion
**Drunk's Motorcycle Shop** 2719 S. Calhoun, Fort Wayne
**JME Chopper Specialties** 2832 169th St., Hammond

IOWA
**D & B Cycleworld** 120 Main St., Alta
**Cedar Rapids Custom Cycle** 1507 "C" St. S.W., Cedar Rapids
**Custom Cycle Design** 900 1st Ave., Caralville
**Cycle Shed** 2231½ Independence, Waterloo

KANSAS
**Cycle Acc.** 515 N. Main, Hutchinson
**Blackwater Van & Cycle** 413 Jackson St., Topeka
**Free Wheeling** 624 W. 6th St., Topeka
**Jayhawk Arms & Cycles** 613 Morgan Ave., Downs

KENTUCKY
**Exotic Cycles** 1143 State Street, Bowling Green
**Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc.** 1246 Industry, Lexington

LOUISIANA
**Motorcycle Products Co.** 2662 Barksdale Blvd., Bossier City
**Wallace H.D. Sales** 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
**Accessories** Inc. 16180 Chef Menteur, New Orleans
**Custom Specialties Inc.** 4623 North St., Baton Rouge
**R.B. Choppers** 601 Stone Ave., Monroe

MAINE
**Page's Machine & Cycle Works** Swan Lake Ave., Belfast
**Stone Choppers** 220 Main St., Rockland
**The Chopper Factory** 476 Forest Ave., Portland

MARYLAND
**Garrett's H-D Sales** Rt. 1 Box 77 E., Darlington
**Aberdeen Custom Cycles** 215 S. Philadelphia Blvd. Rt. 40, Aberdeen
**John Spicer & Sons** Box 3 Rt. 1, Bel Air
**Hide-A-Way Leather Co.** 7214 Holabird Ave., Dundalk
**Float 'N' Smoke** 4402 St. Barnabas Road, Marlow Heights
**Satan's Cycle Salvage** 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
**Suburban HD Sales, Inc.** 15809 Frederick Rd., Rockville

MASSACHUSETTS
**De Lucas** 269 Mattakeesit St., Pembroke
**California Chopper Specialties** 405 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
**D.C. Works** 107 Union St., Easthampton
**Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc.** 2476 Cranberry Hwy. Box 624, Wareham
**Chopper Parts City** 314 Grafton St. (Rt. 122), Worcester
**Cycle Parts Center of Boston** 156 Brighton Ave., Allston
**J & R Cycles** 42 Payne St., Lowell
**Triumph of Wellesley** 184 Worcester St., Wellesley Hills
**Chopping Block** 595½ Broadway Rt. 28, Lawrence
**Harco Harley-Davidson** 80 Franklin St., Framingham

MICHIGAN
**United MC Chrome Exchange** 759 Portage St., Kalamazoo
**Bradley Cycle & Marine** 150 E. Water, Constantine
**The Full Tilt Bike Shop** 7155 N. Telegraph, Monroe
**Sulky Ent.** 12809 Grabot, Detroit
**GM Cycle** 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
**Jacks Cycle World** 10489 E. Grand River, Brighton
**Carlini Cycle Creations** 25245 Ford St., Dearborn
**Warren Custom Plating** 11415 East 8 Mile Rd., Warren
**Super Cycle** 2414 U.S. 31 South, Niles

MINNESOTA
**Cycle Supplies, Unlimited** 1430 Commonwealth, Duluth
**D.S. Specialties** 2953 lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
**Fairbault HD, Inc.** 1001 S. Hwy. 65, Fairbault
**Mike's Motorcycle Shop** 2425 Rice St., St. Paul
**Northern Leisure Corp.** 23 n. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids
**Parts Plus Inc.** 1900 University Ave., St. Paul
**P.J.'s Everything MC** 108 E. Center, Rochester
**Smith Bros. & Fetrow** 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
**York Brothers Custom Cycle** 7 Westlake St., Chisholm

MISSISSIPPI
**Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle** Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs
**Lake Serene Custom** Rt. 4 Box 477 Lake Serene, Hattiesburg

MISSOURI
**Cycle & Rider Acc. Comm.** 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City
**Westside Choppers** 1715 W. College St., Springfield
**Don's Cycle Parts** 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack
**Dougs Choppers** 3009 Hwy. 10 Avondale, Kansas City
**St. Joe HD** 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
**Custom Cycle Parts** 9806 St. Charles Rock Rd., St. Ann
**Harley-Davidson of Kansas City** 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence

MONTANA
**Quality Custom Cycle** 2323 Belknap, Billings

NEBRASKA
**Doc's Chops** 2117 "O" St., Lincoln

NEVADA
**Nevada Cycle Parts** 2525 Las Vegas Blvd., N. Las Vegas
**Fast Harry's Hi-Performance Cycle** 2152 Prater, Sparks
**Recycled Cycle** 1290 Kuenzli, Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE
**Motorway** 85 Hancock St., Manchester
**Brothers Custom** 21 Union St., Milford
**Depot Cycle** 99 Main St., Salem

NEW JERSEY
**Cycle Stop** 111 Grand Ave., River Edge
**H-D of Trenton Inc.** 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
**HD of Point Pleasant** 642 Ocean Rd., Point Pleasant
**Morristown Cycle** 103 Washington St., Morristown
**Cycles Inc.** 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
**MC Mender** 501 Fairview Ave., Fairview
**The Chopper Shop Inc.** 920 Rt. 1, Edison
**Cycle Shack** 602 Bear Tavern Rd., West Trenton
**C & R Cycle Center** 235 Rt. 46 W., Fairfield
**GT Cycle Specialties** 4 New Market St., Salem
**Mount Holly Kawasaki** Rt. 38, Mount Holly
**Competition Cycle Inc.** 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
**Kawasaki Corral** 350 Phillips Ave., South Hackensack
**Custom Cycles** 1594 Rt. 9 Pleasant Plains Mall, Toms River

NEW MEXICO
**All Cycles Parts & Acc.** 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK
**HD of Hempstead** 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
**KFK Cycle Inc.** 21-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
**Brooklyn HD Inc.** Rd. 1 Rt. 7 Center Brunswick, Troy
**J & D Cycle** 1220 Vestal Ave., Binghamton
**J.A.R. Choppers** 215-45 29th Ave., Bayside
**The Shady Painter MC Corp.** 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford
**Al's Cycle Parts** 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
**Locomotion Choppers** 144 E. Main St., E. Islip
**Brewster Harley-Davidson** Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
**HD of New York** 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
**The Sportster Shop** 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
**The MC Supermarket** 6695 S. Transit Rd., Lockport
**Motor Mania Cycle Products** 255 Central Park, Rochester
**Toasperma Inc.** 1432 Front St., Binghamton
**Suffolk Chopper** 212 A Depot Rd., Huntington Station
**V-Twins** 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
**Cycle City Inc.** 1010 Sunrise Highway, Amityville
**Mels Cycle Shop** 520 Rt. 10, Amityville
**All-Cycle Accessory Shop** Box 54 Deer River Road, Helena
**Sunrise Honda of Freeport** 157 E. Sunrise Hwy., Freeport
**Rendino's Cycle City, Inc.** 1945 Teall Ave., Syracuse
**Brunswick HD Inc.,** 1 Rt. 7 Center Brunswick, Troy
**Harley Davidson of Ramapo** Rt. 17 N. PO Box 2, Sloatsburg

NORTH CAROLINA
**Clark's Custom Cycle** 1824 E. Webb Ave., Burlington
**Perry's Motorcycle Service** 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
**T-Bird Cycle Shop** Rt. 1 Kings Mt. Hwy. Box 85, Gastonia
**Don's Custom Cycle** 1903 Skyway Ext., Monroe
**Custom Scooter** 501 S. Main St., PO Box 277, Lexington

NORTH DAKOTA
**Bennie's Cycle Service** PO Box 983, Minot
**Foxes Fantastic Finishers** R.R. 4 Box 12 C, Mandan

OHIO
**Custom M/C Sales** 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
**Duck's Putter Parts** 6474 Avon Lake Rd., Medina
**Cycle Kraft** 129 N. Summit St., Akron
**Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc.** 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
**Chatfield Cycle** St. Rte. 4 PO Box 277, Chatfield
**Kustom Korner Cycle & Van** 2017 Knox School Rd., Alliance
**Ashland Cycle Supply** 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
**Crazy Cycles** 6319 Chestnut Ridge Rd., Hubbard
**Kustom Cycle, Inc.** 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
**The Big Bike Shop** 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
**Jeff's Motorcycle Specialties** 1673 Hebron Rd., Newark
**Cycle Dimensions** 109 W. Center St., Farmersville
**Motorcycles Inc.** 11717 Detroit Ave., Lakewood
**Speed Enterprises** 929 Woodster Rd., W. Barberton

OKLAHOMA
**Forman Harley-Davidson** 115 N. Main, Stillwater
**Sams Custom Cycle House** 6133 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa
**Wild Bill's** 3735 S. Harvard, Tulsa
**Tom's Cycle Shop** 3924 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City

OREGON
**Freedom Cycle Works, Inc.** 1235 Cross St. S.E., Salem
**Oregon Chopper Supply** 3535 N.E. Union Ave., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
**Zip Sale Dist.** 1-11 Ehler St., Stroudsburg
**Gary's HD Sales** 605 State St., Conneaut Lake
**Performance Choppers** 528 Lancaster Ave., Reading
**Rons Speed & Custom Cycles** 432 Main St., Chicora
**Chopper Shak II** 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
**Cycledelic Choppers** 1147 Penn., Reading
**Chop Shop** 407 Station St., Bridgville
**R & S Cycle Shop** 230 Westwood St., Minersville
**E-Z Rider MC and Van Parts** 300 S. Front, Steelton
**Kosmic Kolors** Fiber St., Easton
**The Cycle Shak** 8 W. Main St., Clarion
**East Coast Cycle Shop Inc.** 1400 St. RP, Cornwell Heights
**Blocker Enterprises** Rt. 248, Parryville

RHODE ISLAND
**Custom Engineering** 222 Washington St., W. Warwick
**Oz Performance MC** 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol

SOUTH CAROLINA
**Motorcycle Salvage** 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
**Southeastern Choppers** 300 West Ave., N. Augusta
**D.C. Cycle** 700 S. Main, Lancaster
**Kirby's Harley-Davidson Sales Inc.** 1219 Bluff Rd., Columbia
**Gadsden Cycle** 7311 Middle St., Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
**C & L Cycle Acc.** 705 Sycamore Dr., Sioux Falls

TENNESSEE
**Jammer of Memphis** 60 N. Cleveland Ave., Memphis
**Bundy's HD** U.S. 11 W. Kingsport Hwy., Blountville
**D & D Southern Cycle** 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
**Reed's Harley-Davidson** 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville
**Custom Cycle Ctr.** 1405 W. Broadway, Newport
**Pappy Custom Chopper Parts** 244 E. Main St., Kingsport

TEXAS
**Larry's M/C Service** 217 S. B, Harlingen
**Union Motorcycle Salvage** 6345 Long Dr., Houston
**Barnett HD** 9505 Montana, El Paso
**East Texas Motorcycle** Box 717, Jasper
**Austin Motorcycle Co., Inc.** 1611 Guadalupe St., Austin
**American Cycle** 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
**Vance Cycle Accessories** Rt. 1 Box 278 Bass Blvd., Harlingen
**Gulfway Cycles** 2720 Gulfway Dr., Port Arthur
**J & J Choppers** 2210 Grant, Wichita Falls
**B & W Harley-Davidson** 412 N. High St., Longview
**Andy's MC Sales** 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
**Sportsters By Shelby** Rt. 2 Box 1025, Fort Worth
**The Unicorn Stroke & Toke Shop** 5220 Mansfield Hwy., Forrest Hills

UTAH
**Chris Draayer Motors** 872 South State, Salt Lake City
**Quality Motorcycle Parts** 3231 South State, Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA
**Trophy Custom Paint & Cycle** 2715 Peters Creek Rd., Roanoke
**Cycle & Head Boutique** 50 River St., Petersburg
**Lilly HD, Inc.** Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Abingdon
**Departure Bike Works** 3093 Hull St., Richmond
**K & S Cycle Care Center** 7822 Warwick Blvd., Newport News
**East Coast Cycle Salvage** 4997-B Cleveland St., Virginia Beach
**Don's H-D** Broadmoor Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft
**Fast Eddie's Cycle Works** 3614 Western Branch Blvd., Portsmouth

WASHINGTON
**D & D Cycle** 5321 N. Market PO Box 6169, Spokane

WASHINGTON D.C.
**D.C. Cycle** 426 Eye St. N.W., Washington, D.C.
**HD of Washington** 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington, D.C.

WEST VIRGINIA
**Mike's Cycle** Rt. 1 Box 57 A, Delbarton
**Dennis Harley-Davidson** 2514 Sissonville Drive, Charleston

WISCONSIN
**Barneys Choppers Inc.** 105 N. Parker Dr., Janesville
**Rich's Pit Stop** 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
**Tri State Cycle** 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
**Bill's Cycle Inc.** 2405 Racine St., Racine
**;hank's Smith Shop** PO Box 37, Avoca

# 1978 is stumblin' to a close, but don't sweat it — we have a new contest for '79

This is the last month, men. Vote for one of the sweeties you see here and next issue we'll print this month's winner along with the winners for the previous eleven months. Then, in the February issue, we'll lay out the 1978 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest winner. And her grand prize will be awarded — whatta rush.

But that doesn't end it. The following issue will begin the **1979 Ol' Ladies in Action Contest.** So send your votes and new contest photos to Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. The Grand Prize Winner will receive a cool grand, this month's winner will receive 100 bucks, each runner-up 25 bucks, and contributors 10 bucks apiece.

It was time to come up with something new for '79 — so we did. We're going to have a contest of ol' ladies in action. From ridin' or liftin' weights, to washin' the scoot or givin' . . . whatever they do best. The shots don't have to be raunchy — but they can be. They don't have to be outrageous — but a little class never hurts. You'll be judging, so do whatever comes naturally — or unnaturally, whadafuck.

Each month we'll publish all the entries we have space for and which are of good technical quality. That doesn't mean your entry has to be a professional photo — just that it has to be in focus and properly exposed. You brothers and sisters will select the winners and runners-up from those entries we publish.

Each issue we'll print the monthly winner and runners-up. The monthly winner will receive **$100** and each runner-up will receive **$25.** Contributors (ol' man, photographer, pimp, whatever) will receive **$10.**

After the twelve monthly winners have been chosen, we'll put it to you again for the final selection. Your votes will select **Easyriders** Ol' Lady In Action for 1979 — and a cool grand goes to the winner!

Judge our lovely contestants by whatever turns you on — whether it's her bod or what she happens to be doing in the photo. So get off your ass and send us your votes and some flicks of your ol' ladies in action — use your imagination.

---

*Important! A blank model release appears on p 94 of this issue This release must be completed in full, must be signed and witnesed, and must accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.*

*All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of Easyriders. Decision of the judges is final.*

---

Diana Reynolds

Marie Liner

## *Ol' Ladies In Action Photo Contest*

Didi Oliver

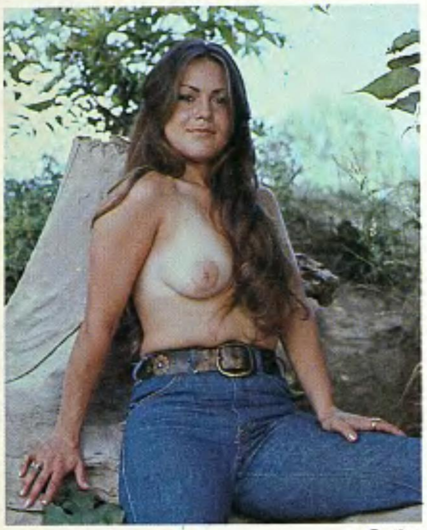
Teresa Gretter

Cathy Evans

Maxine Wynes

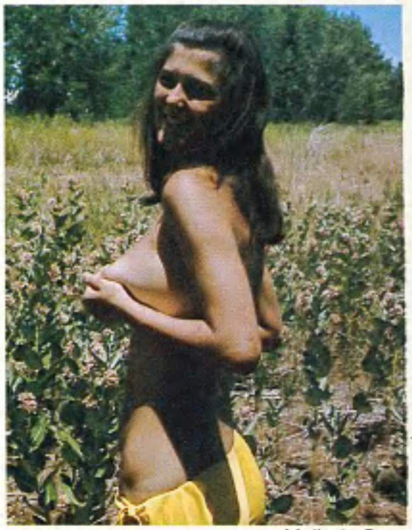
Jikki Berry

Darlene Packham



Cathy

Robin Red Breast



Malinda Gays

Debbie Walters

Linda Aasen

Monika Paulus

Melody Dufrenne

*Here she is, folks—Dawn Summers, the ninth winner in the* **Easyriders** *Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Cheri Wilson, Bonnie Saunders, and Donna Bennett.*

Lori Sanders

Lisa Hoffman

# GIGANTIC DAVE MANN POSTERS!

***Some are 2′ x 3′ and others are $1^1/_2$′ x $2^1/_2$′!***

## The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock!

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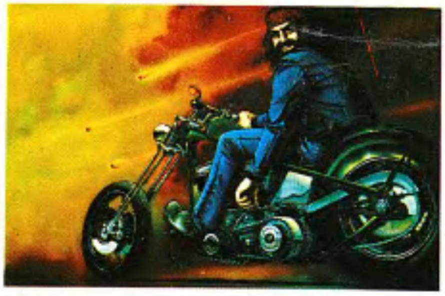


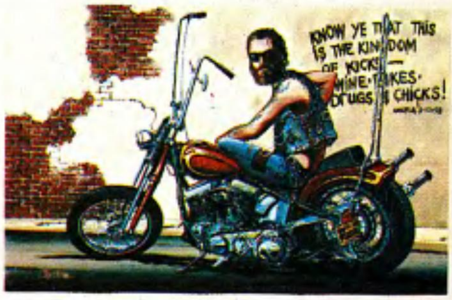
**M-10** "Starburst"

**M-9** "Hollyweed"

**M-7** "Run Heat"

**M-1** "In The Wind On Friday Night"

**M-2** "Freedom of the Road"



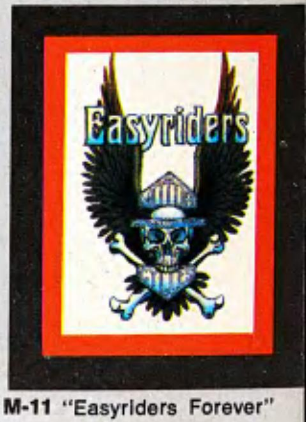
**M-6** "Apehanger Days"

**M-5** "Ride Hard Die Fast"

**M-4** "One for the Road"

**M-12** "Country Style"

**M-8** "Comin' at Ya"




**M-11** "Easyriders Forever"

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## Monday Momma

—Continued from page 89

the tip of his tongue had tumbled on the floor, he stooped quickly and slapped the worn wood. "How about a roach?" he asked.

"Ain't no roaches in this bar!" wailed the bartender.

"Give her here," said Mudpie, noting in passing that it was "all squashed." He lifted it with fingertip and thumb, smiled as he faced it and dropped it on his tongue, rolling the brown bug into his open disposal and crushing it. We winced. "Mmm," he sighed, Pole Skinner nodding. He gulped it down to a chorus of gags.

"Not bad, vegetable," the prez told him, "not bad at all. But I'm sure that the Space Monster calls that an hors d'oeuvre."

Hors d'oeuvre shit! I expected that nasty mother to start with something like a tomato beer. Hardly the time to start retching. I was looking around for another cockroach and ignored Pole Skinner's jackass giggle.

"Give me a carp," I demanded, "one of those carp you brought in."

"What's with a carp?" he squealed, weighing a lighter catch in his mind and already feeling the loss. "Lots of people eat carp."

"Hand one over!"

An old man in a tan cap unwrapped pole's catch and tossed one up to the table.

"Hell, lots of people eat carp," Pole whined, looking around for a little agreement.

"Maybe he's gonna eat it raw," the Mouth answered.

"Shit. Japs eat raw fish for dinner all the time," one of the machinists countered. "Big deal!"

I unsheathed and opened my Buck. The Prez growled, "This better be good."

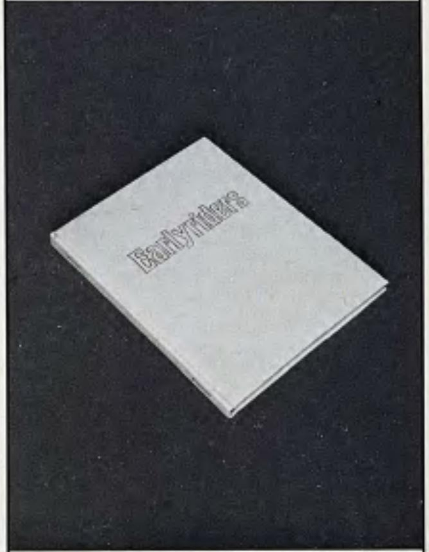
I jabbed the blade into the fish's skull and pried the eye until it rolled onto the table. Spearing the eyeball, I lifted it to my face, announcing, "Fish eyes," drawing it off with my teeth.

"Agh!" Skinner gasped as it squished and split. "God!"

"Yeah! Yeah!" The gang cheered my swallowing act. "Gotcha, mudhead. Here, man, need a chaser?"

**"I don't care what Greggy Leggett told you—Honda doesn't have anything to do with the manufacturing of menstrual cycles."**


# Now in HARDCOVER




Check out this unbelievable collection of motorcycle memorabilia. 224 great pages, 8½ x 11 format (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, and type are perfectly reproduced). Together between hard covers for the first time — a collection of all the old-time advertisements, the old photos, the old fashions. You name it — the boots, the caps, the clubs, the postcards — they're all together in one gigantic book called *Earlyriders*. And it's now available in a new, durable, hardcover edition, so you can keep this valuable collector's item in first-rate condition. Here's a book every motorcycle freak and biking enthusiast would be delighted to own. And it's only $8.95 — the same price as the newsstand softcover edition, plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

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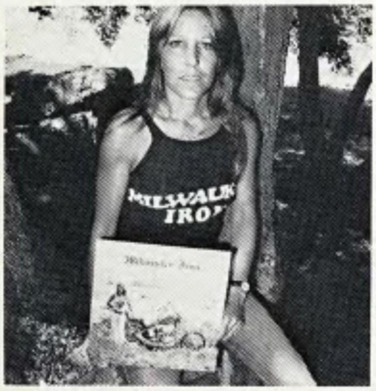



# Milwaukee Iron

It's good. No, it's **damn** good, and I like it.

During the past two years of listenin' to the FM almost constantly, keepin' up on current rock music, I haven't heard a true biker band — that is, not until I heard Milwaukee Iron. It's a first class production, put together, amazingly enough, with mighty little funds — almost no dinero, ya understand.

The album leans towards the country side of the music spectrum. Take a couple of banjos, add a mandolin, a pedal steel, bass, drums, and congos, toss in a rhythm guitar and a cabasa (whatever the fuck **that** is), and you have all the right ingredients. Check out right-on biker tunes like "Get Down Biker Music," "Turn Me Over, But Don't Turn Me Out," "Cheezy Rider," and "Shovel Man." These songs cut out the crap and tell it like it is. To give you a small sampling, here is an excerpt from "Get Down Biker Music"

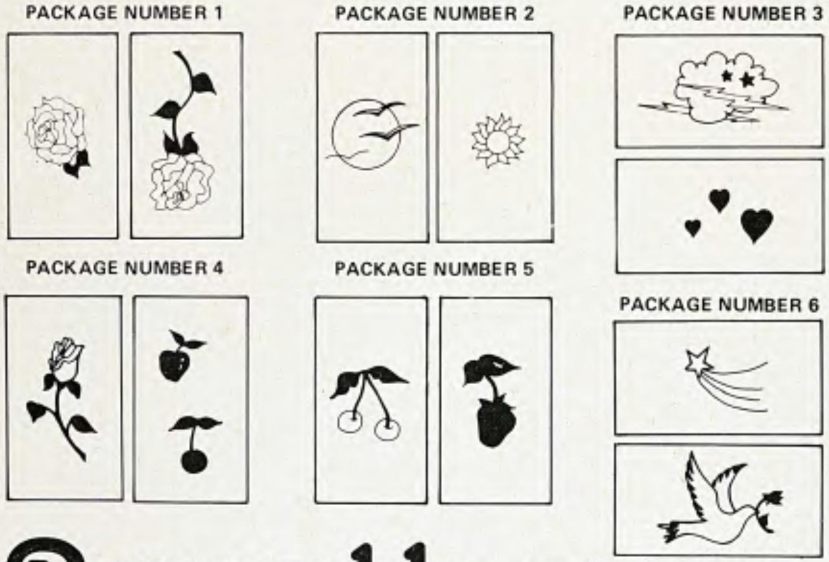
I've got that get down biker music in my soul!
I wanna write, I wanna sing about a motorcycle,
Panheads, shovelheads, knuckleheads, too!
Strictly biker music for me and you.

And it gets better as it goes on.

Because of Milwaukee Iron's lack of funds (and could it be that there is a little prejudice against a bunch of bikers?), it seems no record stores want to carry it. So they've decided to distribute the record through **Easyriders**, along with a little help from Uncle Sam's postal system (very little help, usually).

The cost for this gem is **$6.00**, plus 50c for shipping. If ya send cash or a money order, the album will go out the same day as the order comes in. Checks take about 6-8 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to David, and mail your order to: David Record Offer, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

If you're a bro in the joint and out of funds, we know what it's like. Have your librarian write us on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one copy out at no charge.

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"Wouldn't be in the spirit of the competition," I declined. But when the glass came forward I drained what I could handle. A flurry of between-round activity at the bar brought Fat Antony over with another beer.

Mudpie's turn. "Anybody can eat an animal," he declared. His eyes ran from the floor to the tables to the walls and came to rest on the wagon-wheel chandelier. He got up, shoving his way beneath it, dragging his chair.

"What the hell you doing?" asked the bartender, moving from the bar's sink toward the action.

Mudpie ignored him, setting up his chair, lifting up his huge body, and unscrewing a little flame lightbulb. Holding it much like the insect and without getting down, he crushed the glass to splinters in his mouth.

"You gonna kill yourself, boy!" a machinist warned. Bikers, cowboys, bartender — everyone — stared, waiting for him to fold, spewing blood.

Skinner stood by pleading, "Gonna slice up your pipes, Arnold," but Mudpie chewed away, grinding the glass to a mouthful of sand before stepping down and washing it away with beer. He turned the bottle label up, noting, "I could eat this, too, if I wanted." Mudpie, contented as a con with two days left on his term, sat.

I was about to be tried. "Heavy," I admitted, "but stupid."

"Mudpie got 'em jumpin', now," one machinist said to the other. "Beatin' them at their own game — eatin' shit!" Guffaws, he looked across the room and sneered, "Shiteaters."

Al McGee and Ringo moved toward him. Fat Antony was drifting to the side and behind the bunching locals when the bartender, dropping his towel, reached the Free Round Gong. "Dong!" shattered the tension, "Dong! Dong!" bursting across the bar and into the walls.

"Free drinks!" yelled Sportster Dan, and buried the bartender's, "Cool it!"

"Free drinks! Free drinks!" Cowboys and bikers alike scrambled for stools. Local history was in the making and the bar talk bobbed through the smoky overcast to the table where only the ,Prez and I remained.

"You know," he said as I prepared rat poison with razor blades in my mind, "this Mudpie is a living garbage bag. He'd eat the pants off his ol' lady for a free beer. Now, I don't mind springing for a free beer, but two hundred bills is going to dampen spirits some — like the spirits we guzzle at the next blast. On the other hand, four hundred bucks," his mirror lenses twinkled, "would, you know, Spacey, show that you have our faith. Shall we add that you don't chicken?"

A chicken strutted through my brain's rat poison stew. "Got it," I muttered. (Got it?) "Hey, I got it!" I laughed. "Antony, bring a couple

beers. Let's just say," I pointed out, "that I'm very much here."

When Antony lumbered over with the beers, I laid another errand on him, whispering what I needed. He paid the bar and left.

He was kicking his old knucklehead outside as the gourmets returned to their positions around the table. Sportster Dan still held a few at the bar with his flipping coaster tricks and the machinists settled into a Friday night corner of their own. Friday night talk until one of the locals asked, "When you gonna move, boy?"

"Waiting for a special delivery."

"His buddy must be in the crapper," the man snickered.

I cleaned the Buck on the table's edge, tapped it, smoked, waited.

A bike slushed up through the gravel outside, coughed, and Fat Antony stood in the door holding a scrawny, yellow-white hen by the feet. The wind had beaten its feathers in rings, rows, and patches. It screeched, twisting and pulling at Antony's scraped, punctured hand. He carried it to the table and slapped it down hard. It lay heaving, humping, glass-eyed from the blow. "Here she is."

Mudpie squeezed toward the table as I was pinning the hen's legs and neck. "Anybody can eat a chicken!" he protested.

"Live?"

I chomped the chicken's neck. It screamed, snapped to life as if stabbed with a cattle prod. Hot blood gushed over my beard. Deeper! A chunk ripped open! Panic spasms snapped through the bird's body. It thrashed, splashing a black puddle that flowed over the table's edge onto my lap. I lunged in, tore a hole in the hen's back as its beak raked across my wrist. Pole retched, threw back his chair and dashed for the men's room door. The hen gathered her burning nerves and reared, finally bucking free. I bit. Crack! The hen twitched. Again. Then it slumped to the table.

I looked up. The locals were looking to one another, staring at the feathers (red, wet, blood-stuck to the hanging flesh), while some stared at the floor and the dark blood. Mudpie's eyes still sucked in the chicken's terror

**"I don't give head on the first date."**

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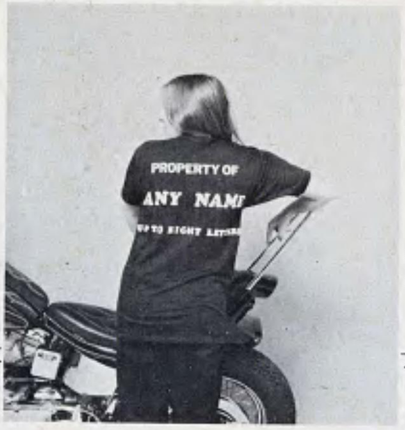


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as the event seeped into his brain.

"Fucking great, Space," said Al McGee.

"You did it, man," Mouth added.

Mudpie blinked. He put his swizzle stick back in his mouth. The bartender tossed an old towel ("Mop that shit up") as Mudpie rose. "I'm gonna fix you now," he murmured. He turned for the door. "I'm gonna fix him. You just wait."

He disappeared for a minute, — then he banged open the door and stood in the entrance. "Now I'm gonna show ya!"

He glared the crowd clear as he stalked to the table, his fat fist tight around something he carried to right up under my face and uncurled his fingers to reveal soft, brown . . .

"Dogshit!"

"Yeah, dogshit," he confirmed, squashing it in his hand, re-opening his fist to reveal himself smeared with thick shit wrist to fingertips. He licked a furrow through his palm and teasingly sucked in his tongue.

Already, Pole Skinner heaved an echo from the toilet bowl. A hot flash caught my stomach, bringing raw chicken to my throat. Mudpie swallowed. Another rasping discharge beat through the men's room door. No standing in line; change on the bar with no one to claim it. Al McGee closed the door behind Sportster Dan.

Mudpie picked up the bloodstained rag to wipe his lips and hand. "Hate to waste," he chuckled. His tongue polished his teeth and the rag, his fingers.

The president's reflecto shades flashed. They passed to me — pale, washed out, washed up, blood gone to flush out the dogshit gumming my brain. "Your move, hotshot," was all he could get out.

"I need another beer. Give me a minute, man. I gotta think," and all I could think of was dogshit. The beer washed cold down my throat, clearing some mess, real or imagined, into some corner of me that would never come clean.

The fat bastard across the table poked his mouth with a fresh stirrer. "I gotta piss," he said.

"Listen," I begged the Prez, "I gotta get something. Give me half an hour."

"You got an appointment right here, Spaceman — right now."

"Just give me half an hour, forty-five minutes at most."

"You ain't gonna be far enough away in half an hour," the Prez explained. "You better be back."

I pleaded, "With bells on, man, with bells."

"Time starts now," he said, checking the clock at the end of the bar. He told the crowd, "We're gonna take a little half-hour break, here. I know all you gentlemen can use it."

I hit town rolling and pushed until I saw the orange and blue, all-night drug light, running hard right to the curb.

In and out — ninety-eight cents of glory in a brown paper bag and rolling again. I shoved the bag in my leathers and aimed for the quick-stop grocery before it closed.

The lights burned but the door was locked. A bit of banging ("I'll bust this fucking door down with you under it!") brought the jerk to open up. I rushed by to the cheese — cheddar . . . Amer ican . . . dig it! Limburger! "Pay ya later," I spat, leaving him scream ing and wheezing in exhaust.

Ripping off the cheese wrapper (really rolling now), I let the paper snap away and pushed the bar, whole, into my mouth, squeezed, squashed, roling it on my tongue, winding my pan wide open until I was sliding in the gravel around the Elmo.

I shut her down and spit the cheese into the weeds by the wall (something for the rats to dance on). At the door, I pulled the bag from my jacket, emptied it, crumpled the bag, and threw it by the cheese. I had all my cards in my hand now — this was it! The hair! I'd almost forgotten the hair!

I pulled a hair from my beard and worked it in like dental floss between my front teeth. Perfect! maybe another. Three! Great!

A final, big chug of night air and I threw the door wide. The machinists turned, the gang looked up. Everyone's eyes strolled with me into the light and across the floor. A few feet from the table, I stopped. Mudpie watched, blankly sucking on his swizzle stick. I moved up close, real close, our faces inches apart. My reeking breath turned his nose. My mouth opened to a wide grin of kinky, black hair. From my jacket I whipped a pair of white cotton undies and pulled them down on my head, **Monday** was stitched in blue, in front, upside down. "Your move," I blew in his face. "But I think I gotcha." ■

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**Style 301:** White T-shirt w/green grass leaf. Sizes: 2 yrs., 4 yrs., 6 yrs.

**Style 401:** White tank top w/green grass leaf. Sizes: 2 yrs., 3 yrs., 4 yrs.

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## Ho, Ho, Ho!

—Continued from page 30

me in—an' maybe they'll do it before New Year's so we can go with 'em on the run down to Mexico."

Early the next morning, Sherry left for the cafe where she worked as a waitress, but she stopped along the way and made a phone call to the president of the Skull Dusters, the club for which Bob had been prospecting for so many months. Although she felt mildly guilty about her unauthorized action, she wanted to carry out a plan that would make Badass Bob the happiest man in the world on Christmas morning—and that day was less than a week away.

"You stupid bitch," barked Stink, the president of the Skull Dusters, after his ol' lady awakened him to come to the phone, "what the fuck you doin', wakin' me up this early?"

"Listen, Stink," Sherry explained, "I know this seems kinda dumb, but I need a favor. Bob is going to come down to the clubhouse later today to show you something. I won't tell you what it is because I don't want to take that pleasure away from him. I know you don't like chicks interfering, but Bob has been so good to me, and you guys all seem to like him real well, and I want to do something special for him on Christmas."

"Shoot," Stink said, yawning.

"If," Sherry said, "just if you decide, after today, to vote him into the club, don't tell him right away. Tell me instead, and let me have his patch to put on the Christmas tree so he'll be happy on Christmas morning."

"Listen, bitch," Stink growled, "Bob's a good dude, all right, an' we decided a long time ago he's club material. But we ain't havin' no fuckin' ricegrinder riders in our club."

"I said *if*, Stink. Will you please listen to reason just this once? Wait until later—after today—and I'll call you again."

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "okay, but don't go callin' me before noon, goddammit!" He slammed down the phone, and Sherry, with a smile on her face that lasted all morning, went on to work.

* * *

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the front door of the clubhouse to see who was coming.

"Holy shit!" he shouted, straightening up from his crouched position and beckoning to those inside the clubhouse. "Come an' look what's pullin' up in front. Wow!" Everyone hurried to the door, and soon half a dozen bikers, all holding bottles or cans of beer in one hand, flocked outside to stand in amazed admiration as Badass Bob backed his new scoot against the curb. He dismounted regally—like a knight getting off his silver-mounted charger—and then stood proudly nearby as admiring hands touched and envious eyes gazed.

There were no words of criticism for the bike. Its beauty and excellence of construction precluded any. The members were dazzled by the machine's beauty and perfection. Although he really didn't want to do it, Bob asked Stink to take the bike for a short ride, to "check it out." The offer, quite obviously, sealed for Badass Bob a place in the membership of the club. When Stink returned from a round-the-block putt and backed the bike against the curb, the look on his face was one of almost religious adoration. He got off, took one last, covetous look, and said gruffly, "C'mon, fuckhead. Let's have a brew."

* * *

"Did you buy me a present?" Sherry asked on Christmas Eve as she and Bob sat on the overstuffed pillows that served as their living room furniture. The Christmas tree

"But Father, do you think four Hail Marys will cover three acts of sodomy and a gang bang?"


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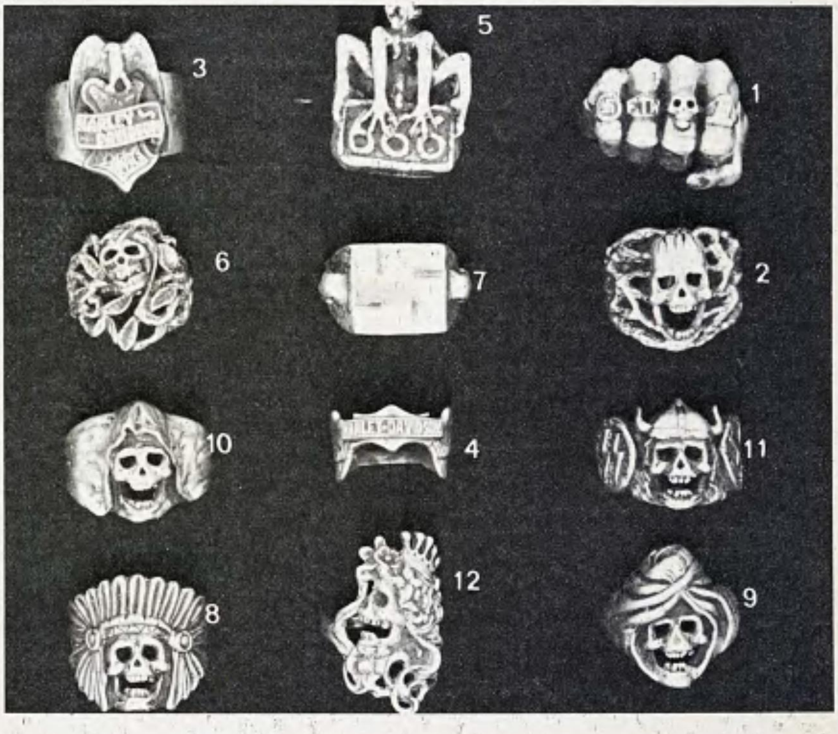

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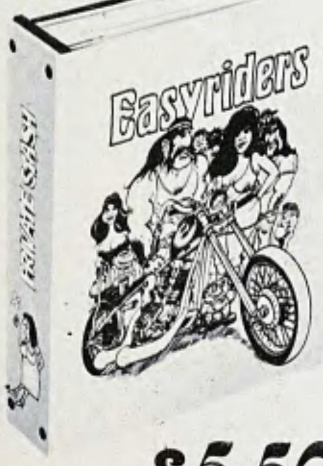


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by the window cast multicolored lights about the room, and the scent of pine filled the air. "Or do I have to rely on Santa Claus to fill my stocking?"

"Santa Claus my ass," Badass Bob answered, giving her a playful swat. "There ain't no Santa Claus but me, an' *our* present is locked up in the garage. When I was nine years old, my old man told me he strangled Santa Claus. And since then the only Santa Claus around has been yours truly."

"Then I guess we'll just have to get up in the morning and go for a little ride," Sherry sighed. But the smile that wreathed her face clearly indicated that she was happy because of the new bike.

Before coming home from work that day, she had stopped by Stink's house, where the prez had solemnly given her a small package. It cantained a brand-new club patch, to be sewn on the new cutoff Sherry had been lovingly working on for a week. The new cutoff already carried Badass Bob's name and a variety of small patches of a secret nature, denoting activities he had participated in successfully while prospecting.

"Don't let him put the cutoff on," Stink had warned. "We don't do it this way, you know. Things has gotta be done right. If it was anybody but Badass Bob and you, ya fox, I wouldn't go for it. But I guess I'm just a pussy at heart. Merry Christmas. Tell Bob to drop by the clubhouse tomorrow afternoon, and we'll make it official." Sherry had to restrain herself from kissing the dude.

* * *

"I wonder when the club will vote me in," Bob said, shortly before going to bed. He had just come from outside, where he'd gone to check the lock on the garage door—after gazing admiringly at the bike and briefly caressing the tank with loving hands. "They've got a meeting scheduled for a couple of days before New Year's. Maybe they'll vote me in then. Damn! I want that patch so bad I can taste it."

"Listen," Sherry said, sliding closer to him on the pillows. "Speaking of taste . . ." They rolled around on the cushions for a while, wrestling playfully. The temptation to tell Bob now was almost more than Sherry could bear. A couple of times she had been all but overcome with happiness, and the words had been right at her lips before she'd gotten

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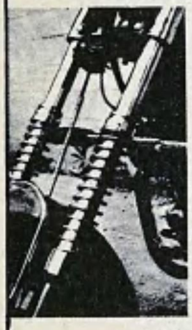

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control of herself. All evening long she had kept breaking into a wide grin, and once she'd even laughed aloud, thinking about how thrilled Bob would be on Christmas morning when he saw his long-awaited colors beneath the tree.

"Remember Pearl Harbor?" Bob said suddenly, perplexing her and interrupting her thoughts.

"Yes. Why?" Sherry answered.

"Well," he explained, "the Japs came sneakin' in an' bombed Pearl Harbor right after the military people had a big party, an' everyone was off guard, thinkin' there wasn't nothin' to worry about."

"So?"

"Well, I was just thinkin'—what if somebody wanted to rip off my scoot? Christmas Eve would be just the time to do it, 'cause we're relaxed an' happy an' everything. Maybe I oughta bring it into the house."

"It'll be all right, honey," Sherry assured him. "Let's go to bed. Every time you unlock the garage the chain rattles enough to wake anyone up. I'll leave the window open so we can hear." Reluctantly, Bob agreed with her, and they went to bed. Anyway, he thought, it was past midnight and he wanted to get an early start in the morning. Sherry was anxious for him to get to sleep too, because she wanted to get up later and put his colors beneath the tree. Before they fell asleep, Sherry said, "Now remember, sweetheart, Santa Claus is coming tonight, so sleep tight—and no peeking."

Badass Bob slept soundly, but sometime during the early morning hours he awakened suddenly. He lay flat on his back, listening intently. Something—some sound—had awakened him. It was a moonless night. Total darkness encompassed all. He reached out to awaken Sherry and found the bed empty beside

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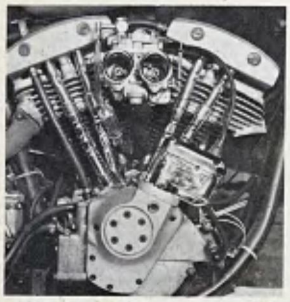

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## Knucklin' Down In Glasseye

—Continued from page 13

ting there, but someone the storyteller heard about) stumbles on an old Harley being used to hold up one end of a pig trough or something. Another typical variation has the scooter sitting in a barn since the rear tire went flat in 1946. And the conclusion of the tale always has the dude scoring the scooter, for about the price of scrap, from the feeble-minded farmer.

As the bullshit whizzed around the bar, I started thinking. What if even half of that crap had a grain of truth to it? Maybe there was a rusty old Hog somewhere waiting patiently for me. My liquid friend, Jim Beam, made it all sound even better. Finally, I settled up with old Sophie and stumbled out onto the sidewalk.

My faithful panhead was waiting at the curb, between Fast Eddie's Sportster and Skeeter's rat knuckle. The pan flashed black pearl in the glow of the streetlight and roared to life on the second kick.

The only thing wrong with this bike is that it's damn near perfect, I thought, as I popped the clutch slightly and felt the front wheel leave the ground for an instant. The engine was fresh—top and bottom—running stronger than ever. The paint and chrome had been redone last winter—while I was on unemployment, no less. The beast was as good as it was ever going to get, so the prospect of finding a slightly rusted knuckle or flathead and paying peanuts for it was really tempting—even if it did mean driving to the edge of the ozone to find it.

The next morning I weaseled a two-week vacation from the sweatshop by faking a back injury. A quick trip to the doc, complete with the appropriate groans, and I was free—with pay! I putted straight to Sophie's and spread out my road map of the Midwest on the greasy bar. Glasseye, Nebraska, looked pretty good. It would be only two days' drive, and it seemed to be in the vicinity of a lot of those "legendary discoveries." Sure, I naively reasoned, the countryside would be overpopulated with smiling hayseed idiots and their dusty Harleys. It looked really simple on the map—really simple. But before you start

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him. And then the sound came again.

From outside, coming through the open window beside the Christmas tree, he heard a jingling, rattling noise, followed by what sounded like heavy footsteps. Not wanting to alarm whoever it might be, he slipped quietly out of bed, not calling for Sherry lest the intruder, or thieves, hear the sound of his voice. He fumbled in the darkness and found his pump shotgun in the corner of the room. Flicking off the safety, he crept into the living room.

Someone was outside, all right. The sound came again, and the occasional dim light from cars passing on the nearby streets briefly outlined a shape. The vaguely defined figure was either coming through the window or it was beside the tree. Bob couldn't decide which, but he knew what to do.

With a wild bellow, he raised the shotgun and fired, and in the bright flash of the shotgun blast, a shape hurtled out through the open window. Feet thudded on the earth outside; there was a shout and the sound of wood and iron moving. Rushing to the window, Bob tripped over a box on the floor. Just before his head struck the window sill, knocking him unconscious, he fired another round into the darkness, toward the garage.

* * *

A searing pain penetrated Badass Bob's skull. It was accompanied by the brilliant light of the morning sun shining through the open window, and he heard a distant sobbing. Painfully, he forced his eyes open.

Sherry's face was above him, his head cradled in her lap. She was weeping uncontrollably, holding a cold cloth to the large lump, surmounted by a gash, that now dominated his forehead.

Struggling to rise, the first sight he saw was a cutoff, bearing the emblem of the Skull Dusters M.C., lying half out of a torn package on the floor beside the Christmas tree. He lurched to the window, resting his hands on the sill, and looked toward the garage.

The door was intact, the lock and chain still in place. But before he could breathe a sigh of relief, something else caught his eye.

Clinging to a rusty nail on the window sill was a fragment of red cloth. Outside, lying on the lawn, lay a red and white tassled hat, and beside that a large, and very dead, reindeer.


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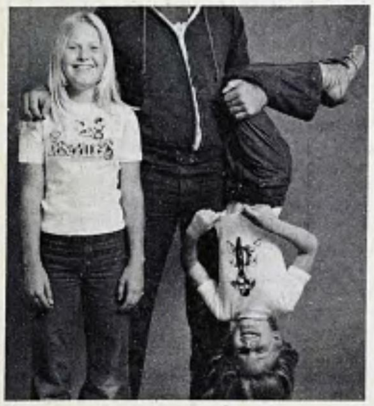

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clutching your "injured" back and packing your bags, let me finish.

Fast Eddie graciously lent me his '53 Chevy pickup, and I didn't even have to break his arm. It ran like a watch, except for a slight thirst for forty-weight, and lifters that chattered like grandma's false teeth. I tossed my crusty sleeping bag in the back and waved goodbye (with one finger) to sniveling Eddie.

Thanks to a handful of small white pills and several gallons of truckstop coffee, the trip was uneventful, even boring. From scenic Glasseye I followed a series of dead leads that finally left me in a funky little roadhouse—the Dew Drop Inn, or something clever like that.

Thursday night in the middle of nowhere. It was one of those class joints with a jukebox full of scratchy Lawrence Welk records and a TV over the bar tuned to reruns of "The Real McCoys." The Christmas lights hanging around the room added to the decor, especially since it was August. The other lights were dimmed, but I knew it wasn't for romantic effect. The owner must have known that a good look at the place would sober up anyone.

It was probably the only bar for fifty miles in any direction, however, so I wasn't real choosy. I nursed a watery beer and stared at my trusty map while the local humanoids grunted happily and tossed down shots of fermented mule drippings at the opposite end of the bar.

Gradually, my fit of self-pity subsided and I noticed a pair of long, slim legs dangling from the stool next to mine. As my eyes traveled upwards, I realized that the legs were connected very nicely to a sweet little blonde who was smiling demurely in my direction. Things were looking up.

"Is that your truck with the California plates in the parking lot? I mean, is that where you're from?"

Easyriders

**"I can remember when you were only this high."**


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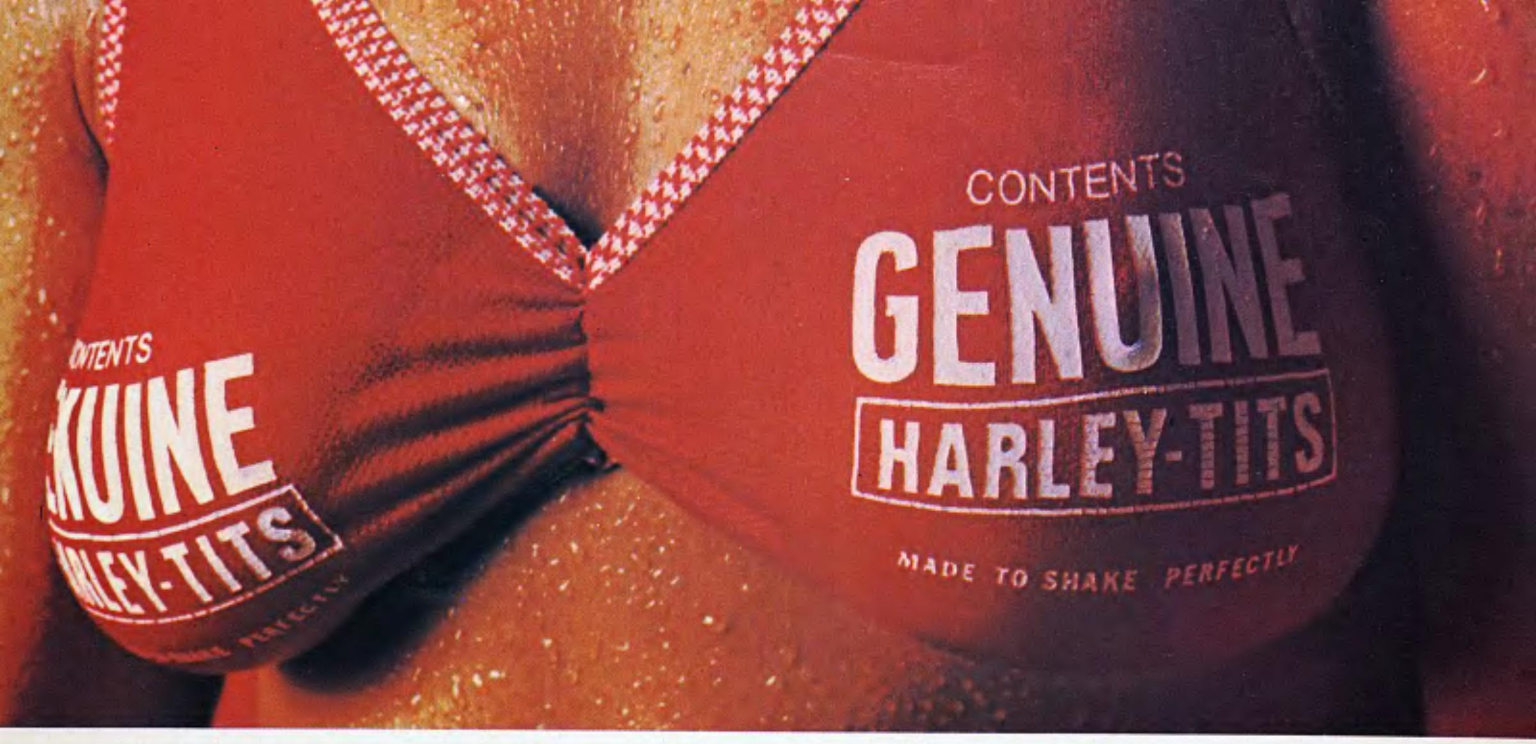


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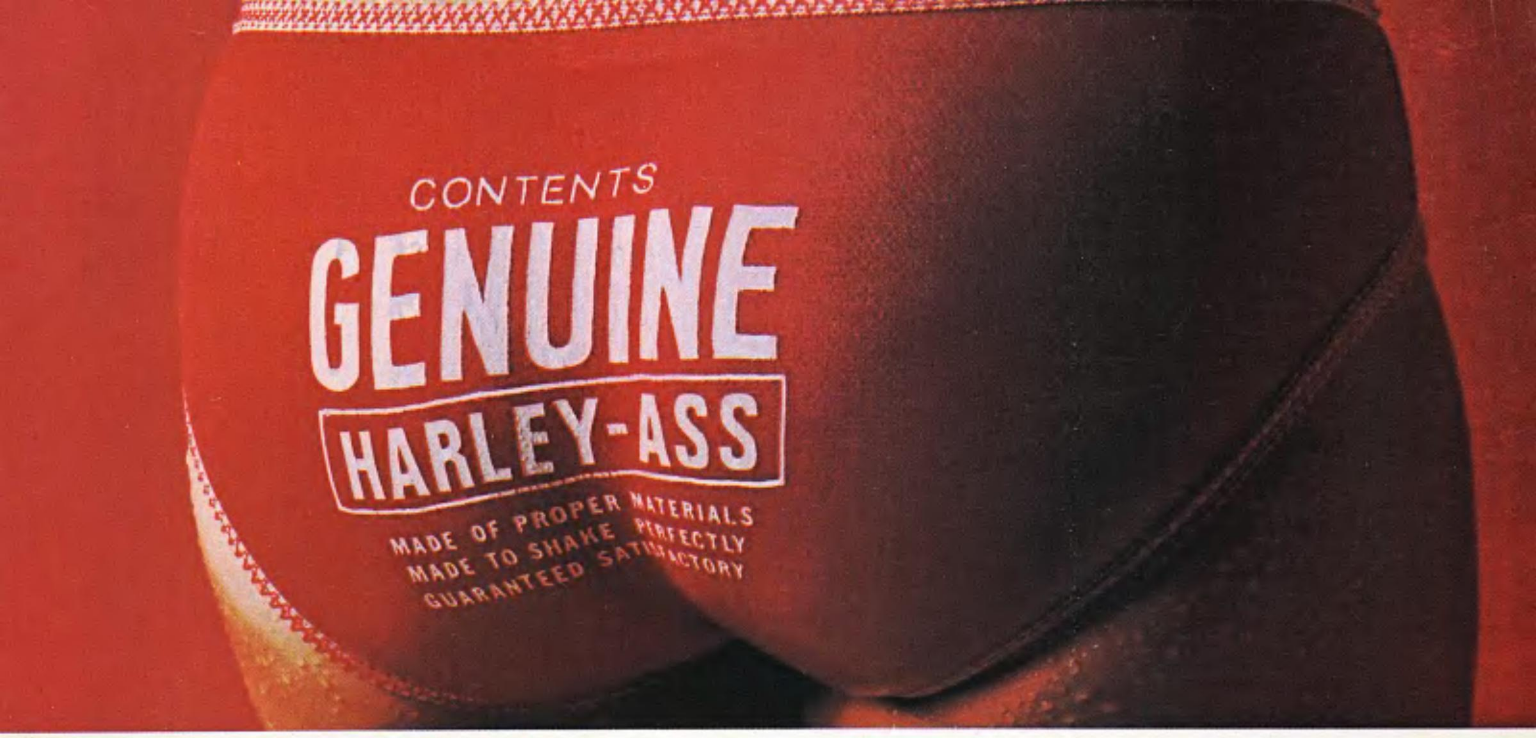


# Stuff!

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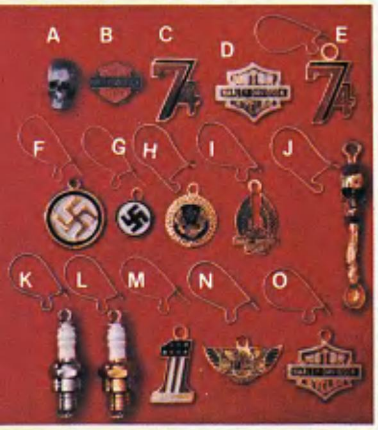


**Earrings.** Stick something mellow in yer ear. Specify A) thru O). $5 set.

**Necklaces.** Class stocking stuffers. Gold or silver, with chain. $4 each.

**Heavy Cast Buckles.** If you've got any class, you'll put one of these on the other side of your ass. Fits all leather belts to 1-¾''. Specify A) thru H), gold or silver. $10 each.

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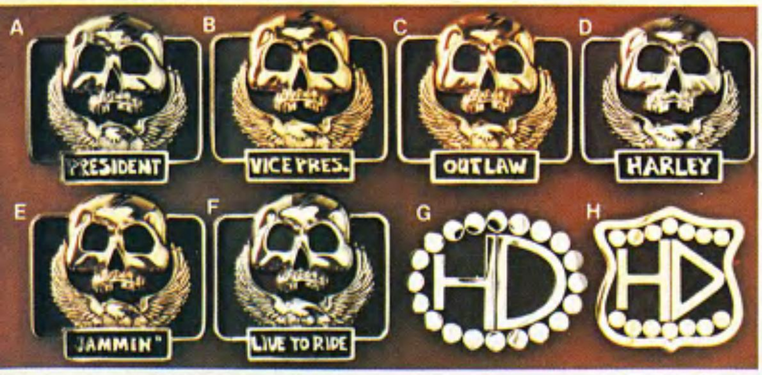


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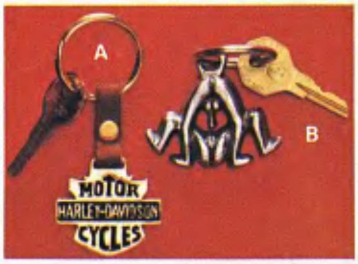


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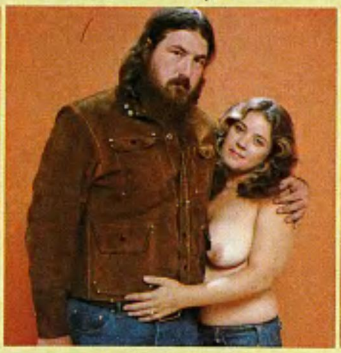

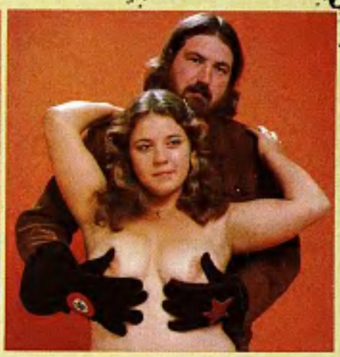

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the little darling asked, innocently.

"Sure is," was all I could manage in the way of a reply. It was damn hard making suave conversation with my tongue hanging out.

"Wow, heavy. But why are you hanging out in a dump like this?" she asked.

Now I am not a premeditating liar, so when my reply came out, I was as amazed and impressed as she was.

"Well, actually," I whispered confidentially, "I'm the lead guitarist for the Screaming Meemies. And after our concert tour ended in Chicago, I thought I'd drive back to the coast instead of flying. Private jets get so boring, you know?"

"Wow, heavy. I bet they do," she said, her eyes getting bigger and bigger.

"Sure wish there was someplace around here to crash for the night," I sighed, trying to look tired.

"Wow, heavy. You could sleep in my father's barn if you're real quiet," she whispered, taking the bait perfectly. "The Screaming Meemies, huh? Wow, heavy."

It had already turned into one of those old traveling salesman jokes as the "farmer's daughter" and I drove down endless dirt roads in the darkness. Finally crossing some railroad tracks, we stopped a short distance from a small farm.

Cautiously, we tiptoed into the musty barn, and I expertly slipped one hand under her T-shirt as I pulled her to me.

"Wow, heavy," she sighed excitedly. "The Screaming Meemies."

My boot bumped something covered in canvas just as I was about to lower the little sweetie down onto my sleeping bag. I glanced down and even in the dim moonlight rec-

**"Your problem is simple Mr. Wutzsok. I suggest you take a little wild honey at bedtime —and pay her whatever she asks."**

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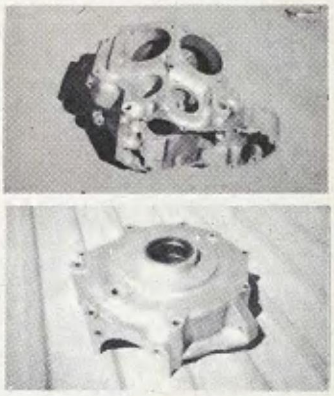
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ognized a familiar shape. Momentarily losing interest in my hot little groupie, I raised the canvas enough to confirm my excited suspicion—it was a stone stock knucklehead!

As my eyes adjusted better to the darkness, I pulled back the cover and discovered not just one, but an entire *row* of knuckles! I did a quick count—thirty-six of them! Good lord, I'd died and gone to heaven.

Trying my best to seem casual, I whispered, "Where in hell did those come from?" Actually, it was hard not to start screaming and dancing around, kissing each olive-drab fatbob gas tank. All those stories had been true!

"Wow, heavy," she gasped fearfully, "nobody's supposed to know about those." Gradually, I pried the story out of her. Years before she had been born, there had been a bad train wreck nearby, involving the Central Pacific and several Guernsey cows. Since the cows had belonged to her father, the sly rascal had decided that a boxcar full of brand-new motorcycles was reasonable payment for old Bossie and her flattened sisters. And because the Harleys were government property, he had stashed them in the barn, telling no one. What the old boy planned to do with the bikes was a mystery. They were obviously nothing more than dusty old junk to her—not nearly as exciting as the Screaming Meemies.

I was nervously fumbling for my flashlight when she screamed, "No, Daddy, please!" I felt something very hard crash into the back of my skull, and I went down hard.

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* $1.00 For Catalog *

ANTIQUE CYCLE SUPPLY
Box 500, Sparta, Mi. 49345

"KNUCKS"

"Man's Best Friend!"

$6.00 each 3/$15.00

Sold as a novelty only

Void where prohibited by law

***Atlantic Novelty Co.***

P. O. Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412

# Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; $1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. *Easyriders* box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to *Easyriders*, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

**Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.**

All handmade brass buckle. Something I designed and make in my garage. People around here dig the hell out of them, so I'm offering them for ten bucks. In fact, my ol' lady was wearing one when she posed for the current T-shirt ad. Each one is different. If you send a flick of your bike, I'll try to stylize your buckle. Send cash or money orders only, made out to Weed's Ol' Lady, Melanie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (74)

A monster-sized Harley orange beach/blanket towel (72"x45") with black Harley wings, only $18.50, plus $1.25 shipping. Matching companion orange bath towel (24"x48") with black Harley wings on both ends, only $11, plus $1 shipping. Black vinyl riding visor cap with orange Harley wings, one size fits all, only $5.50. Graduate with class: Harley University T-shirt, gray with black rims, with orange Harley University crest, only $7, plus 50¢ shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only $10, plus 75¢ shipping. Specify s,m,l,xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's stash fund. No C.O.D.'s. Checks require 4-6 weeks. M.O. shipped fast. Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Dealers inquiries invited. (70)

English bikers urgently require contacts in U.S.A. for help with information, purchases, exchanges, etc. Will give same in return. Wanted also to correspond with chicks. Dave, 60 Spring St., Accrington, Lancashire, England. (67)

Acreage for sale by owner: 10 acres of open farmland, Canton, New York (St. Lawrence County). Paved road frontage. Telephone and electricity. Surveyed. Warranty deed. $4100 for all 10 acres. Taxes, $25 yearly. $600 down payment, balance at $71.81 monthly, 5 years. Call (203) 384-9932 or write Owner, P.O. Box 604, Stratford, Conn. 06497. (67)

Rubbing your ass off polishing bike parts? Buff your chrome and metal parts to show-quality brilliance. Send for catalog on buffs, compounds, and equipment with easy instructions. $1, refundable. Eastwood, Box 95R, Paoli, Pa. 19301. (67)

Kurt Rudolph Schultz: Hey, creep. The South, Uncle Sugar, and being alone really sucks! Got my walking papers—ya shoulda waited for me. Headed for Denver—Nov., Dec. Want to spend time with you! Please write asap. Need and love you, babe! Miss ya. Kathleen and Mum. (67)

Joey: Keep on counting. Dec. 7 isn't so far away. Love, Bren.

Learn tattooing by attending The International School of Tattooing. The first and only school of its kind in the world. Write Neptune, Box 252 Dyker Heights Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11228. (67)

Debbie Meadows: Please contact Richard Hendrix #C-020941 in Florida State Prison. (67)

Ronnie: Happy 30th Birthday, babe. Love you always, Theresa. (67)

New parts at unbelievable prices. Write us now. We'll save you money. Iron Horse, 1905 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609. (67)

Be legally ordained. Perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church. Worship your own way, tax-free. Send $10 donation to Rev. Robert T. Dunn, First United Biker's Church, 14651 Carfax #D, Tustin, Calif. 92680. (69)

Fantastic stickers for your scoot, car, truck, ol' lady's ass, or whatever: "Warning: If You Value Your Own Life As Much As I Value This Harley, Don't Fuck With It"; "Ass, Gas Or Grass—Nobody Rides For Free"; Harley-Davidson Wings; "Protected By M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)" and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. I-69." 50¢ for each sticker or all five for only $2. Send cash only and include self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, California 91302. (71)

Rust, paint, grime removed from all your old parts. Gas tanks, fenders, engine parts—anything you can ship, we can clean. We also bead blast—fast service. Iron Horse, 1905 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609. (67)

Happy Fuckin' New Year to all my bros everywhere, but especially to those on Diego Garcia. Potts. (67)

Join MMA: Family plan for $15, or become an Active Member for $10. Send your name and address to Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145. (69)

Rebuilding? Restoring? Souping? Chopping? You must have this book! Parts interchangeability and soup-up instructions for all V-twin Harleys, 1936 to 1976. Pan jugs on knuckle, Kawasaki Killers, Super Sportster, much more. Refund if not delighted. $7.95 postpaid. What Fits What, Box 785A, Ormond Beach, Fla. 32074. (67)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, toolboxes, much more. Price list, $2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor Street, Brentwood, Md. 20722, (301) 699-1849. (72)

"Merry Christmas and a Happy Ridin' Year": Shark's tooth earring, the kinda class you want and need. Just 4 bucks each. Shark's tooth pin, 1¼ inches long—has a lotta style for $4.50. Last, but not least, shark's jaw pin that's three inches of absolute sheer fuckin' class, for just 5 bucks apiece. Teeth and jaws are genuine shark and are powerful enough to stop a fuckin' train. It's the kinda class we all like to wear. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Order them now. Send cash or money order to Profilian, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Nazi SS I.D. Cards, one buck each—includes righteous Nazi catalog. Deathdream, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

Wanted: Nude photos and letters from chicks, soaked in pussy juice for contest. First place wins a letter from me. Send entries to Thomas, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

The Anarchist Cookbook, $8.75. Secrets of Modern Knife Fighting, $10.95. Basic Manual of Knife Fighting, $4.40. CIA Explosives for Sabotage, $7.65. Catalog, $1. Survival Books, Dept. E, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (67)

New. Get your "She Eats Me" T-shirt with hand pointing to your right side. Send size (s,m,l,xl), color (black, white, orange, green), and $7.50 to Greyhound, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (70)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (67)

Gail, of Canton, Ohio: Thanks for making my life complete. You're one fine ol' lady. Love you forever. Your ol' man, Hippie. (67)

Gas: Known you two years and soon we will be livin' free and lovin' a lot. Always your ol' lady, The Dee, Cal. (67)

Valerie and Greg: Please contact me asap. I need my shit off the bus. Vickie, 1741 Wright St. #22, Sacramento, Calif. 95825. (67)

Anyone involved in a recent motorcycle accident contact Greyhound, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (70)

Deborah Terry: Please come home, we love you and miss you. Bob and Shawn. (67)

Happy Birthday, Tom (12-1-51). You're one hell of a man and a great father. Love you, Angel, Tommy and Bambi. (67)

Larry-West, "Leprechaun": Happy first. Thank you for loving me; let's stay together forever. All my love always. Your bitchin' ass ol' lady, Patricia May. (67)

Easyriders T-shirt iron-ons: Daytona, Bowling Green, Sturgis, Easyriders Swap Meet. Whether you were there or not, now is your chance to have any one of these four great iron-ons. Each one buck or all four for $3.50. David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

German war goodies and biker paraphernalia. Catalog $1, refundable with first order. G&H Enterprises, 309 Lawton St., Mason, Mich. 48854. (68)

**The Lazy Nickels. We are into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magick. For information, send $2 to BGDP, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039.** (74)

Make speed from common organic solvents. No more hassles getting P2P. Send $10 for sequence of reactions to Schwartz Consulting Co., P.O. Box 278, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. (67)

Shane: Remember your surprise? Forget it! The Rock. (67)

Girls: The members of the Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood need someone to write. Send your name and address and it will be forwarded to a member in a prison in your area. Write to Mark F. Ponsalle #81351, Unit 3-6/8 Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. (67)

Unusual books: weapons, crime, self-defense, police manuals, money-making opportunities, living free—all kindsa good shit! Hundreds of titles! Unique catalog, $1. Loompanics, Box 264A, Mason, Michigan 48854. (67)

Canadian bikers: expert engine and transmission rebuilding for Harley-Davidsons. Performance work, head porting, flow bench work, stroker and big-inch engines our specialty. Wheel building, plus a full line of Harley, custom, and performance parts. Send 50¢ for price sheet. Harley-Davidson of Winnipeg, 510 Corydon Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3L 0P1. (204) 475-7055. (67)

Joe: Are you okay? Changed your mind? Call Lethbridge 328-0982 collect to let me know—please. Pookie-Brat. (67)

Harleys—Best Deals, 250,000 parts inventory. Sons Harley-Davidson, 815 Copley Road, Akron, Ohio 44320, (216) 535-1535. (68)

Free details on becoming a motorcycle mechanic. Box 3244E, Reading, Pa. 19604. (71)

Renata: I love you, and I always will. Thank you for everything you are doing for me. Wim. (67)

Mamas and ol' ladies can knock 'em cold with Phaser Cylinder. Instant Kung-Fu. Defend against assault. Legal everywhere, no moving parts. $10. Phased Cylinder, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

Kurt R.S.: Miss and love you, babe. Please come home or write. I need you! Kathleen. (67)

Photos of tattooed women: 20 $5, 300 different designs, $18. Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals, etc. Illustrated literature, $1. Steele, Box 242-EW, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (67)

Wanted: Sincere one-man biker fox. Ready to love, ride, travel, live in mountains. Send scribes and photos to R. L., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

German Motorcycles of WW2—8x10, highest quality paperback. Ya get 52 pages jammed with action photos, detailed color illustrations, diagrams, and technical info on all the motorcycles, sidecars, equipment, and markings of the Nazi army, plus a closeup look at the weird "Kettenkrad" motorcycle half-track. This is one ya gotta get! Only $4.95 ppd. from Deathdream, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Azoobides Instant Hashmaker! A Xmas gift they'll never forget—$12 prepaid. Bleak Enterprises, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (67)

Age 29 and in need of heart-warmin' ol' lady 18-20. You must be one-man woman, slim, intelligent. Send pic. G.C., Box 843, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. (67)

East Coast bro, down with five years, wants together lady. I can be out within a year and don't care if you're short or tall or even if you have a kid. Just be for real. Will answer any and all. Please send letter and photo to Larry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

# Choppershopper

Here's a chance to show people where your heart's really at. Club mirrors are available to those who wish them. Address all inquiries to Von Himmler, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (70)

Need mail from ladies who have good heads. Donald Morgan #38103, Box B, Florence, Arizona 85232. (67)

Guaranteed state photo identification card. (Polaroid process.) Full color, sharp-looking. Plus 3 free novelty gifts (birth record, social security, fake driver's license). Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush $7 (3/$14). J. Chevron, Box 1033-EZ-19, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (67)

Kurt R.S.: I have ya check. Miss and still loving you much. Please write soon. My love always, Kathleen. (67)

I'm 37 and alone in life. I'll be released from the penitentiary July 4th and need a sincere, loyal, attractive ol' lady. Write if you are looking for the same in an ol' man. Montana Jaffe #C70213, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995. (68)

Bear, Austin: Happy Birthday (11-23). No matter how far apart, will always love you. Hutches. (67)

Polack, Portland: My pan's up, fucker. Call collect (413) 245-3680. Mark. (67)

Giant Assortment. Broadminded books, nudie playing cards, wild cartoon booklets, girlie magazines. $10. Artist, 508-ED South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (67)

Harley parts, '20s to present, all models. Send list of needs and self-addressed, stamped envelope for prices. Parts, Box 6444, West Palm Beach, Florida 33405. (67)

Canadian man would like to marry an American girl, claim American citizenship, and get a divorce in rapid succession. For this I can give you a couple of acres of Canadian land and dual citizenship (Canadian and American). Gypsey Dan, P.O. Box 340, Oromocto, N.B., Canada E2U 2H9. (67)

Anyone interested in forming a club in central Jersey call (201) 526-3324 after midnight. (67)

To one special man—Handy: Suck a wet one! Tipples. (67)

Dan: We've been through a lot. Love you always, Lori. (67)

Anything with tits and splits write Willie Oyer #101144, and Dirty Dave #90899, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (68)

Biker in prison, out soon, needs lady to write for some sunshine in a dark corner. Looks unimportant —it's heart that counts. Will answer all replies. Try me. Grizzly, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines, and tattoo books. Over twenty years of reliability. New 48-page color catalog, $3. Our gear is like a chopper: it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, New York 12186. (70)

Bambi and Jeff: In prison in Florida. Call collect for address (215) 395-3471. Grub. (67)

D.C.: We'll make it through this down time. Keep cool. I'll wait forever if necessary. Always your lady, Lynn. (67)

Street fighters. Men into aggression and violence in bars, etc. Writer wants to know more about you. Possible small payment. Write Dave Hurles, Box 5927, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. (67)

Don: As long as I believe in myself, so I shall always believe in you. Thank you for being my friend. I love you. Just "Puss." (68)

Larry and Connie, Animals M.C., N.Y.: Raystown Lake, July 22, 1978—hope you're doing fine. Peg, Chico, Primo, Bobby, Janie, Sue, 220, Wild Bill, Dave, Kathy, Mary, and Curse. Jeanette, Pa. 15644. (67)

Are you tired of stumbling over these old parts you've had lying around? Contact Classic Industries—we are always interested. P.O. Box 4123, Toledo, Ohio 43609. (67)

Be legally ordained, perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax-free. Reverend Marshall, c/o Faith Gospel Church, 855 West Tenth, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410. (69)

Wanted: Two righteous biker bitches, club oriented. Must be able to relocate. Send photo and thoughts to Don and Skip, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Make your own speed—99.7% pure meth crystal. How to make hashish; make inferior pot into high-quality superweed. For formula, send $10 cash or money order to John Malcum, Box 732, Port St. Joe, Fla. 32456. (68)

Tattooing outfit, complete with two points (outliner and colorer), plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries — no electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks, or use for fun. $99, plus $3 postage. Send money order only for $102 to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (67)

Harley patches our specialty. Motorcycle patches our business. Discounts to clubs. Catalog, $1. Patchworks, 5600 Monroe Concord, West Milton, Ohio 45383. (69)

Potts: The times we had are gone but not forgotten. For sure we'll ride together again and give 'em hell! Wells. (67)

To Greek: You're one of a kind and I still love you! Your lady of the lowlands. (67)

Lookin' for a foxy ol' lady who loves Harleys. One-man woman only, to putt and party with. Willin' to relocate? Letter and photo (nudes are neat) for fast reply. Allow 4 weeks mail delay. Harley Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

Charlie Watters/S.W.P.: Saw ya in November's rag. Watch for me. Skip. (67)

Stand up and fight for a White America. Write or stop by The National Socialist Party of America, 2519 West 71st Street, Chicago, Illinois 60629..

Don: Happy 20th Birthday. I'll always love you. Your ol' lady forever, Sheila. (67)

You can make a living without ever working! Send $2 for info to C. M. Gregory, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

Customize your knife. Buck or other, as in Easyriders Oct. issue, $20 each. Any folding knife made into gravity knife. Faster than switchblade. $10 each. Only $5 if customizing included. Send money order plus knife to G. Matonick, P.O. Box 189, Riverton, New Jersey 08077. (67)

Three great stickers: "God Rides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best, Fuck The Rest"; "Born On A Mountain /Raised In A Cave/Biking and Fuckin'/Is All I Crave." Each sticker, $1 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66a, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (72)

Nazi Stormer Magazine—magazine of white revolution. Literature, booklist, $2. NSWWP, P.O. Box 1981, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Happy 24th birthday, Gerald "Sterile Junkie," 11-25-78. I have enjoyed partying with you. Debby.

Southerners: Read White Carolina, published by the National Socialist Party of America. Sample packet $1. Box 27406, Raleigh, North Carolina 27611. White Power! (68)

Pharaoh (Gordon A.): You're an uncle. Michael III, born July 26, 1978. We're in Savannah—call us. Dusty (Mike) and Wacko (Peggy). (67)

White Cleveland Harley biker, 33, 6'2", incarcerated on drug bust. Would like to hear from slim chicks any age. Send scribes to Chuck Livingston #151-491, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140. (67)

Hot, swinging broads wanting correspondence with cool studs—pictures, descriptions. $5. Artist, 508-EC South Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (67)

To the "Hog of Hogs," from your perverted Pussy Cat. (67)

Classic Industries buys, sells, and trades parts. Harley-Davidson, Indian, Excelsior. Anything is possible. Large supply new, reconditioned, obsolete parts. Discounts with exchanges. Write us now. P.O. Box 4123, Toledo, Ohio 43609. (67)

Paul (Kidd) W.: I know now. I can prove it. I love you more than ever. Please, please call me. Even if it's only to say goodbye. I can't give up trying without at least talking to you. 673-8625. Carol. (67)

Troubles and Artist: How the hell you been? Contact Kidd, P.O. Box 404, Tipp City, Ohio 45371. (67)

Rick: I'll wait 'cause I love you, babe. Love, Carol. (67)

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scoot, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with $7 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm.66a, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (75)

The Tattooists—an oversize, hardcover book featuring color and black and white photographs of the artists and their work, along with interviews and examples of tattoo designs. "I think you did very well in covering the tattooists in your book. I know a couple of them personally, but found out things about them from your book that I did not know." —Sonny Barger. "We recommend The Tattooists without reservation. Its timely information about present-day artists and their work makes it a necessary part of every fan's collection."—Tattoo News. "Morse has produced a beautiful book. Colorful, informative, and different from any other book presently on the market."—Hustler. "An exploration of the genre of the tattoo in depth, along with the lifestyles of tattooists as businessmen and artists in an intriguing manner."—Los Angeles Times. "Spectacular photographs of spectacularly tattooed people" — San Francisco Chronicle. "A bargain at the price." — Fetish Times. Photographs from the book were featured in June 1977 Easyriders. Send $35, plus $1 postage and handling to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Dept. B, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. Money orders or cashier's checks, please. (67)

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book —this is it! Send $7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (70G)

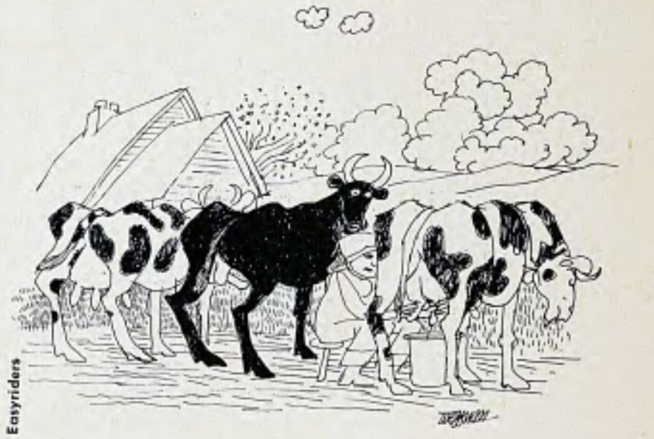
Tattooing and Removing Instructions (step-by-step) $15. 40 11x14 sheets pictures, $40. Complete electric outfit with designs, $99. Steele, Box 242-ED, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (67)

Squirt: We're together to stay! Happy #22! I love you, Buttch.

Nazi flags: 3x5 feet. Red with white circle and black swastika. Ask for free copy of New Order newspaper. $20 per flag. Box 6414, Lincoln, Nebraska 68506.

Dave, Dana Point: Hope you're okay. I'm thinking about you. Debbie. (67)

Wanted: K-model or stock 45 solo. Good running condition. Puff, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)



focus, I found myself lying in the back of Eddie's truck with a lump roughly the size of a volleyball on the back of my head. It was now morning, and the throbbing volleyball was causing me great anguish as I peered over the edge of the pickup bed. As far as I could see there was nothing but flat farmland. I also noticed the absence of my sleeping bag, wallet, keys, and boots. But none of that meant shit—all that mattered was finding those thirty-six beautiful knuckleheads. I *had* to find them.

After walking for hours, I finally reached a farmhouse. The hefty old woman in the apron was understandably amazed by the tattered, barefoot wild man at her door, waving his arms crazily and demanding to know where her knuckles were.

Her husband's knuckles were on the ends of his fists, I soon discovered. I was just about to show my appreciation for their hospitality by stomping the old boy, when their doberman appeared and I made a fast exit.

It went on like that for weeks—sleeping in fields, wandering from farm to farm. I couldn't remember a damn thing about that barn, or how I'd gotten there in the first place. Besides, every farm looked identical. I couldn't even find the goddam Dew Drop Inn. Finally, a farmer took one look at me, slammed the door, and called the cops—who eventually caught me sleeping in a watermelon patch, mumbling something about knuckleheads.

Of course, I tried to explain, but you know how far that gets you. The hick cops just looked at me sarcastically and shipped me to this dump—"for observation." You know, these places really *do* have padded walls. Now listen, if you can find that little chick, watch behind you for her old man—and I get eighteen of them, okay? Because I'll get out of here someday. Really—no shit. ■

## *H-D Banner*

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **$11.95** plus **$1.50** postage and handling.

## *Marble Plaques*

Here's an item that can't be explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **$26.95.** Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches.

## *Money Clip*

A sterling silver skull fastened securely on a strong, polished nickel clip. It'll hold your bills securely for only **$9.** plus **$.50** postage and handling. If you're into swastikas, we can have the skull replaced with a sterling silver swastika.

## *Buck Knife*

**Famous for holding an edge**

Model #402, **Akonua**, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **$54.95** plus **2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.

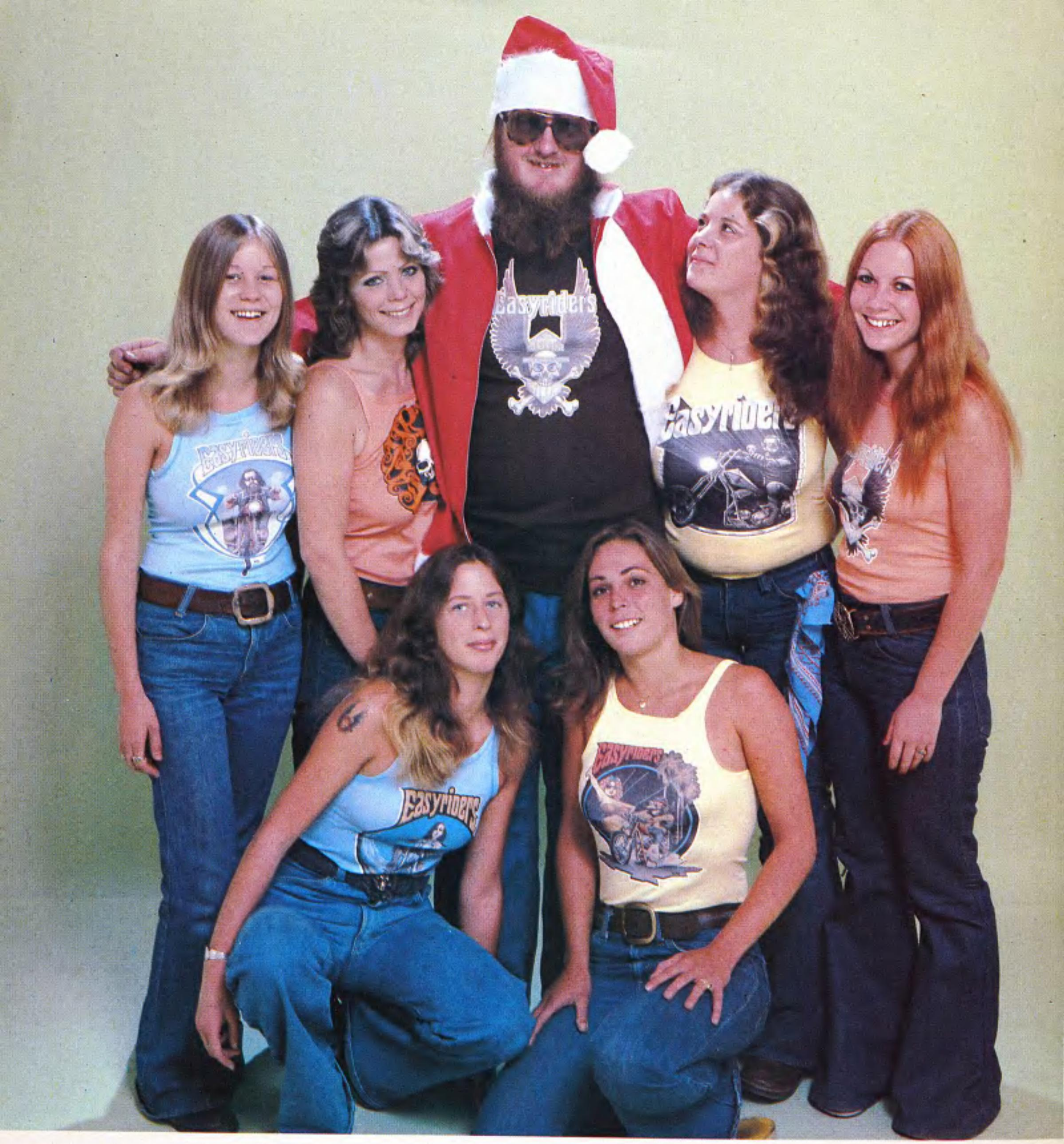
## *Strong Silver Rings*

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **$19.75** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.

I-R-S-LIMITED
Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

*California residents add 6% for The Man*




# Show some class this Christmas—give Easyriders T-shirts!

Big Nick's got a new staff this year—not bad, huh? Yep, Nick canned all those creepy little elves and brought in a hand-picked crew of helpers. Nick knows he'll be giving out a lot of these T-shirts this yule season, so if you don't want to disappoint the folks on your shopping list, you'd better order right away.

**Easyriders** T-shirts come in a wide variety of sizes, colors, and designs—so many that you can order a different one for every name on your list. And remember, these shirts aren't sleazy imports. They're all American made, finest quality—just like you'd expect from **Easyriders.**

So check 'em out and get your order in today. Big Nick and **Easyriders** T-shirts can make you a hero this Christmas.

**Design**

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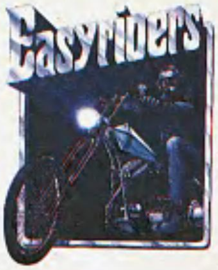


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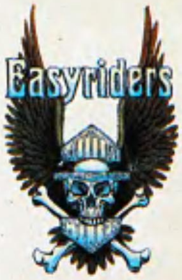


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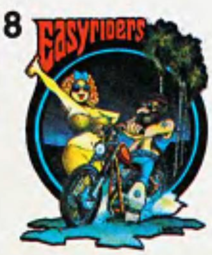


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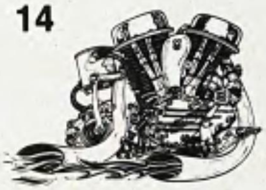

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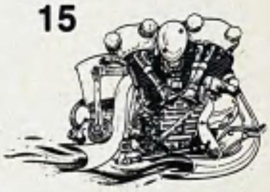

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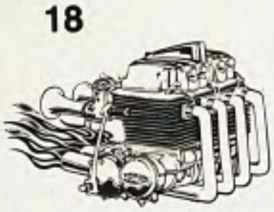

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**Shirt "A"**

Sizes **S-M-L-XL**

**Shirt "B"**

Sizes **Petite — Average**

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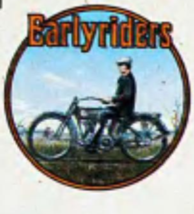


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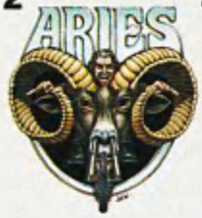


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If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **$5.95,** postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

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ADVERTISEMENT

# Phase 3 Belt Drives & Accessories

## 74 & Sportster

## Super 8

**74 Belt Drive Open Primary.** This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

**143060 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary.** 1937-1954. **195.00**

**143061 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary.** 1955-1978. **195.00**

**74 Belt Drive Closed Primary.** This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

**143062 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary.** 1937-1954. **175.00**

**143063 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary.** 1955-1964. **175.00**

**143064 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary.** 1965-1978. **175.00**

**74 Belt Drive—Electric Start.** An electric start application, this unit can be installed in either an open or closed unit. Design concessions permitting the installation, dictated the use of smaller pulleys. Although the gear ratio remains the same as the other units, this unit is not recommended for big inch motors due to higher pulley speeds; it is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower. Specify year.

**143065 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary,** Electric Start, 1965-1969. **200.00**

**143066 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary,** Electric Start, 1970-1978. **200.00**

---

**Sportster Belt Drives** These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

**143067 Sportster Belt Drive.** 1957-1968. **175.00**

**143068 Sportster Belt Drive.** 1969-1970. **175.00**

**143069 Sportster Belt Drive.** 1971-1976. **175.00**

**143070 Sportster Belt Drive.** 1977-1978. **175.00**

**143071 Sportster Belt Drive.** Electric Start. 1967-1970. **200.00**

**143072 Sportster Belt Drive.** Electric Start. 1971-1976. **200.00**

**143073 Sportster Belt Drive.** Electric Start. 1977-1978. **200.00**

**Belts** The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain for five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass and steel cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

**143081 74 Belt, closed primary & electric start. 22.00**
**143082 74 Belt, open primary 22.00**
**143083 Sportster Belts, all models. 22.00**

## Belt Shroud

Recommended for all open 74 installations. Heavy steel construction and show chrome. Side guard optional.
**143074 Belt Shroud,** 1937 to 1964. **34.95**
**143075 Belt Shroud,** 1965 to 1978. **34.95**

## Side Guard

The finishing touch and an added degree of safety is furnished by the show chromed expanded metal side guard. These units are designed to fit all of our shrouds.
**143077 Side Guard. 22.50**

## Dome

Harley polished aluminum 74 clutch domes. For the finished look. Eliminates torn pants cuffs due to the spinning clutch.
**143084 74 Clutch Dome. 29.00**

## Pressure Plate

A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.
**143021 Pressure Plate 29.95**

## Alternator Cover

Replace the protection provided the alternator by the stock aluminum inner primary cover on 1970 and up 74's. Acting as a heat-sink, it helps cool the alternator, and registers the forward end of stamped steel inner primaries. Also recommended on alternator model open installations. Mounting lug for belt shroud is a built-in feature.
**143076 Alternator cover. 28.00**

## Engine Nut

The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.
**143078 74 Engine Nut,** 1937 to 1954. **9.95**
**143079 74 Engine Nut,** 1955 to 1978. **9.95**
**143080 Sportster Engine Nut,** all years. **9.95**

## Bearing Support

Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.
**10404 Bearing support 17.95**
**10405 Bearing 9.95**

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**See Page [130]**

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# Other Stuff For Christmas

**130016 Climax Goggles.** Laminated curved lenses, adjustable straps. **29.95**

**130017 Clear Replacement Lenses.** 8.95

**130018 Smoke Replacement Lenses.** 9.95

**130019 Sky Goggles** A new look...soft, leather-lined. **25.95**

**130020 Clear Replacement Lenses. 8.49**

**130021 Smoke Replacement Lenses. 9.95**

**130022 Silver Cross Goggles.** Soft leather backing, laminated glass, can be used with helmets. **26.49**

**130023 Clear Replacement Lenses.** 7.49

**130024 Smoke Replacement Lenses.** 8.95

**Sure-Grip Gauntlet Street Gloves!**

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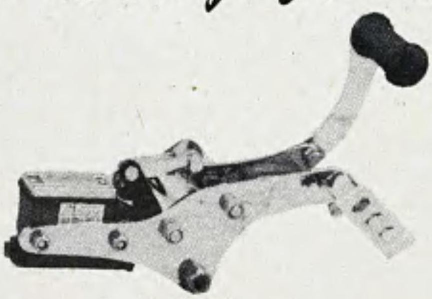
| **130027 Small Black Gloves** | **21.00** |
| **130028 Medium Black Gloves** | **21.00** |
| **130029 Large Black Gloves** | **21.00** |
| **130030 Extra Large Black Gloves** | **21.00** |

# Harley Brake & Shift Assemblies

**141032 Weld-on bracket.** This bracket is a must when using these forward controls on 1977 and 1978 Superglides. **4.80**

**14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.** Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. **79.25**

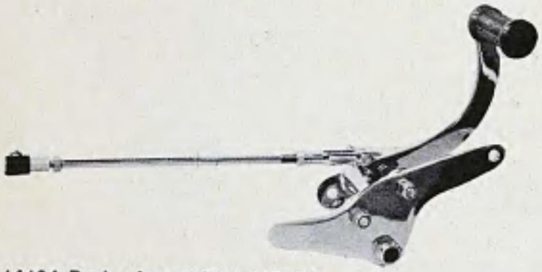


**14102 Brake Assembly - HD 74** Use our Hurst-Airheart large Master Cylinder. **79.25**

**14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.** Use our large master cylinder **79.25** (Not shown.)

**141014 Shift Assembly - HD 74 '36-'73.** Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. **74.25**

**141015 Shift Assembly - HD 74 '74 -'78.** Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. **74.25** (Not shown.)



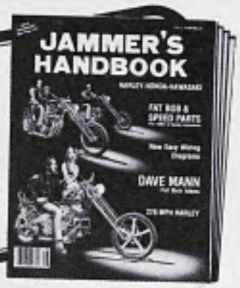
**14104 Brake Assembly - HD 74 Stock.** For Stock Mechanical Brakes. Linkage Included. **79.25**

**14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock.** For Stock Mechanical Brakes. '54-'74 All Linkage included. **84.25** (Not Shown)

**141020 Large Rear Master Cylinder.** Hurst-Airheart **48.95**

**141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.** All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. **79.25**

DANIEL A. BOONE INCORPORATED MANUFACTURING CO.




Only! $2.25 or You can now call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer (See Order Blank on Page 128)

**Chrome Footpegs with engraved logos.**

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| **154031 Harley Foot Pegs** | **7.95** |
| **154032 Harley Foot Pegs** | **9.95** |
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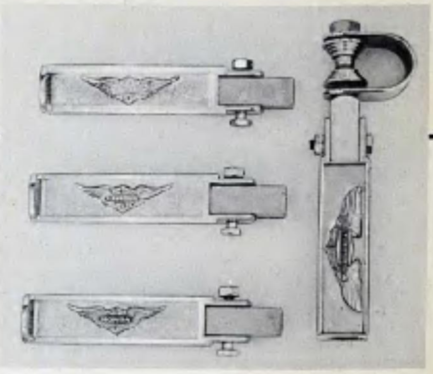

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# Jammer Seats

## The Rigid "Baron"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes. 31" plate, 12" nose.

**115038 Rigid Baron I.**
14" Back. **62.95**

A must with the above seats.

**11706 Seat Bracket.** This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed. **2.95**

## The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

**Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.**

**115036 Rigid "Two Piece" 14" Back**
Built-in Sissy Bar, Square tufted Black **64.95**

**115035 Rigid "Two Piece" II**
Hump Seat, Square Tufted Black. **59.95**

## Swingarm Seats

Our Super Glide and Sportster Elite seats are the ideal cushion for your swingarm frame. The Super Glide Elites include all brackets to assure mounting like stock. The Sportsters fit easily onto stock mounts and require no brackets for installation. For added durability, all seats have steel base plates and carpeted bottoms.

**115031 Sportster Elite II**
Black **59.95**

**115033 Sportster Elite I 14" Back**
(Built-in Sissy Bar) Black **69.95**

**115032 Super Glide Elite II**
Black **59.95**

**115034 Super Glide Elite I 14" Back**
(Built-in Sissy Bar) Black **69.95**

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS FOR YOUR AREA
See Page [130]

# Xmas Hints to the Ol' Lady

Get smart ... tip the ol' lady off to where you're at. Make her scan these pages and choose some gifts for you. Then break out your back issues and Jammer's Handbook. Now's the time to get heavy.

Twist her arm ... tell her you love her ... do anything necessary to get what you want. Let her know that with thousands of items to pick from, her bucks will be well spent. Remind her, too, that she'd better get her shit together early to beat the rush. Besides, you can tell her that if she does you right, you just might break down and get her somethin'.

Finally, if you really want to stay on top of the whole scene, drag her over to your nearest Jammer dealer. He's probably got most anything. If he doesn't, have her get on his case to order your goodies ... we'll make sure he delivers.

| PAGE | DESCRIPTION | PART # |
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# CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

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(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

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*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

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| Qty. | Part Numbers | Description | Price |
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| | | Plus tax (California residents add 6 % | |
| | | Total | |
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Before mailing, please read the following:

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Complete terms and policy upon request.

**Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.**

***Shipping Time:** Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

**Ship via:** (Check method you desire)

☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post ☐ UPS ☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

**Orders:** shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

MC/B of A number* ______________

Signed ______________ Expr. Date ______________

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 11/28/78 ☐ CV JAN ☐ #67 ☐ AN

# Jammer Wheels

Facing you are the all new, revolutionary Jammer wheels and hubs. There's no need to tell you that there are lots and lots of wheels around. Rather than stack the deck higher with more of the same type, we've come up with this realistic new idea—four different wheel patterns in five different sizes that are all interchangeable and will bolt up to any of our hubs, front or rear. That's because the center design of all our wheels is the same. And, to let you know we're serious about being realistic, check out the price—we know it's revolutionary!

## ❶ SUNDIAL™

| Part # | Description | Price |
|---|---|---|
| 2011 | 16" Wide Sundial | 79.50 |
| 2031 | 19" Medium Sundial | 79.50 |
| 2041 | 19" Narrow Sundial | 79.50 |
| 2051 | 21" Narrow Sundial | 79.50 |

## ❷ BLASTER™

| Part # | Description | Price |
|---|---|---|
| 2012 | 16" Wide Blaster | 79.50 |
| 2032 | 19" Medium Blaster | 79.50 |
| 2042 | 19" Narrow Blaster | 79.50 |
| 2052 | 21" Narrow Blaster | 79.50 |

All Jammer Wheels Are Designed to be Used Only With Our Jammer Hub Kits

## ❸ PANZER™

Not Available At This Time.

## ❹ MIDNITER™

| Part # | Description | Price |
|---|---|---|
| 2014 | 16" Wide Midniter | 79.50 |
| 2034 | 19" Medium Midniter | 79.50 |
| 2044 | 19" Narrow Midniter | 79.50 |
| 2054 | 21" Narrow Midniter | 79.50 |

## Jammer Hubs

| Part # | Description | Price |
|---|---|---|
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| 2102 | **Harley 1967-1972 FL.** Fits front or rear. **Harley 1971-1972 FX.** Fits rear only. | 69.50 |
| 2103 | **Harley 1973-1978 FL.** Fits front or rear. **Harley 1973-1978 FX.** Fits rear only. | 79.50 |
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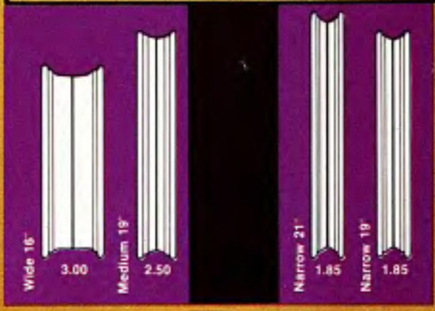
| 2105 | **Harley 1978 FX and Sportster.** Fits front only. | 69.50 |
| 2106 | **Harley 1955-1978 Sportster.** Fits rear only. | 69.50 |
| 21051 | **Spool Hub.** 3" wide, ⅝ bearing. | 69.50 |
| 21052 | Universal **Blank Hub** For other makes and custom brake setups (machining required.) | 69.50 |

**Honda and Kawasaki hub kits available soon**

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**$149.00**
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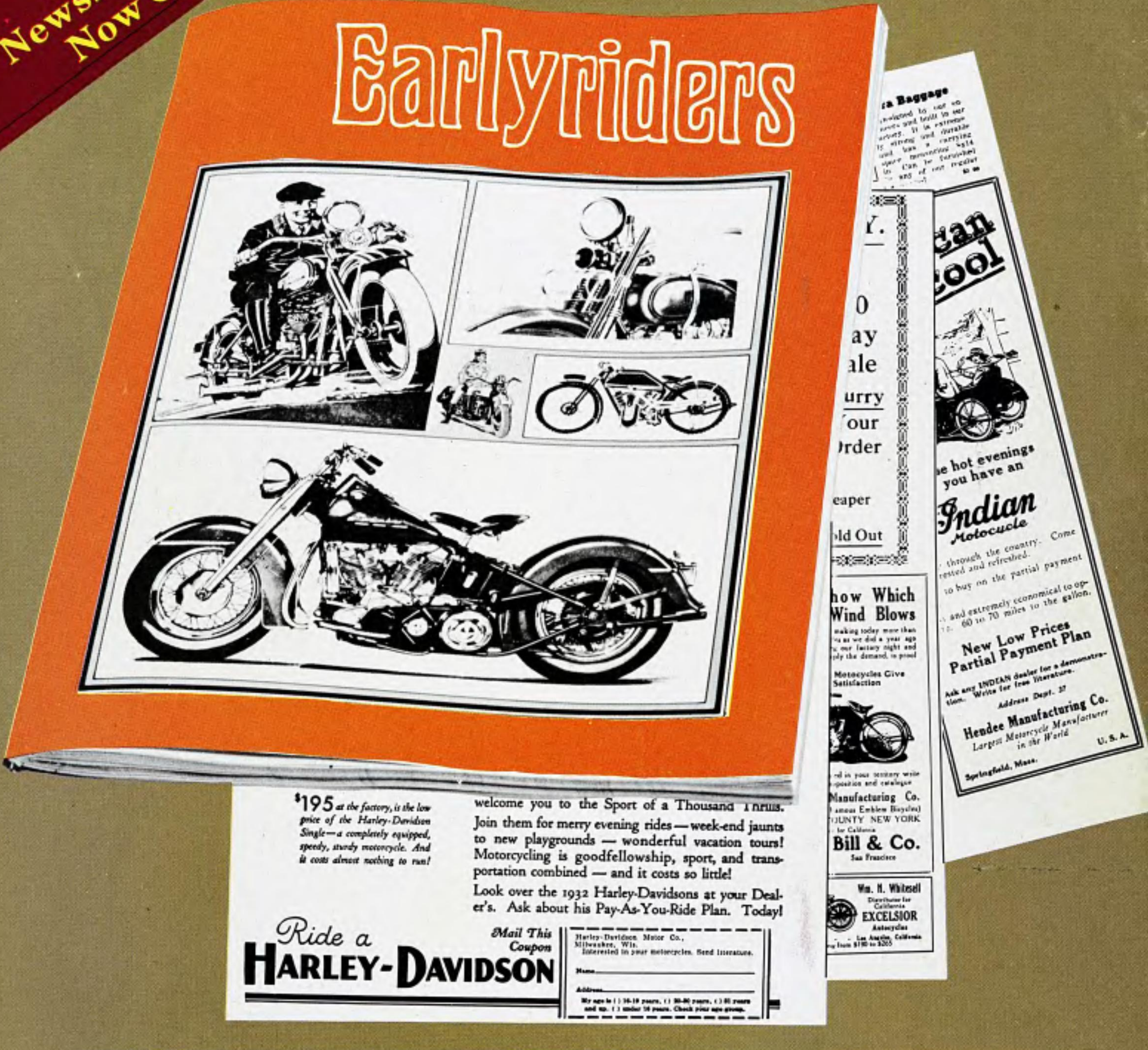


Well, bros, Spider finally got off his ass and put together a 8½ x 11 book (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia. He's collected for the first time all the old-time advertisements ("1939 Harley $215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs—you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called Earlyriders. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only $2.25.